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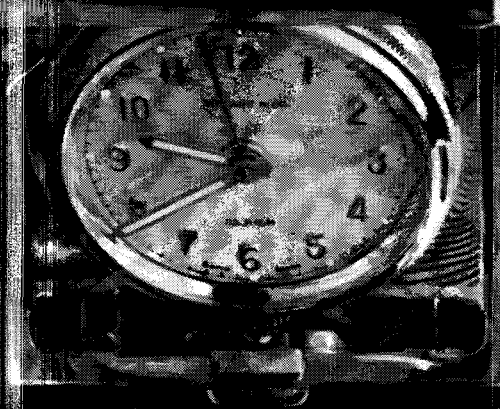
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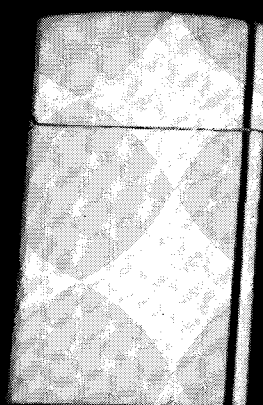


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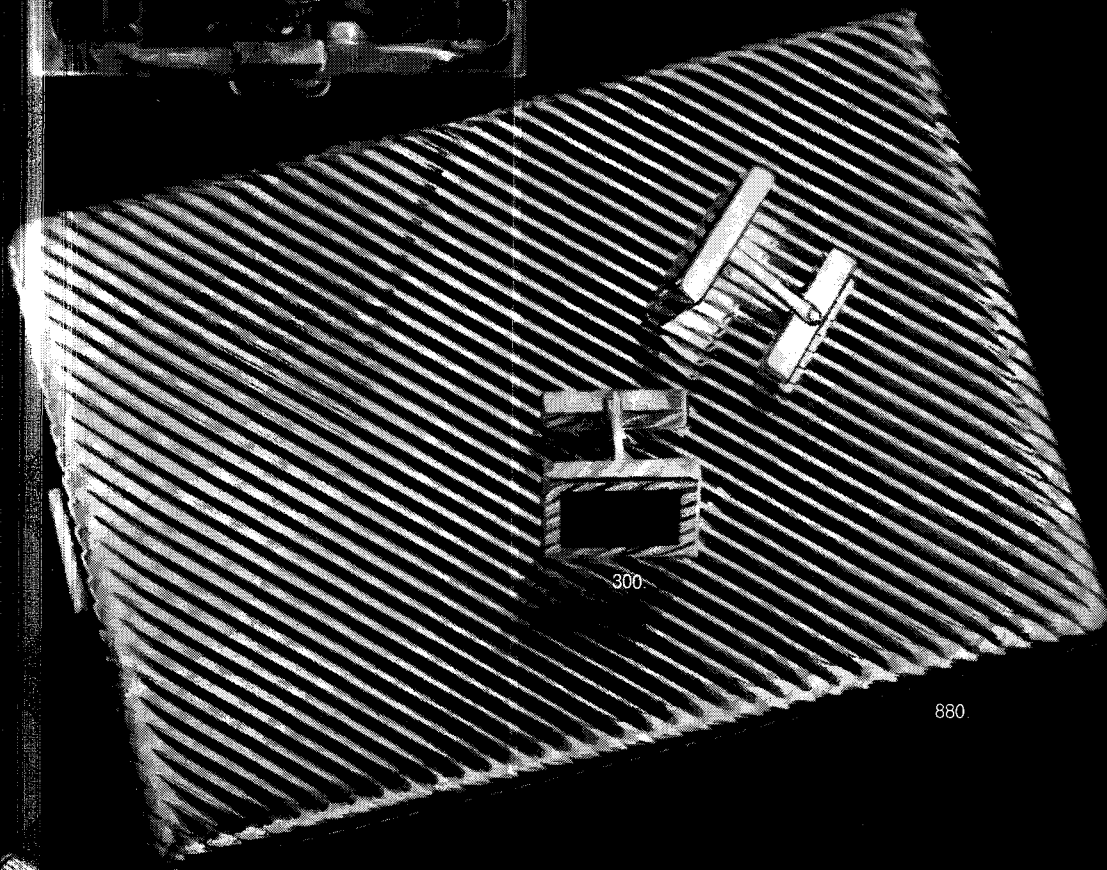
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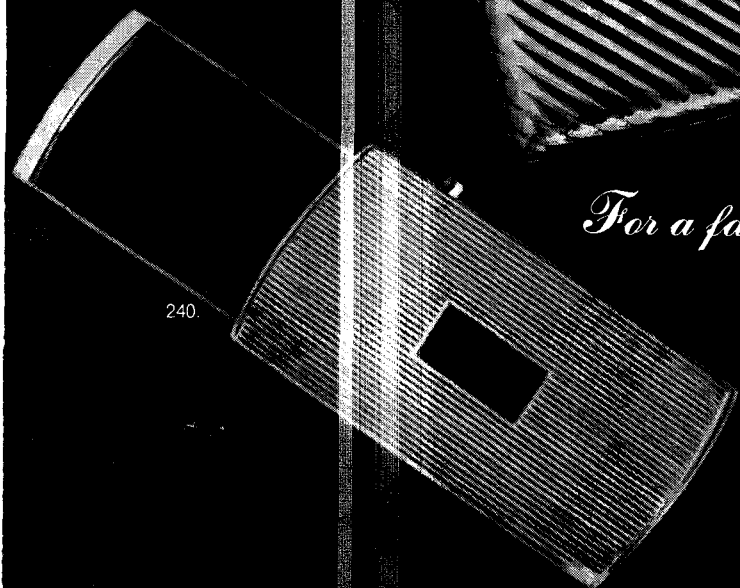
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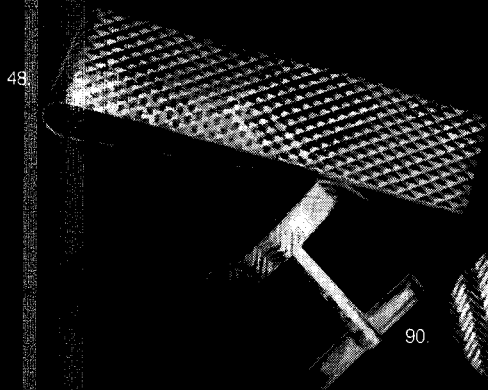
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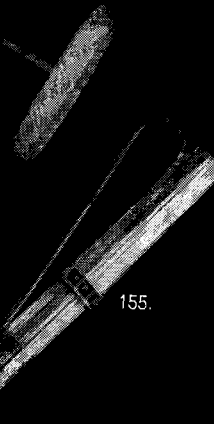
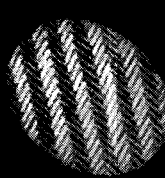


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-PHOENIX—The current offering is **WAR AND PEACE**. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 17.)

BLACK COMEDY—A droll business created by Peter Shaffer and having to do with some difficulties that occur in a South Kensington apartment when the lights go out. John Dexter has manipulated the worthy cast very cleverly, but Mr. Shaffer's "White Lies," which serves as a curtain-raiser to "Black Comedy" is a dud. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DON'T DRINK THE WATER—Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini are among those pleasantly employed in this farce by Woody Allen. It concerns a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain and gets into trouble there. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 4.)

THE HOMECOMING—Harold Pinter's description of homelife in a North London ménage run by an eccentric widower who unexpectedly finds himself playing host to his eldest son and the son's wife, a girl of vast accessibility. The play is a rickety affair, but the members of the Royal Shakespeare Company, who perform in it, are uniformly admirable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

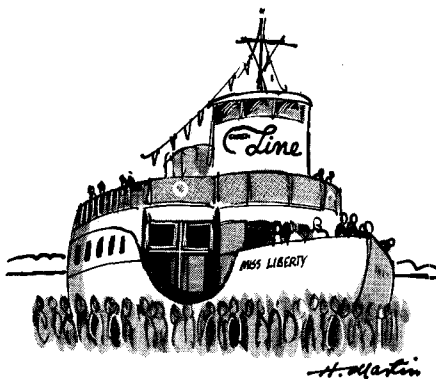
THE STAR-SPANGLED GIRL—Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Connie Stevens are all young and enthusiastic in this comedy by Neil Simon about a protest publisher, a writing genius, and a folk singer in San Francisco, but the end result is pretty dreary. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING—A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. Not overly incisive but fairly funny and beguiling. It is acted by a splendid cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and it is also cleverly directed by Alan Schneider. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **CACTUS FLOWER**: A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. (Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, and Robert Moore are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE**: Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

THE APPLE TREE—Short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer provide the basis for the three sketches that make up this musical, and they have resulted—particularly in the case of Mark Twain—in an en-



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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tertaining show. The book, music, and lyrics were provided by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the enterprise was directed by Mike Nichols. Barbara Harris is delightful as the principal performer, and Hal Holbrook and Larry Blyden support her valiantly. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinee performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CABARET—An adaptation, by Joe Masteroff, of the John van Druten play "I Am a Camera," which, in turn, was based on Christopher Isherwood's stories about Germany just before the Nazis took control. Never as effective as its source material, but the production numbers are spectacular. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HALLELUJAH, BABY!—The ups and downs of a Negro team—a girl who has a lovely voice and a boy who has brains—in the course of more than half a century of struggling against a culture that gives them little heed. Arthur Laurents's book is drab, but there are some solid tunes by Jule Styne, with satisfactory lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Leslie Uggams, Robert Hooks, and Allen Case head a splendid cast, augmented delightfully by Lillian Hayman. (Martin

	Page
THE ART WORLD	112
BOOKS	137
THE CURRENT CINEMA	119
MUSICAL EVENTS	108
THE RACE TRACK	135
THE THEATRE	106

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Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I DO! I DO!—Tom Jones' book and lyrics for this version of Jan de Hartog's play "The Fourposter" are something less than scintillating, and Harvey Schmidt's music is very simple, but the production is glossy, and the performances of Mary Martin and Robert Preston, who make up the entire cast, are superb. The direction, by Gower Champion, is laudable indeed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Saturdays at 2:35.)

ILLYA DARLING—Melina Mercouri is charming in this musical adaptation of the film "Never on Sunday," but it has little else to recommend it. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL**: Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!**: Martha Raye now has the role of Colette. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME**: A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SWEET CHARITY**: A tale about a dancehall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Gwen Verdon is the girl with lots and lots of heart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—Elaine Stritch and Linda Bennett in **WONDERFUL TOWN**, the last in a series of musicals. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's **GALILEO**, with Anthony Quayle in the title role. The final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 17.)

ABSOLUTELY FREEEE—A rock-'n'-roll concert by the Mothers of Invention. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 12:30.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Through Saturday, June 3: **THE MASKED BALL**. ... Starting Friday, June 9: **MADAME BUTTERFLY**. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

AMERICA HURRAH—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE COACH WITH THE SIX INSIDES—A return engagement, after an absence of four years, of Jean Erdman's lively adaptation of portions of "Finnegans Wake." The five members of the company, who act and pantomime and dance and recite, do quite well. Teiji Ito's music sounds just as delightful as it did the first time around, and Joyce's words sound just as wonderful. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosce 3rd, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIII, No. 15, June 3, 1967. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1967 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, \$8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$9.00; other foreign, \$11.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 3.)

DRUMS IN THE NIGHT—It is doubtful whether this very early play by Bertolt Brecht would mean much even if the acting and translation were good. They are not. The action takes place during a Communist uprising in Berlin immediately after the First World War. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—And Mahalaleel lived sixty and five years and begat Jared. And Mahalaleel lived after he begat Jared eight hundred and thirty years, and begat sons and daughters. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

GORILLA QUEEN—This effeminate and very obscene lampoon of old jungle movies all but drowns in its own whimsy and complacency, but it is quite lively, all the same. *Caveat emptor*. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinéés Sundays at 3. No performance Thursday, June 1.)

HAMP—This British play about a private who runs away from the Battle of Passchendaele, in 1917, and must face a court-martial should have a much greater impact than it does. Even so, the script and performances are well above average. The novel on which it is based was also the basis for the movie "King and Country." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

IN THE NICK OF TIME—A revue with Sue Lawless and Ted Pugh. Opens Thursday, June 1. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

THE MAD SHOW—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. José Ferrer plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF—A musical derived from Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

PEOPLE IS THE THING THAT THE WORLD IS FULLEST OF—A cheerful puppet show in the form of a topical revue for adults. Children would probably enjoy it, too. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

THE POCKET WATCH—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, June 1, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

POSTERITY FOR SALE—Salome Jens, Sam Waterson, and Anne Draper in a play by Niccolò

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Tucci. Season subscribers (fifteen dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 3.)

THE TIMES SQUARE TWO—Andrew i and Mycroft Partner, the T.S.T., are a pair of night-club entertainers whose peculiar style of cutting-up will either amuse you or annoy you. No middle ground here. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrote the libretto. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

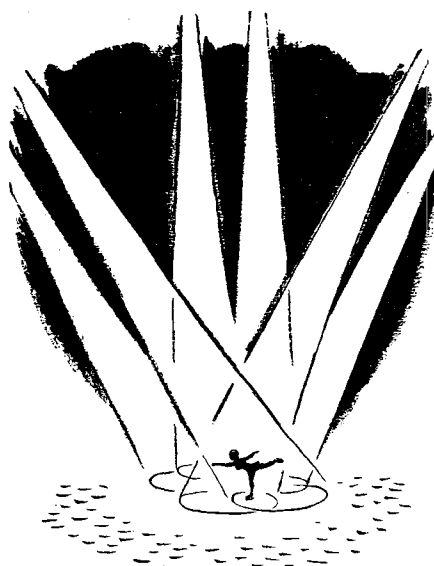
AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, June 1: "Theme and Variations," "Dark Elegies," "Undertow," and "Les Noces."... Friday evening, June 2: "Theme and Variations," "Miss Julie," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo."... Saturday matinée, June 3: "Les Sylphides," "Rodeo," and "Concerto."... Saturday evening, June 3: "Harbinger," "Pillar of Fire," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Les Noces."... Sunday matinée, June 4: "Harbinger," "Dark Elegies," and "Etudes."... Sunday evening, June 4: "Les Noces," "Undertow," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Etudes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinéés at 2:15.)

BALLET FOLKLORICO OF MEXICO—A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians in a two-week engagement. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 11.)

RUTH CURRIER—With her dance company. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Monday, June 5, at 8:30.)

OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—THE COMEDY OF ERRORS, with Joe Bova, Julianne Marie, John Call, and Charles Durning, will be the first in a series of three plays to be presented by the troupe. Free performances start on



Wednesday, June 7, and will run through Saturday, July 1. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 677-1750.)

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Otto and Maria Jelinek. Opens with a benefit performance on Thursday, June 1, and will run through Thursday, June 8. (Shea Stadium. 478-1140. Evenings at 8:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—At dinner and supper, the Royal Box is ceded to the songs of Paul Anka, whose mission is to set a good example to the young people who make up his parish—a calling at which he is a lot better than the city bumptkins who overcrowd the trade of Pied Piper. The orchestra of Lee Evans is there most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—This is the old, familiar cityscape of which old, familiar Billy Reed is *padrone*, and now old, familiar Ernie Warren has moved his small band in, too. The dance tunes run from nine until two or three, except Sundays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—It's generally the night before Christmas in the restaurant, where the only things that stir, aside from a Cliff Hall band, are dignified couples gliding along the parquet. The music plays Mondays through Fridays from eight to one, and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—William Makepeace Thackeray slept here, which is how he got the idea for "Vanity Fair." Lester Lanin (in person, not a myth) runs one band, George Anaya runs another. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The table talk in the Café Pierre, a small lap of luxury, is more hum than dinger; so is the deportment on the dance floor; so are the ministrations of Ben Cutler's cheery little orchestra, which is supplemented, between sets, by a guitar whose spiritual home is Sevilla. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

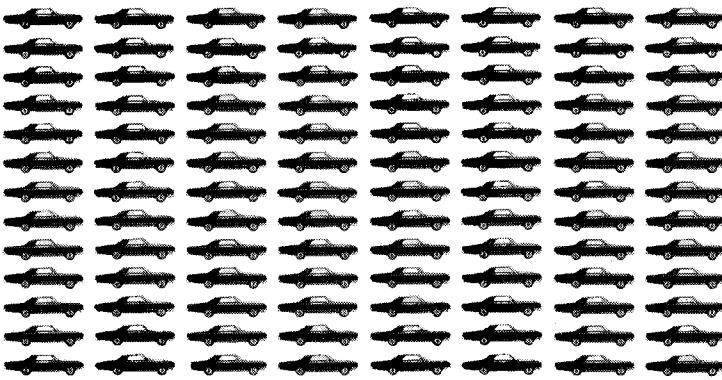
PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jack Jones, milkman's-matinée idol, delivers his fervent arias during the dinner and supper hours in the Persian Room, where the well-rounded, firmly packed orchestra of Burt Farber and the carefree cluster of bandsmen in the charge of Mark Monte happen through the whole evening. Closed Sundays.... Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, then seven to nine (all but Sundays) in the Edwardian Room.... Gunnar Hansen's violin goes even farther, transforming (from eight to one) the Palm Court into a marbled palace (with bar privileges) in Xanadu. His holidays are Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Quite literally, the top of the evening (elevation, sixty-five stories), with a bird's-eye view of the wide world and the ever-present sound of music, from seven until nearly two. Ray McKinley, once graduate manager of the Glenn Miller empire, runs the principal band. Closed Sundays.

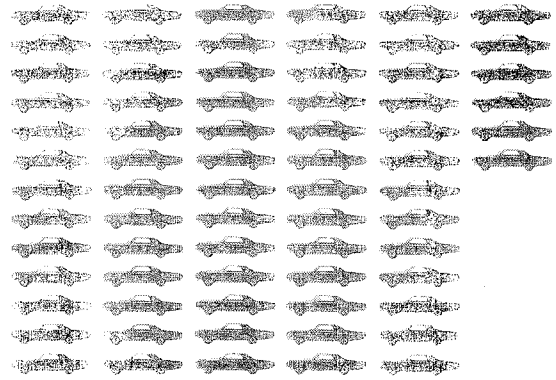
THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—One great nation, united and indivisible—that is Earl Hines and the pianoforte. These exemplary twins and their dance band finish up on Thursday, June 1; next evening brings along Harry James and his standing army. The rumpus runs from eight until two. Sunday, June 4, from seven until midnight, there will be a benefit that includes Jonah Jones, Bobby Hackett, Earl Hines, Jo Jones, Roy Eldridge, Sonny Greer, Zutty Singleton, Pee Wee Russell, J. C. Higginbotham, and players of nearly equal luminescence.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette (a fine state of affairs, and a fine affair of state), the quick-fire band of George Cort and the waltz-king band run by Quintero pause only for a half

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hour during dinner and supper to make room for Gino Tonetti, a useful new leading man, man about town, and tenor. He ends his run on Saturday, June 3, but the two bands will stand pat. Closed Sundays. ... **La Boite**, a quiet and handsome glade next door, has Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi on the violin from six until one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W., at 67th St. (TR 3-3200): The largest stretch of *rus in urbe* we own, equipped with trees, fireflies, open air, and dance tunes (both Latin and Manhattan) every feasible night of the week, beginning at seven-thirty and lasting until half-past twelve or even later. Everybody into the gym if it rains.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In Peacock Alley, Sonny Kendis's small group plays for dancing Tuesday through Thursday every week from eight to one, and on Friday and Saturday from eight-thirty to one-thirty.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—There's always room for one million more on the floor, and no harm can come to anyone, for the Killer-Diller and related exercises are barred. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): "I Happen to Like New York" is the theme song, and the people who feel that way arrive for dinner and stay for supper. So do the combinations and permutations of Goldie Hawkins, Wayne Sanders, and Sam Hamilton, who keep one or another piano (or both of them) in a state of euphoria that is just about constant. Closed Sundays. ... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): At times, everybody who knows the lyrics (or even thinks he does) gets into the act when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. It's for those who believe in community spirit. No music on Mondays. ... **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander chants those Basic English ditties of the West Indies from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. ... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. ... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the world's a stage when your waiter suddenly decides that he is a reincarnation of Enrico Caruso. Closed Mondays. ... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It's-all-in-the-family is how Rita Dimitri looks upon the song recital she does in the middle of her well-upholstered kitchen, and 'tis folly to judge her otherwise. She chants at dinner during the week, and twice Fridays and Saturdays. The dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 70th St. (RH 4-9382): In this restoration of the Hungarian monarchy, the zimbalon is king. Violin, soprano, band music (this from Béla Babai's men), and tenor (the gallant Tibor Rakossy) are court favorites. Every night but Monday. ... **TAMBURLAINE**, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): You can hardly see the forest for the eerie trees in this Himalayan landscape, but from eight to one you can hear the dance music quite clearly. It's worth your while Monday evenings, when Billy Rubenstein's superlative trio is at work, and throughout the six-to-eight session, Monday through Friday, when a threesome involving Allan Haig is at work. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The discothèque is a fact of life, and if it is to be learned at anybody's knee let it be one of these: **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): No-room-at-the-inn is a standing problem, so make known your coming. Brace yourself, too, against the music (whether it comes from a speaking tube or from Mortimer—the name the incumbent racket squad has chosen for itself), for

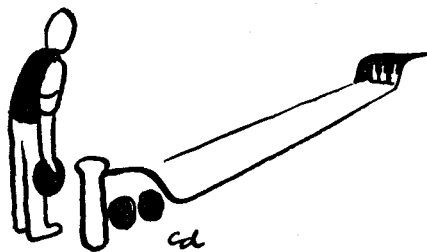
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it has the fury of a March wind and the Ides of the same month. The reward: a look at the fashions (in clothes and in conduct) of our gilded lilies and their consorts. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. ... **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): The gateway to this charmed underworld is a needle's eye. Those who pass it find a Delphic bower in which little girls who will be goddesses if they ever grow up, or already are, disport themselves with their nimble partners in choreographic feats of darning. Nine-thirty until three-thirty night after night is the scheme. ... **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sundays and Saturday, June 10, are void.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, has returned to the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. ... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Horatio at the drawbridge of the comfortable old castle is Norbert Faconi, who has been kissing hands and fiddling to the King's taste since the early days of our republic. He goes into retreat on Sundays. ... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's playhouses, also planned to bemuse the eye. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. ... **Café Renaissance**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to caprice. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. ... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night. Supper, but no dinner. ... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its townhouse days. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. ... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzo Lembo slings a lusty guitar in the opulent bar-restaurant, and slings it until well past midnight. He does homework, though, on Mondays and Wednesdays. ... **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The grand old countinghouse offers the desultory piano of George Feyer, whose urban base of action this place is from eight-thirty until maybe two. Closed Sundays. ... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The august Herman Honigsberg has his violin and his violinists in slow but blithe motion around this industrious Roman piazza. Closed Sundays.



... **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 60th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy staffs the soothing corner piano in this particular grazing ground of the Westbury Hotel. No music Sundays and Mondays. ... **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with the man from U.N.C.L.E. who dwells, appropriately, at UN 1-9494): The piano music in the innermost of the sanctuaries in this aerie should be devoted to "Constantinople" and "Dardanella" in tribute to the owlish décor. Closed Sundays. ... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the courtly Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner's piano discourses with authority and clarity, though without ever raising its voice, from six-thirty until midnight. He stays away Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Bobby Vinton, beamish as a freshly scrubbed sunflower, sometimes seems to think that he's onstage in Las Vegas, what with his go-go girls and all, but as a time- and space-saving device (since he is visible/audible right here) it's a good enough show. Never mind the appended comic. Dancing. ... In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music. ... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): No clothes for the little empresses—that is the sad story of the regal and pretty young ladies who bravely cavort in the long and heartening extravaganza. Their leader is Susan Clemm, a sort of climax of American girlhood. Added starters: the Ramon Cadiz Ballet, fleet of foot and flamenco and Ronnie Dove, one of the newest hatches in the recording studios. Showtime is dinner and supper. Dancing. ... **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): All rites, including the Scandinavian, belong to the Great God Pan, none of whose subjects can be out of their twenties, though possibly out of their minds. Two incoherent bands keep pushing panic buttons for the dancers; the clamor starts at eight during the week, at three on Sunday afternoons, and late in the morning is when it ends. Silence on Mondays. No dining. ... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The happy grasshopper skipping about the stage, twanging his guitar and voice, is Trini Lopez—happy because his arias indicate that winter is never going to come. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): *Weltpolitik* made simple, and even simplified (perhaps its natural state), by the understated ministrations of Nic Ullett and Tony Hendra, whose *mois* are all *justes*. Alongside is Jeanne Arnold and her devil-take-the-hindmost songs. Julius Monk is Master in Residence and *conférencier* of this institution of higher learning, and the orchestra is the upper-class pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements. Nine-thirty and onward. Closed Sundays. ... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Fit-to-kill is the way Joaquin Robles and his covey of ballerinas dress and especially dance, for they are traditionalist flamencans; Los Hispanos are a Mexican glee club in the tradition of, say, Desi Arnaz raised to the fourth power. They show up at dinner and supper; the rest of the time, the customers tread the floor in measures light and fantastic. Closed Sundays. ... In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. ... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The manner, the milieu, even the materials of which "Mixed Doubles" is constructed sometimes recall the antics of several earlier miniature revues, but there is enough good (and sometimes original) humor to satisfy any mid-evening thirst. Judy Graubart, an innocent minx from the late Second City troupe, leads the ring. Nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. ... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The conversation here, always at a high pitch, is by Joan Rivers, who is really speaking not for herself but for her analyst. Ten is her earliest starting time. Closed Sundays. ...

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual entertainment.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Thursday, June 1, is closing night for the arcane threesome of Bill Evans, a unit in which Philly Joe Jones has now settled. Next evening's arrival is the quintet of Miles Davis, the lone but articulate ranger, winding his remote-sounding horn. They finish up on Sunday, June 4, with a matinee (four-thirty to seven) and an evening gig. Monday, June 5, the uproarious detail run by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis will work out; Tuesday, June 6, Wes Montgomery's quartet moves in. . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The glittery caravanserai is showing off, along with its collection of discotheque records, a new line of imported goods—Rubin Mitchell, a pianist from Jamaica, and his triad. A menu of some note is also afforded. Closed Sundays. . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the street floor, in a medieval inglenook, notes of cheer and of introspection radiate from the trio of Mose Allison every night but Monday. That night is assigned to the thoughtful threesome of Daphne Hellman, which is In My Lady's Chamber. Dining of a sort. . . **Downcellar**, the action will be provided, beginning Friday, June 2, by John Handy's quintet, which is up to the minute on what is happening to music. It will be supplemented, on Friday and Saturday each week, by Miriam Makeba, the heart and soul and song of Africa Irredenta. Mondays, the sound is made, instead, by this or that Latin band. . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The fastest guns in the East—that is, Mr. Condon and the likes of Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Lee-man, Bob Wilber, and Ross Tompkins. Dining and dancing as well as just listening. Closed Sundays. . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio is within the oval bar. Adhering to ground rules, it wafts softly during the late-dinner hour, then works up to a brisk breeze after the theatre. Between sets, Eddie Thompson disports himself on the piano. Silence on Mondays. . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. . . **L'INTRIGUE**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, now augmented by two sidemen from the Jeremy Steig band, are doing their double-octave lyrics (most of them fairly special) in a fashion that is *haut*, wide, and handsome. Their last night is Monday, June 5. No music Sundays. . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the bouncy guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) and the clatter know no bounds. Nine until two or three all week is the curriculum. . . **SLUGS**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): Plain as an old board fence, but the Think music is more intricate. It comes now from Roy Haynes' quintet. On Tuesday, June 6, the foretelling-the-future posse run by Elvin Jones takes over. Mondays, instead, Sun Ra's squad of ten cabalists goes to work. . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny tympani, the singing (Ruth Crews) is hit-them-again, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine until doomsday every night. . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Tony Scott's determined clarinet heads up the local quintet, which ceases and desists only on Sundays, when the varying personnel of the Jazz Interactions puts in its two cents' worth from five to nine-thirty and Frank Foster's

twelve-man cohort arrives at ten. . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The catalytic foursome of the eminent Charles Mingus (a War of the Neuroses that outdoes anything York and Lancaster ever staged) is in battle formation from ten to three, except Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Plaster sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, June 3. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

FORREST BESS—Visionary primitivist paintings; through Friday, June 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

GEORGE BIRELINE—Abstract color-field paintings; through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

ALBERTO COLLIE—Sculptures magnetically afloat; through Saturday, June 10. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSYN DENNY—Purist paintings by a British artist; through Friday, June 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ANNE DUNN—Sketchy figures within constructions of geometrical planes; through Saturday, June 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

SHIGEO FUKUDA—Toys and objects, some animated, by a Japanese designer; through Saturday, June 10. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM GLACKENS—Paintings, drawings, and pastels by this artist, who, coincidentally, is currently showing at the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, June 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JUAN GRIS—An anniversary exhibition of drawings and gouaches, many never shown here before, by a leading Cubist who died forty years ago; through June 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAYMOND HENDLER—Ideographic paintings; through June 17. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM HOUSER—Compositions of simplified everyday images by a former Abstract Expressionist; through June 16. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

ROBERT KABAK—Large prismatic landscapes; through Friday, June 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

JACQUES KAPLAN—Fur used as a medium for various vanguard art forms by the furrier; through Saturday, June 10. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GERHARD MARCKS—A huge show of Expressionist bronzes by this German contemporary of Klee and Kandinsky; through Saturday, June 3. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

GUIDO MOLINARI—Black and white hard-edge paintings by a young Canadian; through Saturday, June 10. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIORGIO MORANDI—Paintings, drawings, and engravings; through June 17. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

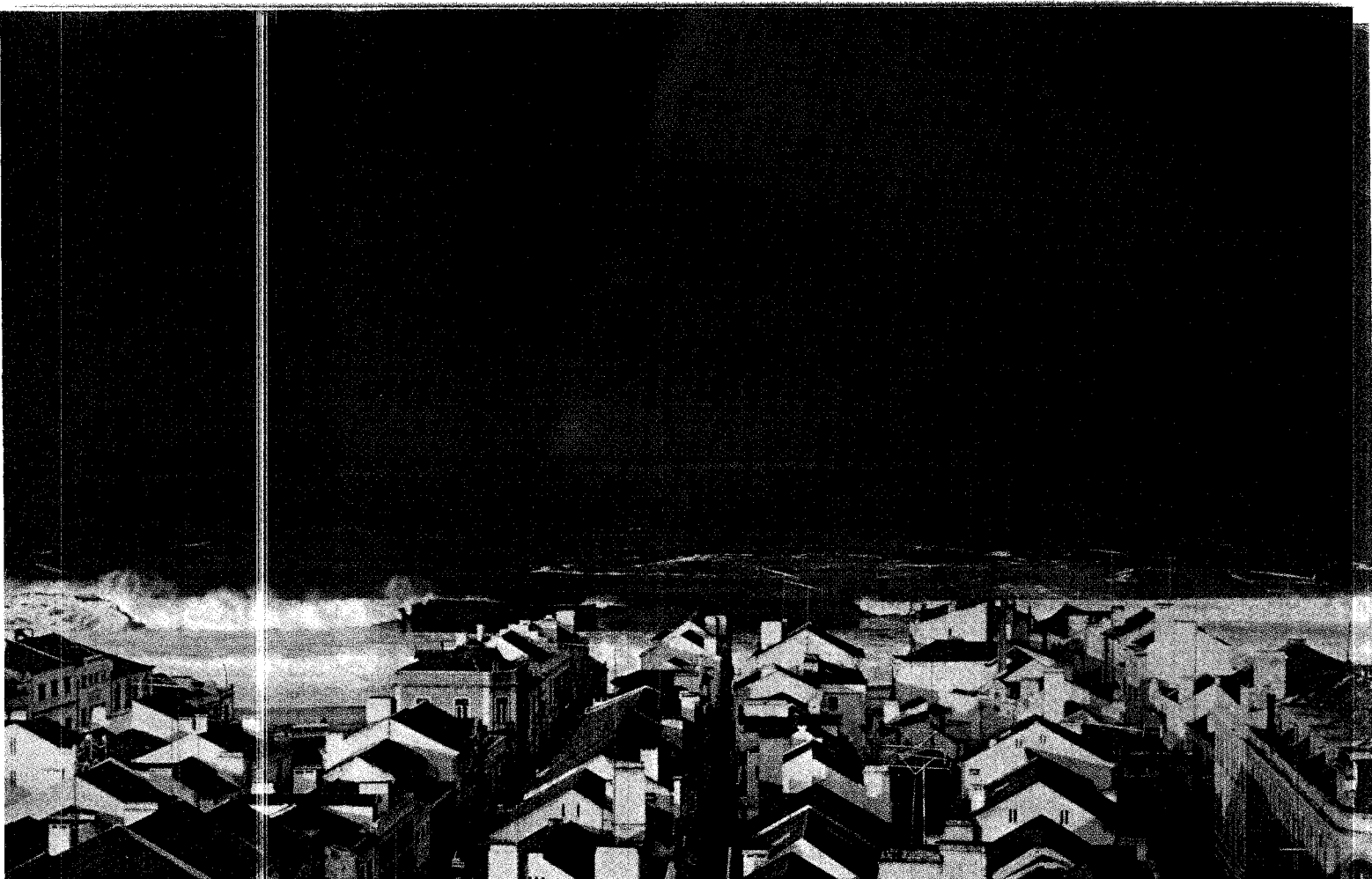
GIORA NOVAK—One gallery-filling piece of sculpture; through June 15. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

NATHAN OLIVEIRA—Figurative watercolors and drawings; through June 30. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—Two exhibitions that are running simultaneously with his show at the Whitney Museum—Forty-two watercolors and drawings taken from the whole range of his work; through Saturday, June 10. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . Drawings covering a major period; through June 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Spectator-controlled kinetic constructions; through Saturday, June 10. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE RICKEY—Recent kinetic sculptures;



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bask in its glow. Without casting any light of their own.

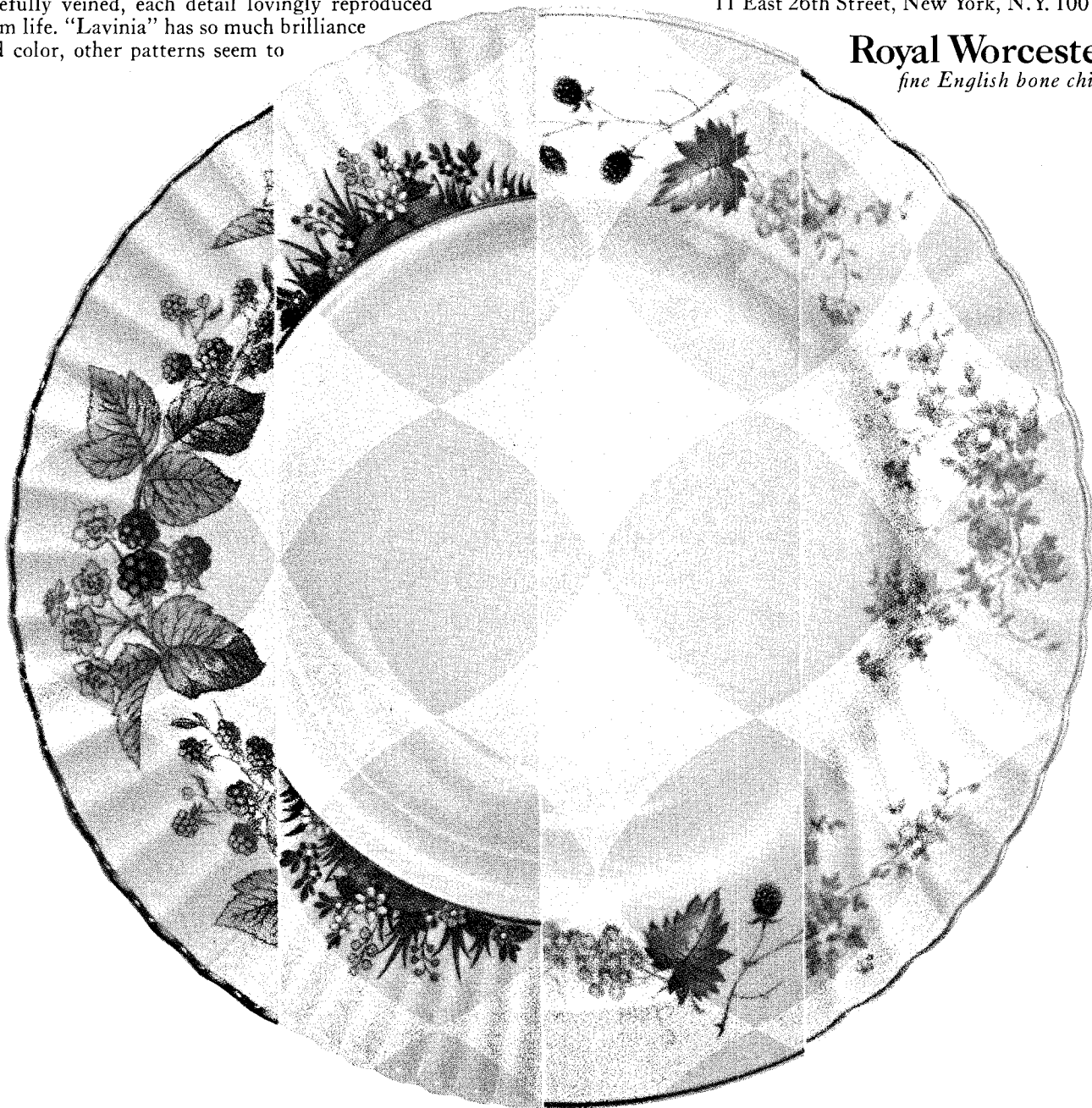
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through June 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERMAN ROSE—Representational oils, watercolors, and etchings; through Saturday, June 10. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

DOROTHY RUDDICK—Drawings; through Friday, June 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

HARRY SOVIK AND LEO RABKIN—Collages by the former and Plexiglas light-boxes by the latter; through June 24. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

THE ITALIAN HERITAGE (1300-1650)—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Titian, Rubens, Holbein, and Donatello, lent by American museums and private collectors; through Aug. 26. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES; GROUP SHOW—Outdoor/indoor pieces by Bruno Lucchesi, Laura Ziegler, Chaim Gross, Elliot Offner, and Hugo Robus; through June 23. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CAPRICORN**, 11 W. 56th St.: "Artists by Artists," a collection of portraits by more than sixty artists, portraying themselves and each other; through Saturday, June 3. . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors by William Thon, Hans Moller, Edward Betts, and Jason Schoener; through Saturday, June 3. . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Works by such painters as Child Hassam, Stephen Etnier, and John Twachtman; through July 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **PARK PLACE GALLERY**, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St.: Paintings by a large group of minimal artists; through June 21. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and a sprinkling of sculptures by members of the gallery, including Rosemarie Beck, Stanley Bleifeld, and Reginald Pollack; through June 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Lithographs, etchings, and other prints by an extensive list of contemporaries; through June 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **SACHS**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Howard Mehring and Warren Brandt are two of the five participants in a show of paintings; through June 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WICKERSHAM**, 950 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A loan exhibition of oils, pastels, and watercolors of flowers by important nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through Saturday, June 10. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by Avery, Cuevas, Santomaso, and others; through June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: A painting or sculpture apiece by each of the gallery artists; through Friday, June 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **EGAN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Hague, Nakian, Goldberg, Klein, Moynihan, and Golsinopoulos; through Saturday, June 10. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and Jean Ipousteguy (to mention a few); through June 30. (Closed Saturday mornings.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ADRIA ART GALLERY**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by contemporary artists make up the opening exhibition of the first Yugoslavian art gallery here; through June 30. . . **BIANCHINI**, 50 W. 57th St.: Master drawings (sixteenth century through the nineteenth), by Daubigny, Lorrain, Bernini, Guardi, and others of the French and Italian schools; through June 27. . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Kurt Sonderborg; through July 28. (Closed Saturdays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through June 11.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Royal treasures assembled from the Mu-

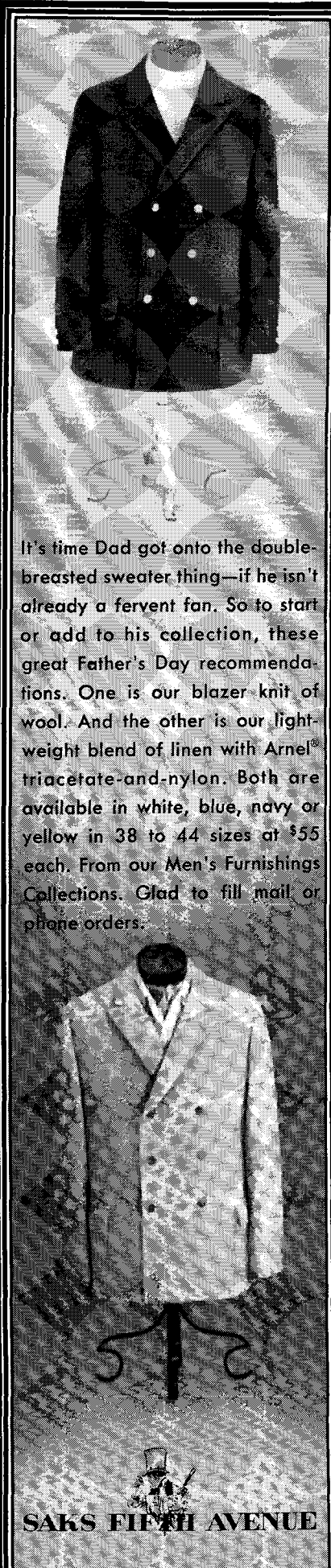
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by Jackson Pollock; through Sunday, June 4. . . . Prints by Canadian painters and sculptors, among them Jean-Paul Riopelle, Michael Snow, and Les Levine; through Sunday, June 4. . . . Whimsical pieces by Alexander Calder, presented to the Museum by the artist: a whale, a snow flurry, a spider, an elephant chair, a cat lamp, wire portraits, and jewelry; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty-eight boxes and collages by Joseph Cornell, an American well known in the art world since the thirties; through June 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and etchings by William Glackens (1870-1938); through June 11. . . . A retrospective of over a hundred oils, watercolors, and drawings by Jules Pascin; through June 25. . . . Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints acquired during the past year; a few of the artists are David Weinrib, Barnett Newman, Franz Kline, and John Singer Sargent. Through June 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . Complementing the first two exhibits are the Glackens show (ending Saturday) at the Kraushaar Galleries, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St., and the Pascin shows at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St., and the Frumkin Gallery, 41 E. 57th St.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The first showing here of Japanese ink paintings and calligraphy from the Tokiwayama Foundation, in Japan; through June 25. (An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings representing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Katherine Anne Porter, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., John Hall Wheelock, and Gunther Schuller. Also paintings, drawings, and sculptures by David Burluk, John Heliker, Dennis Leon, William Thon, and others. Through June 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—"Art Styles of Ancient Shang," through June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Environmental sculptures by Will Insley, Michael Kirby, Les Levine, Ursula Meyer, Brian O'Doherty, Charles Ross, and Tony Smith; through June 18. . . . French masters of the seventeenth century, Vouet to Rigaud; through June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Photographs, documents, and memorabilia from the life of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, together with eighty of his landscapes and portraits; through Aug. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 11.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, and a group of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to name a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish cultural and social history from 1870 to 1924; also included is a

mixed-medium environmental effect by John Brockman Associates and USCO. Through July 2. . . . Four bronze sculptures on Biblical themes by Jacques Lipchitz; through June 15. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—"Illustrations of the Dance Before Our Time" in prints, librettos, and books, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, documents, first editions, and original illustrations commemorating the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harpers; through July 28. . . . Eighteenth-century French watercolors of flowers, many enlivened by the presence of insects, along with an assortment of books and manuscripts, all highlighted with pictures of flowers; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions, comprising about a hundred works from Africa, the Pacific Islands, and the pre-Columbian Americas; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through June 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"Sculpture: New York Scene," including "Walk-Through-Dance-Through" by Ruth Vodicka, a kinetic by the USCO group, and works by George Rickey, Marisol, and James Wines, among others; through Sunday, June 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

NOTE—"Merchants and Planters of the Upper Hudson Valley, 1700-50," a joint exhibition of portraits on loan from public and private collections, is being held (through June 11) at the New-York Historical Society (170 Central Park W., at 77th St., Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5) and, along with some religious paintings, at the Museum of American Folk Art (49 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30).

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC PROMENADES—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting—Thursday, June 1, and Saturday, June 3, at 8:30 (with Shoshana Damari, contralto, and Larry Adler, harmonica); Friday, June 2, at 8:30 (with Glenn Dietterow, violin); Tuesday through Thursday, June 6-8, at 8:30 (with Marc Connelly, narrator, and Leonid Hambro, piano); and repeat performances of the June 2 program on Friday and Saturday, June 9-10, at 8:30.

DOR'S PINES—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, June 5, at 8:30.)

JAZZ—Herbie Mann's orchestra. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Saturday, June 3, at 8:30 and 11.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, June 2, at 8; Saturday, June 3, at 2; and Sunday, June 4, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . Yankees vs. Washington, Monday and Tuesday, June 5-6, at 8; Wednesday, June 7, at 5 (two-night doubleheader); and Thursday, June 8, at 8. . . . Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, June 9, at 8, and Saturday, June 10, at 2.

DOG SHOW—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich, Saturday, June 10.)

GOLF—United States Seniors' Golf Association Annual Tournament. (Apawamis Club, Rye, and Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 6-7.)

HORSE SHOWS—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Through Saturday, June 3.) . . . Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. Sunday, June 4.) . . . Upperville Colt and

Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 9-11.)... ♣ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury, Saturday, June 10.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase... BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Grand National Steeplechase, Friday, June 2; the Belmont, Saturday, June 3; the Edgemere Handicap, Wednesday, June 7; and the Mother Goose, Saturday, June 10. ... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Friday, June 2, through Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

TENNIS—PROFESSIONAL MATCHES: Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall, Mal Anderson, Dennis Ralston, Fred Stolle, Earl Buchholz, Mike Davies, Alex Olmedo, Pierre Barthes, Pancho Segura, Andres Gimeno, Luis Ayala, Barry McKay, and Sammy Giammalva. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Wednesday and Thursday, June 7-8, at 4, and Friday and Saturday, June 9-10, at 7:30.)... AMATEUR MATCHES: New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Kearny. Starting Saturday, June 10.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, July 24... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 3-4.)... ♣ America's Cup preliminary trials. (Long Island Sound. Monday through Friday, June 5-9.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Economic and Social Council (which is scheduled to adjourn on Friday, June 2), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ♣ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

ART TREASURES EXHIBITION—English, French, and American furniture, paintings, silver, porcelains, sculptures, and objects of art, loaned by museums, private collectors, and members of the National Antique and Art Dealers Association. A benefit show. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6:30; through Wednesday, June 7.)

FLOWER SHOW—The annual Flower Mart, sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association, on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Tuesday and Wednesday, June 6-7, from 9 to 5.)

WALKING TOURS—"Harlem—Community in Transition," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, June 4, at 2:30. Meets at the corner of Convent Ave. and 144th St. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

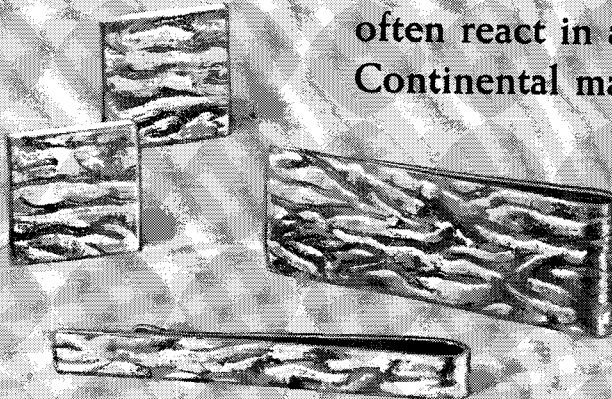
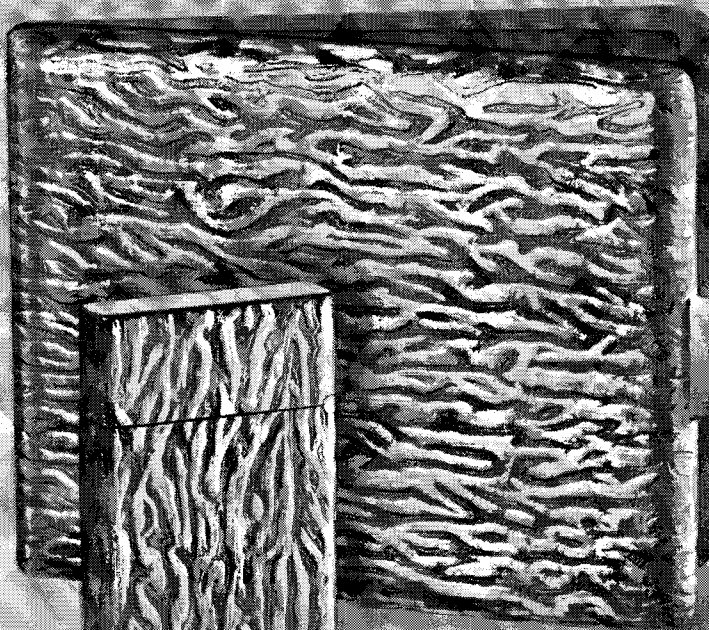
AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, June 1, at 1:45: French and other furniture and decorations and marble and bronze statues, belonging to several collectors. ... ♣ Wednesday, June 7, at 1:45: Baccarat, Clichy, and other paperweights; the property of Mary Jane Lightbown and others. Exhibition starts Friday, June 2. ... ♣ Thursday, June 8, at 1:45: French and other furniture and decorations, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, June 2.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Smith and Vassar, Sunday, June 4; Barnard and Columbia, Tuesday, June 6; and Annapolis and West Point, Wednesday, June 7.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: June 11, June 19-21, June 23-25, July 12 (benefit exhibition)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

game, Yankees vs. Mets), and July 13-15.
 ...SHEA STADIUM: June 13-14, June 16-18,
 June 26-July 5, and July 7-9.

BOXING—International Military Boxing Championships. (Madison Square Garden. June 22-23.)

CREW—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 17.)
 ...Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London, Conn. June 17.)...Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. June 28-July 1.)...Trials for United States entries in the Pan-American Games, to be held Aug. 2-5 at Winnipeg, Canada. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. June 29 and 30, and July 1, 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, and 15.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. June 15-18.)...Women's Metropolitan Golf Association Championship. (Somerset Hills Country Club, Bernardsville, N.J. June 19-23.)...John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. July 6-9.)

HORSE SHOW—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. June 15-18.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. June 17-18.)...Hudson River Marathon, June 25.

RACING—At ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting: June 20-23. ...WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 24. ...AQUEDUCT: July 3-29.

SOCCER—At Yankee Stadium—UNITED SOCCER ASSOCIATION: June 13, 16, and 27, and July 2 and 8. ...NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL SOCCER LEAGUE: June 14 and 17 and July 1, 4, and 9.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At WATKINS GLEN: June 25. ...LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: July 1 and 4. ...BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: July 15.

TENNIS—Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. June 17-25.)...New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. June 26-July 2.)...International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 26-July 8.)

TROTTING—At Historic Track, Goshen: July 3-7.

YACHTING—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, June 17. ...America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, R.I. July 6-18.)...Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 15-22.)

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The company will present ten non-subscription performances, June 12-22, in the opera house, plus concert performances in Central Park on June 28 and July 8. ...Hamburg State Opera, June 23-July 2. ...PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic "Promenades" continue through June 17, to be followed by eight special non-subscription performances, June 22-July 8. ...Isaac Stern, violin; Eugene Istomin, piano; and Leonard Rose, cello. June 20. ...Hamburg State Opera, in a concert performance, June 25. ...L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, June 25-26. ...Bath Festival Orchestra, June 29-July 13. ...Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band, on the Central Park Mall, June 21-Aug. 13. ...Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, June 29-Aug. 27. ...Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., June 30-Aug. 20. ...Newport Jazz Festival, at Newport, R. I., June 30-July 3.

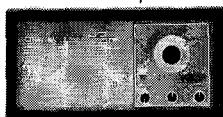
BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS—Russian Festival of Music and Dance, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, July 5-29.

POETRY READINGS—Andrei Voznesensky. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. June 21.)...Günter Grass and Hans Magnus Enzensberger. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A. FI 8-1500. June 28.)

OTHER DATES—Commencements: Dartmouth, June 11; Yale, June 12; N.Y.U. and Princeton, June 13; and Harvard, June 15. ...June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, June 14. ...Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Thursday, June 15. ...The first day of summer is June 21. ...The Fourth of July falls on a Tuesday.



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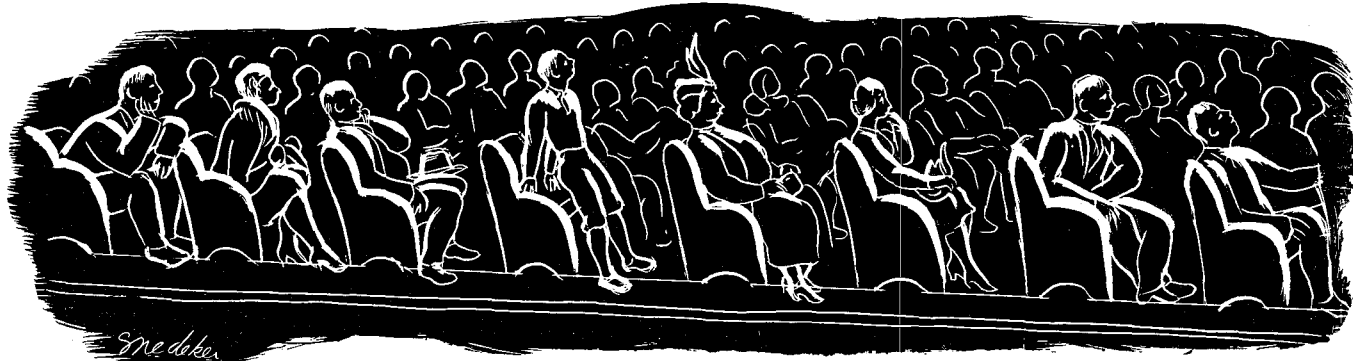
†Suggested Retail Price: \$79.95



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE



ACCIDENT—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a distinguished melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

THE BIBLE—Glimpses of Genesis, painted in poster colors by John Huston. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

BLOW-UP—A beautiful, lyrical, but disappointing melodrama about contemporary London, written and directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

CASINO ROYALE—David Niven, Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, Deborah Kerr, Orson Welles, Ursula Andress, and a dozen other playful types have a fine time skittering through a farce of surpassingly silly complexity. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG—A sad attempt at comedy by Charlie Chaplin. Starring Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting June 7.)

FUNERAL IN BERLIN—An excellent thriller, starring Michael Caine as the Cockney spy Harry Palmer, a role he originated in "The Ipcress File." The setting is mostly East Berlin, and the activity is mostly murder. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 7.)

GALIA—A lithe and pretty young actress named Mireille Darc stars in this odd story of love and death in Paris. Directed by Georges Lautner. In French. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

GEOGRAPHY GIRL—Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling in a first-rate English tragicomedy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 7.)

GRAND PRIX—John Frankenheimer's virtuoso account of what it feels like to be the driver of a tiny car that goes a hundred and eighty miles an hour. Fantastically adroit camera-work and sound recording, and among the cast are Yves Montand, James Garner, Toshiro Mifune, and Eva Marie Saint. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE—Yves Montand is the superb star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

HAWAII—In which a deadly script crushes Max von Sydow, Julie Andrews, gorgeous scenery, history, and the director, George Roy Hill. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING—David Swift has done a fine job of di-

recting this movie version of the celebrated Broadway musical. With Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through June 6.)

THE JOKERS—Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed as a pair of young London scamps who steal the Crown Jewels not for money but for fame. Well directed by Michael Winner. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

MADE IN ITALY—A delightful assortment of picture-postcard views of the Italian landscape, thickly peopled. Directed by Nanni Loy and starring, among others, Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina. In Italian. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS—Paul Scofield gives a sensationally good performance in this admirable adaptation of the Broadway success of a couple of years ago. Robert Bolt, who wrote the play, is the author of the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann produced and directed. Others in the cast include Wendy Hiller, Leo McKern, Orson Welles, and Robert Shaw. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

MARAT/SADE—Peter Weiss's play, transferred to the screen by Peter Brook and more a director's field day than ever. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

PERSONA—Ingmar Bergman's latest, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullman. A beautiful, difficult study of how little we are whom we seem to be. In Swedish. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 7, tentative.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE—A funny but over-long satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

ULYSSES—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Rooves. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

LA VIE DE CHÂTEAU—The first movie by a clever young director named Jean-Paul Rappeneau.

Hilarious reversals of fortune in the sunny Norman countryside. Catherine Deneuve and Philippe Noiret lead the distinguished cast. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

THE WAR GAME—A powerful tract against the Third World War, directed by Peter Watkins. On the same bill is a French movie, "Chickamauga," which is a tract against all wars, past, present, and future. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; June 1.)

YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW—Francis Ford Coppola's love letter to New York. With Peter Kastner, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, Julie Harris, and Elizabeth Hartman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 1.)

BEAT THE DEVIL (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 2.)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 3-5, last showing of June 5 at 3:20.)

MORGAN! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 6.)

POTEMKIN (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 1.)

PROFESSOR BEWARE (1938)—Harold Lloyd suffering familiar comic indignities. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 3-5, last showing on June 5 at 4:25.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 2-5.)

ZORBA THE GREEK (1964)—Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates in a melodrama set in a village in Crete. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; through June 6.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Through June 6: Six programs of short French films. . . . June 7: "The Black Pirate" (1926), with Douglas Fairbanks and Billie Dove. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Through June 4 (the schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone LT 1-2311): A documentary film on the career of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower. . . . Starting June 6, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Animal Crackers" (1930), with the Marx Brothers. . . . NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Way West," Kirk Douglas, Robert Mitchum.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
CASINO ROYALE.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DE MILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"A Guide for the Married Man," Walter Matthau, Robert Morse.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Barefoot in the Park," Robert Redford, Jane Fonda.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
BLOW-UP.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Happening," Anthony Quinn, George Maharis.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MARAT/SADE.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"There Was an Old Couple" (in Russian).

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 6: **MORGAN!**, revival; and "Eric Soya's '17" (in Danish).
From June 7: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 6: "Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March; and "The 25th Hour," Anthony Quinn, Virna Lisi.
From June 7: To be announced.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"A Guide for the Married Man," Walter Matthau, Robert Morse.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
MADE IN ITALY (in Italian).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE JOKERS.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
CASINO ROYALE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
To be announced.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BLOW-UP.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"El Greco," Mel Ferrer.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through June 6: **ZORBA THE GREEK**, revival; and "A Patch of Blue," revival, Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.
From June 7: "Caprice," Doris Day, Richard Harris.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-0304)
"The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals), revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 0-8900)
Through June 6: "Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda; and "Fort Utah," John Ireland, Virginia Mayo.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
4	5	6	7	1	2	3

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

From June 7: "Warning Shot," David Janssen, Ed Begley; and "The Busy Body," Sid Caesar, Robert Ryan.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 6: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**.
From June 7: **A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG**.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
"Vali," Vali Myers.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 6: "Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.
From June 7: **GEORGY GIRL**; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
LA VIE DE CHATEAU (in French).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 0-2166)
Through June 6: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**.
From June 7: **A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG**.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 7 (tentative): **PERSONA** (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through June 6: "Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda; and "Fort Utah," John Ireland, Virginia Mayo.
From June 7: "Warning Shot," David Janssen, Ed Begley; and "The Busy Body," Sid Caesar, Robert Ryan.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"A King's Story," a documentary based on the memoirs of the Duke of Windsor.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
MADE IN ITALY (in Italian).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
June 1: **THE WAR GAME**.
From June 2: "Rush to Judgment," a film about the assassination of President Kennedy.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
GALIA (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"The Drifter," John Tracy.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 2: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and "Ministry of Fear," revival, Ray Milland.
June 3-5 (last showing of June 5 at 3:20): **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**, revival; and **PROFESSOR BEWARE**, revival.
June 5 at 7, 8:30, and 10: Underground films.
June 6-7: "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti; and "Lola" (in French), revival, Anouk Aimée, Marc Michel.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 6: "The Greatest Story Ever Told," revival, Max von Sydow; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.
From June 7: **FUNERAL IN BERLIN**; and "Arrivederci, Baby!," Tony Curtis, Rosanna Schiaffino.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 1: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.
June 2-5: **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL**, revival; and "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel," revival, Barry K. Barnes.
From June 6: "Things to Come," revival, Raymond Massey; and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," revival, Roland Young.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
PERSONA (in Swedish).



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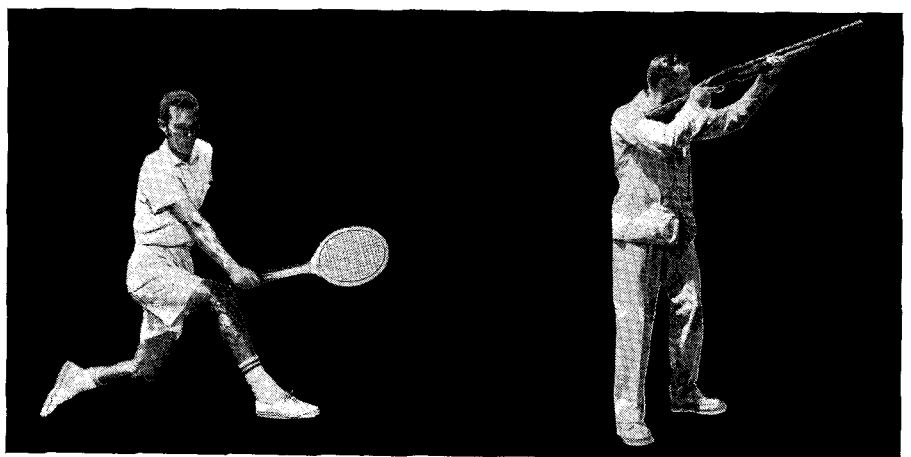
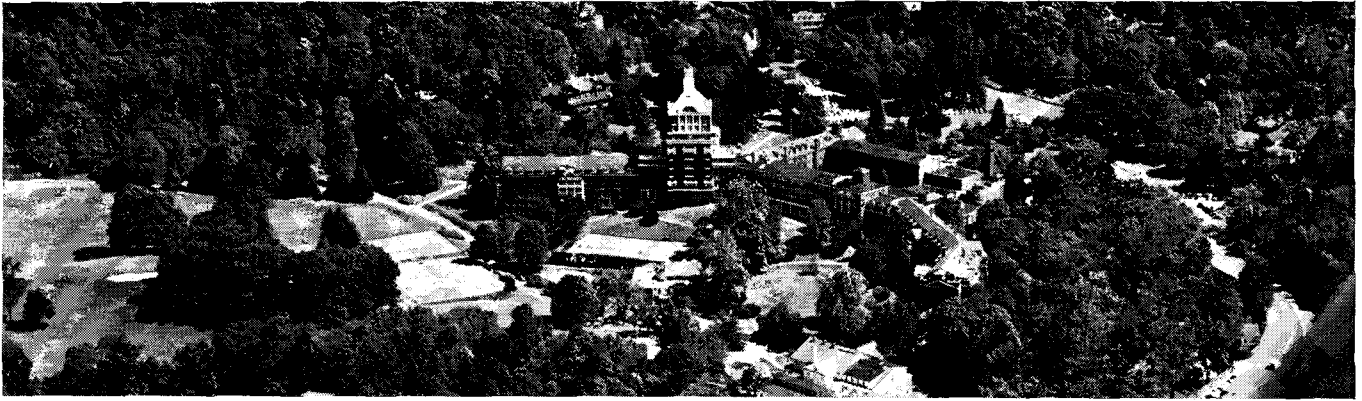
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Nogales... El Dorado Motor Hotel
Phoenix... Samson Village Motor Hotel
Scottsdale... Scottsdale Country Club
Tempe... Park Riviera Motor Hotel

ARKANSAS

Fayetteville... Downtown Motor Lodge
Hot Springs... Avanelle Motor Lodge
Hot Springs... Velda Rose Tower Motor Hotel
Little Rock... Coachman's Inn
Little Rock... Magnolia Inn
Pine Bluff... Pine Bluff Motor Hotel

CALIFORNIA

Arcadia... Western Motor Hotel
Beverly Hills... Beverly Crest Hotel
Eureka... Eureka Inn
Fresno... Tradewinds Motor Hotel
Los Angeles... Pen & Quill
Monterey... Casa Munras Garden Hotel
Mt. Shasta... Shasta Royal Inn
Palm Springs... Country Club Hotel
Palm Springs... Howard Manor
Sacramento... Sacramento Inn
San Diego... Stardust Motor Hotel
San Francisco... Del Webb's Townhouse

KENTUCKY

San Francisco... Handiery Motor Inn
Santa Barbara... Santa Barbara Inn
Upland... Uplander Motor Hotel
Visalia... Stardust Motor Hotel

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Aspen... Chateau Kirk
Boulder... Harvest House
Cortez... Cortez Trail Motor Hotel
Denver... Hyatt House
Denver... Writers' Manor
Durango... Silver Spur Motor Hotel
Estes Park... Horseshoe Motor Lodge
Grand Junction... The Royal Inn
Montrose... Lazy IG Motor Hotel

CONNECTICUT

Avon... Avon Old Farms Inn
Danielson... Berris Motor Inn
Farmington... Farmington Motor Inn
Hartford... Tobacco Valley Inn
New Haven... West Haven Motor Hotel
New London... Connecticut Yankee
Stamford... Roger Smith Motor Lodge
Wallingford... Yale Motor Inn
Waterbury... Schrafft's Motor Inn

DELAWARE

Wilmington... Gateway Motor Inn

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Wash... Hotel America-Washington

FLORIDA

Daytona Beach... Summit Motor Inn
Jacksonville... Roosevelt Motor Hotel
Jacksonville... Thunderbird
Miami... Vagabond Motel
Miami Lakes... Miami Lakes Inn
Ocala... Horne's Motor Lodge

Orlando... Jamaica Inn
Palm Beach... Heart of Palm Beach
Panama City... Holiday Lodge
Panama City Beach... Parliament Inn
Pensacola... Town House Motor Hotel
Pompano Beach... Beachcomber Lodge
St. Augustine... Monson Motor Lodge
St. Petersburg... Princess Martha
Sarasota... Golden Host Motor Hotel
Sarasota... Lido Beach Jolly Inn
Tallahassee... Tallahassee Motor Hotel
Tampa... Hawaiian Village
Winter Haven... Landmark Motor Lodge

GEORGIA

Atlanta... Atlanta Americana
Augusta... Continental Airport Hotel
Augusta... Horne's Motor Lodge
Jekyll Island... Stuckey's Carriage Inn
Macon... Town Pavilion Motel
Tifton... Davis Brothers Motor Lodge
Vienna... Burton Motor Inn

IDAHO

Sun Valley... Heidelberg Inn

ILLINOIS

Des Plaines... O'Hare Inn

INDIANA

Fort Wayne... Baer Field Inn
Indianapolis... Airport Hotel

KANSAS

Kansas City... Town House Motor Inn
Wichita... Town & Country Lodge
Wichita... Town House Motor Hotel

LOUISIANA

Baton Rouge... Oak Manor Motor Hotel
Lafayette... Town House Motor Hotel
Lake Charles... Chateau Charles
Leesville... Continental Motor Lodge
New Iberia... Beau Sejour Motel
New Orleans... Bienville Hotel
New Orleans... Fontainebleau
New Orleans... La Rue "90" Motor Inn
New Orleans... Tamana Downtown Motel
New Orleans... Vieux Carré Motor Lodge
Shreveport... The Shreveporter

MAINE

South Portland... The Royal Motor Inn
Waterville... Fenway-Maine Motor Hotel

MARYLAND

Bethesda... Governor's House
Ocean City... Yankee Clipper Motel

MASSACHUSETTS

Auburn... Yankee Drummer Inn
Chicopee... White House Inn
Edgartown... Harborside Inn
Framingham... Framingham Motor Inn
Greenfield... Candle Light Motor Inn
Newton... Charter House
Plymouth... Governor Bradford
South Egremont... Jug End
Taunton... Town & Country Motor Inn
Wakefield... Lord Wakefield
West Springfield... Four-60 Motor Lodge

MICHIGAN

Dearborn... Dearborn Inn
Grand Rapids... Mr. President Inn
Kalamazoo... Y-Master Hotel
Traverse City... Park Place Motor Inn

MISSISSIPPI

Biloxi... Broadwater Beach Hotel
Biloxi... Buena Vista Motel
Hattiesburg... Southern Motel
Jackson... Jackson Highway Hotel
Jackson... Sun-N-Sand Motor Hotel
Laurel... Town House Motor Hotel
Meridian... Virginia Court
Pascagoula... La Font Inn
Pascagoula... Longfellow House
Tupelo... Rex Plaza Motor Inn

MISSOURI

Kansas City... Executive Motor Hotel
Kansas City... Plaza Inn
St. Louis... Bel Air East
St. Louis... Bel Air West
Springfield... Kentwood Arms

MONTANA

West Yellowstone... Morris Motel

NEBRASKA

Grand Island... Erin Rancho Motel
McCook... Chief Motel
Ogallala... Erin Plaza Motel
Omaha... New Tower Hotel Courts

NEVADA

Carson City... City Center Motel
Las Vegas... Thunderbird Hotel
Reno... Ponderosa Hotel
Stateline... Sahara-Tahoe Resort Hotel

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Concord... Concord Coach Motor Inn
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Avalon... The Whitebrier
Newark... Military Park Hotel

NEW MEXICO

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Carlsbad... Motor Inn La Caverna
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Charlotte... Red Carpet Inn
Nags Head... The Carolinian
Raleigh... Velvet Cloak Inn
Wrightsville Beach... Blockade Runner

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Cincinnati... Airport Hotel
Cleveland... Hospitality Motor Inn
Cleveland-West... Hospitality Motor Inn
Columbus... Hospitality Motor Inn
Dayton... Mail Motor Inn

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OKLAHOMA

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Tulsa... Camelot Inn

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Eugene... Country Squire Motel
Glendon Beach... Salishan Lodge
Hood River... Eddie Mays Inn
Portland... Cosmopolitan Portland
Salem... Marion Motor Hotel

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Austin... Villa Capri Hotel
Beaumont... Ridgewood Motor Hotel
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Corpus Christi... Tally Ho Motor Hotel
Dallas... Marriott Motor Hotel
Dallas... Royal Coach Inn
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Port Arthur... Driftwood Motor Hotel
Salado... Stagecoach Inn Hotel
San Angelo... El Patio Motor Hotel
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San Antonio... El Tropicano
San Antonio... Wayfarer Motor Hotel
Texarkana... Howard Johnson's
Victoria... Totah's Motel
Waco... Trade Winds Motel
Waxahatchie... Brookside Inn
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VERMONT

Bennington... Paradise Motor Inn
Montpelier... Montpelier Tavern
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VIRGINIA

Abingdon... Martha Washington Inn
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Charlottesville... Town & Country
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Richmond... The Virginia Inn
Roanoke... Colony House Motor Lodge
Roanoke... Hitching Post Motel
Williamsburg... The Motor House

WASHINGTON

Olympia... Tyee Motor Inn
Renton... The Renton Inn
Seattle... Edgewater Inn
Seattle... Roosevelt Motor Hotel
Spokane... Desert Sahara Motor Lodge
Vancouver... The Inn at the Quay
Wenatchee... Avenue Motel

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Cheyenne... Sands Motel
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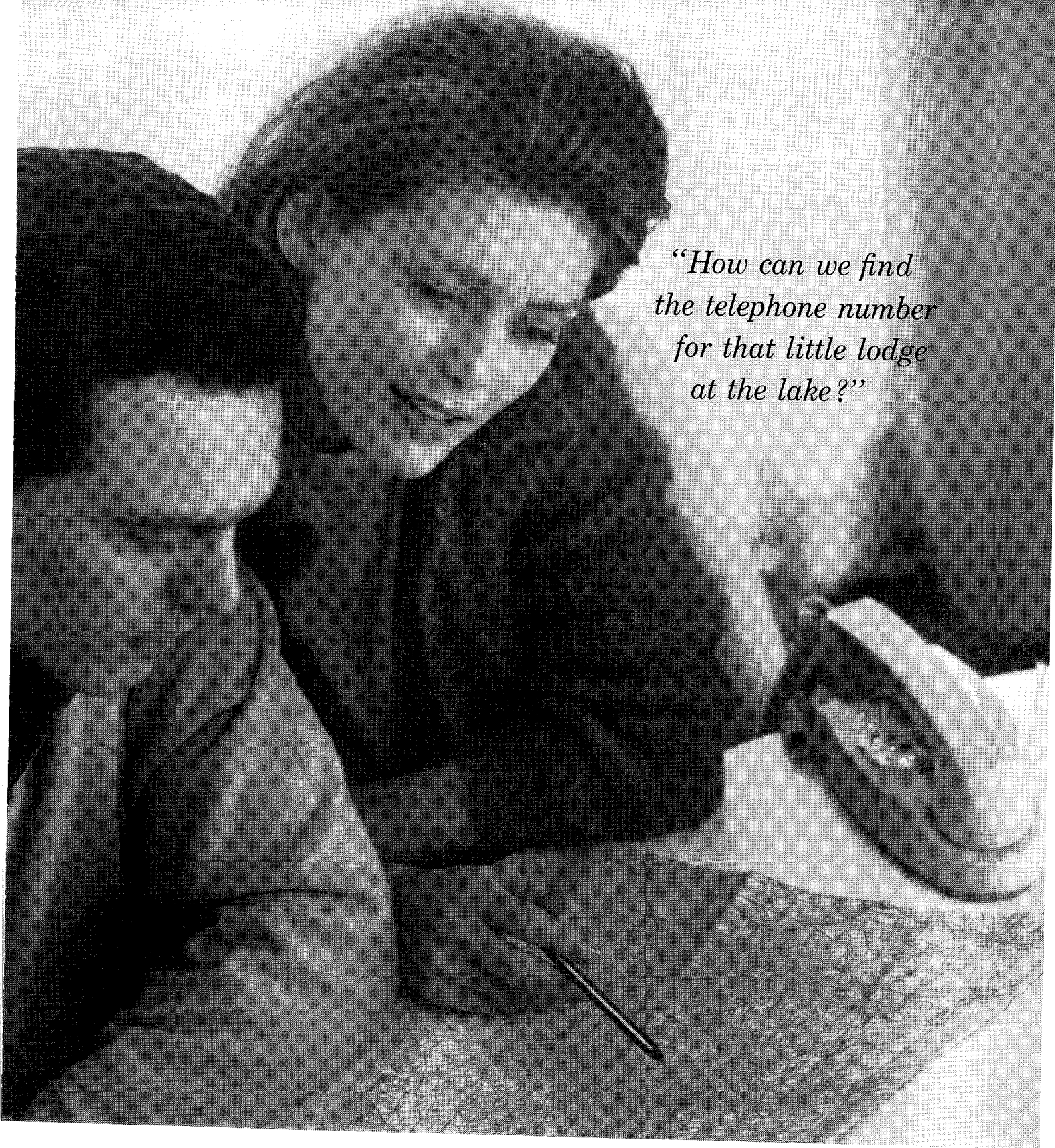
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE voices of this war—the most dissonant, unhappy, and strident sound of our lifetime—go on, and while there are times when we wish only to clap our hands over our ears to shut out such an insupportable din, there are other times when we perceive that a sudden silence—the silence of acquiescence, the silence of exhausted unanimity, a silence merely for the sake of silence—would trouble us even more. One voice we have just heard is that of an old friend, an almost middle-aged businessman here in the city, who wrote us a letter the other day about this part of the war, the battle for the highlands of the mind. “As you know,” he wrote, “the bedroom windows of our third-floor walkup look out on East Ninety-fourth Street, just off Fifth, and so constitute a small private reviewing stand for the various parades that form up here on spring Saturdays. Over the years, I have enjoyed listening to the bandsmen warming up, watching the banners and flags being unfurled, and looking down at a pretty high-school majorette twirling idly with one hand while she manages a popsicle with the other and exchanges banter with a red-headed clarinetist; in time, a whistle blows, the lines straighten and move out, and a weekend silence returns to our street. A couple of weeks ago, I heard there was to be a parade starting here in support of our troops in Vietnam, and since I hold some rather anxious opinions—shared, I should add, by a great many of my friends—on how our troops might best be supported at this time, I rummaged around and found an old shirt cardboard from the laundry and lettered a message on it with a felt pen. ‘SUPPORT,’ I wrote in large red letters, and in smaller letters ‘Our Troops Through a Negotiated,’ and then a large ‘PEACE.’ Below this I added, ‘STOP BOMBING.’ Then I propped the sign in a window facing the street. I did not expect, of

course, that this act would win me any particular approbation, or even that it would make converts. It was merely a gesture, but one that it somehow seemed important for me to make. I was more or less prepared for the angry boos that rose from below whenever the sign was noticed by members of the early groups in the parade. I was less prepared, I must admit, to see swarms of men and women of all ages shaking their fists and making obscene gestures at me and my wife and children whenever we glanced out the window. In time, there were unmistakable invitations for me to come down to the street and subject myself to violence. As more and more marchers crowded into our block (it was a big parade), the sounds of anger increased, and then there was a clank and a roar of pleasure as the first full beer can banged against a sill and splattered our window with beer. Within minutes, the air was full of flying stuff. Bottles splintered against the front of the house, and shattered eggs and more beer ran down the windowpanes. I removed the sign. I was frightened that morning. I was frightened by the faces down there—by a look I had never seen or expected to see on my street or in my city. As I peered down and saw missiles being heaved at me out of a sea of American flags, it came to me—as it must have come to many other people that day and the next day, when they learned of other and far more serious incidents of violence during the parade—that I had been too comfortable behind my windows, too sure of my right to put up my bit of cardboard with my scrap of opinion on it. But what stays with me now is not just that unhappy new knowledge, or the knowledge that the

mob silenced me. Most of all, it is the memory of how I felt at that last moment when I looked down at those people through my smeared windows. I hated them. All I wanted at that moment was a flamethrower; I wanted to destroy them. They had carried the day. They made me one of them.”

We have thought of our friend often in recent days, but we have not been able to answer his letter. Then, last week, while we were watching the late-evening news on television, we saw an interview with two young soldiers in Vietnam, and suddenly we hoped desperately that he was watching the same program. The two soldiers, SP/4 Melvin Schultz and Pfc. Clifford Rountree, had been with a 4th Infantry Division platoon that was overrun four days before by enemy forces in central Vietnam. Only eight of the platoon had survived, and the two soldiers had come through only by lying still for fifteen

hours and pretending to be dead while the enemy soldiers passed by them. One of the survivors said, “There was one time I couldn’t hold my breath any longer. I had to breathe a little bit, and they noticed this, so they pulled the back of my shirt up, put their hand on—on me, right

here—and to see if I was breathing they held it there for the longest time, it seemed. Just before I couldn’t hold it any longer, they took their hand away, and it wasn’t too long after that before I left.”

The interviewer, John Hart, of C.B.S., then asked the men what they thought of the war, and Private Rountree, a young, dark-haired, exhausted-looking young man, tried to answer. He talked slowly, pausing for words and staring at the ground. “Well,” he said, “my one thought is that it isn’t so much the—the laws or the agree-



REH

ments or anything that's going to come out of it. It's—it has to be the will inside, in the hearts of both sides, Ho Chi Minh and our side. We both want peace. I think this war is too costly. Both of us have a motive of living in peace, helping each other, as far as food, everything goes, and forget this war and everything, and as far as the whole world goes, if everybody's—We've got enough problems, with disease and everything, to keep us real busy for a long time just helping each other, without shooting each other."

Mr. Hart remarked to Rountree that he didn't seem to be speaking with hate.

"No," said Private Rountree, "I can't say I hate anybody. I was doing my job and I guess they were doing theirs; that's what war is like. You'd be a fool to hate. You're only cheating yourself when you hate something."

The different voices of this war continue.

Awards

THE New York State Council on the Arts, which has been around for seven years now, presented some awards the other day to people and organizations who have contributed to the "quality of artistic life" in New York State. The awards, in their tangible form, consisted of banners designed by Ellsworth Kelly and executed by a group called Multiples, Inc.—great big banners in very bright colors indeed. The award ceremony, starring Governor Rockefeller, was held in front of the westernmost of the two immense sculptures in the New York State Theatre at Lincoln Center.

As we arrived, Mr. Seymour H. Knox, who is chairman of the Council and a philanthropist, was introducing Governor Rockefeller. Mr. Knox is a small man who is very big in Buffalo, and he has quite a charming manner on the podium. He said that the banners were going to be mailed but that people receiving awards would walk away with a certificate and "the blessings of the Council and Governor Rockefeller." He said that he wanted to welcome the Governor but that it seemed silly to welcome a man to his own home. Governor Rockefeller, having been thus introduced, said that it was "really kind of exciting" to be at the ceremony. He said he was proud that New York State had been the first state to have a Council on the Arts. He also talked about something he called "visual pollution," by which he meant, apparently, ugly things—"the harsh glare of neon, the

monstrous montage of billboards." He then set about presenting the awards.

There were thirteen awards, and they were presented to people whose accomplishments were varied and whose homes were well sprinkled across the state. A handsome illustrated booklet enumerated the reasons for each award and showed the accomplishments of the prize-winners. Among the recipients were a Unitarian church in Rochester for its "judgment, vision, and courage" in hiring one of the nation's leading architects to design its new building; an architectural-preservation group in Pittsford for giving "meaning and longer life to bricks and mortar;" the community of Glens Falls for its "support and encouragement" of an opera festival; and the New York City Parks Department for "giving the parks back to the city." The Carborundum Company of Niagara Falls was given a banner for commissioning pieces of sculpture to reward its distributors. ("Princes of Commerce, these," Governor Rockefeller quoted from the booklet, "'manufacturers of rough and glinting powders have remembered and reminded us that patronage of the arts is a princely gift.'") All these received the blessing of the Council and the blessing of Governor Rockefeller (in almost equal doses), but no one, in fact, got his certificate, because the certificates were late in arriving.

The most interesting people to receive an award, we thought, were Mr. William Taylor and Mrs. Benjamin Arnstein, who run the Jazzmobile, a mobile bandstand sponsored by the Ballantine brewers, which roams through Harlem and other sections of the city during the summer. After the last award was presented, the Joe Newman Quartet, which often performs on the Jazzmobile, played three numbers—"Capricious," "Shining Stockings," and "Cuttin' Up." The jazz was excellent. After this, there

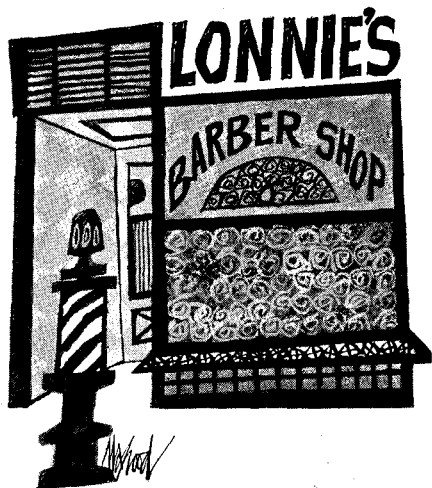
was a reception, and we went to it to talk with Mrs. Arnstein. She is an attractive blond woman, and she was wearing a pastel hat. She told us she was terribly pleased that the Jazzmobile had caught on, that there were more demands than the Jazzmobile could meet, and that she was looking for more sponsors. She said that the Jazzmobile was planning forty concerts this summer.

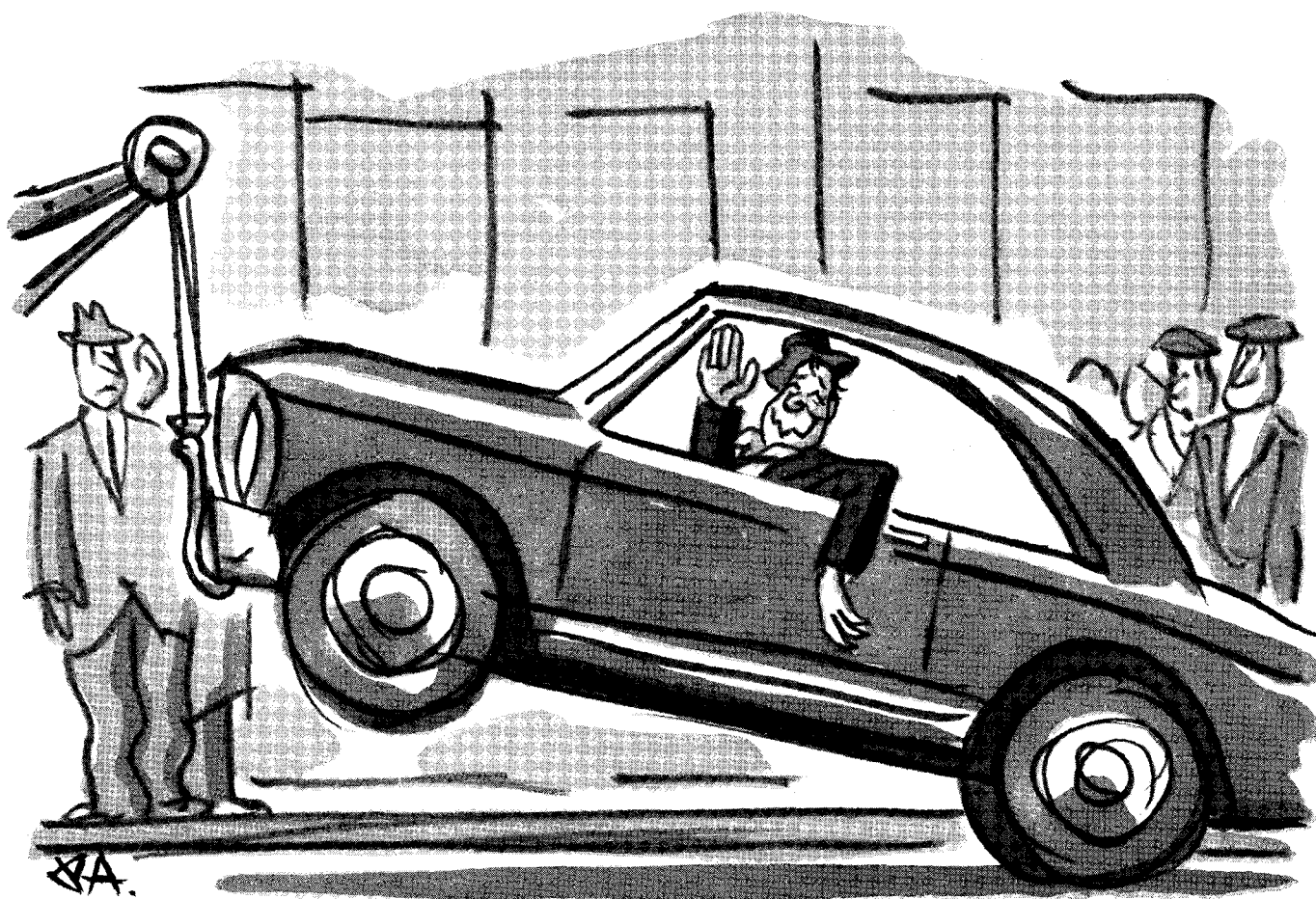
As we left, we passed Mr. August Heckscher, who had accepted the award for the City Parks Department. Mr. Heckscher was talking to an animated middle-aged lady who was saying that she had lately begun to roller-skate in Central Park with her grandchildren.

THERE is an ecclesiastical establishment in Toronto called the St. James Bond United Church.

Microbes

THE other Saturday, we dropped in at the ninetieth annual exhibition of the New York Microscopical Society. The exhibition was at the Carnegie Endowment Building, over by the United Nations. At the door, we picked up a catalogue that listed forty-nine exhibits, and then we checked in with the Society's president, Theodore G. Rochow, a microscopist with the American Cyanamid Company. He was wearing a businesslike dark-blue suit and a necktie with a pattern of snowflakes much as they might look under a microscope. Mr. Rochow, who is writing a book that encompasses, among other subjects, the history of the microscope, told us that microscopes derived from magnifying lenses, which first were ground in the thirteenth century. About 1267, Roger Bacon wrote that if a man looked through a somewhat rounded crystal glass the object he was looking at would appear larger. Single lenses were used as microscopes into the eighteenth century, when Anton van Leeuwenhoek, a Dutch naturalist, using one that could magnify almost two hundred times, discovered protozoa and bacteria. The compound microscope, which has two or more lenses, is said to have been invented about 1590 by another Dutchman, Hans Janssen (or by his son Zacharius), but microscopes didn't reach their present precision until the early nineteenth century. In 1610, Galileo employed the principle of the Janssen microscope, which could be used as a telescope, depending on which end you looked through, for making an instrument with which to observe





the planets. "So you see," Mr. Rochow concluded, "we have some fairly illustrious ancestors."

We thanked Mr. Rochow and hurried off, for—speaking of people who could look through both ends of a microscope—we had just spotted our old friend Gilbert T. Schmidling, a pillar of the New York Amateur Astronomers Association. "But I have been a member of the Microscopical Society for over twenty years!" he remonstrated when we expressed our surprise at seeing him there. Not only that, he went on, but he had an exhibit on display, and he led us to it—No. 42 in the catalogue, which billed it as "Ulexite, nature's high-resolution fibre optics." Ulexite, or sodium calcium borate, has been known for a long time, Mr. Schmidling explained, but its optical properties—its peculiar ability to transfer an image from one end of itself to the other, even though it is not transparent—were reported only recently. Mr. Schmidling produced a sample. Ulexite is a white mineral that is composed of thousands of bundles of fibres, like a box of straws. The straws, however, are not hollow. Mr. Schmidling laid the piece of ulexite on a printed page, and the lettering, perfectly clear, appeared at the top of the little white block. "It's against all the rules," he

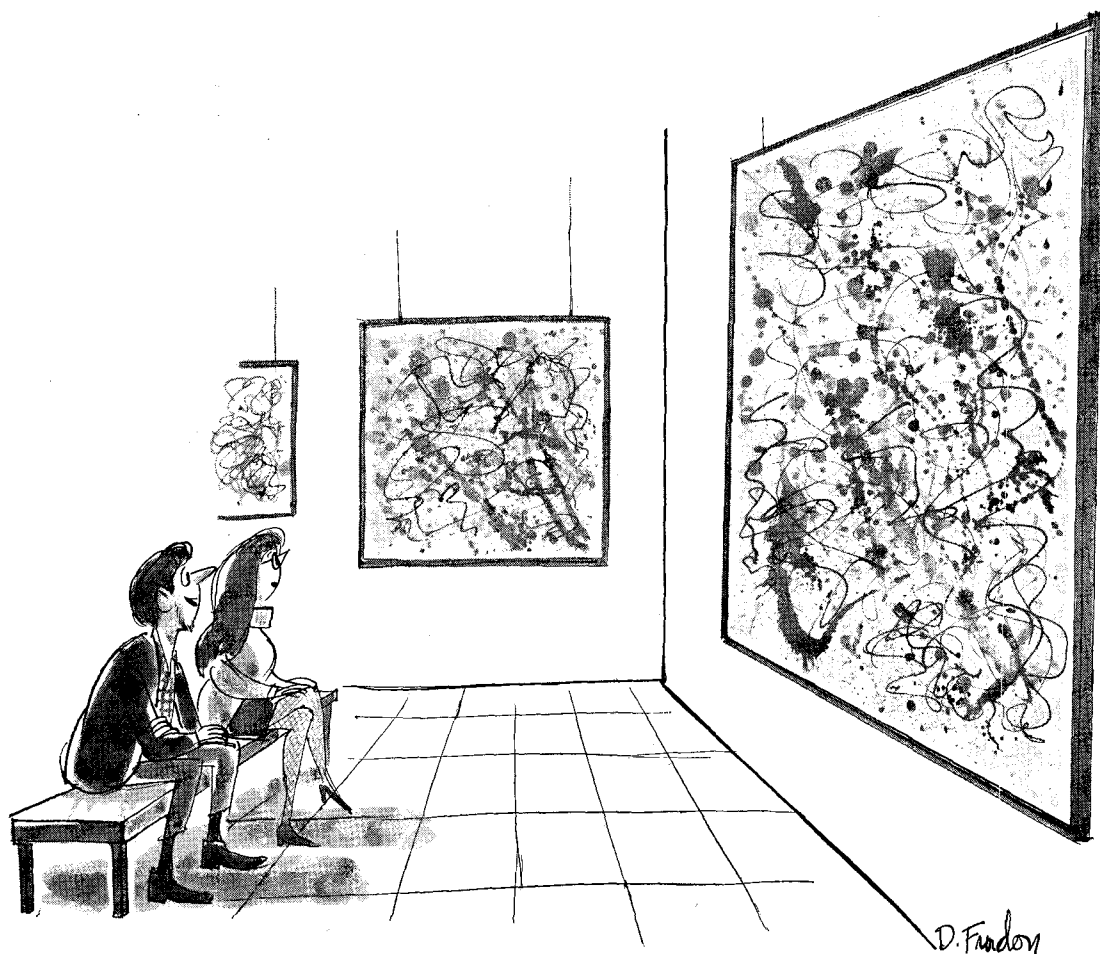
said proudly. "What happens is that the light is bounced back and forth inside the fibres until it appears at the top."

We turned our attention to the other exhibits, which were arranged on a dozen or so long tables. People were milling about, pausing occasionally to squint through a microscope. "That's absolutely the loveliest thing I've ever seen!" we heard a young woman in an orange dress say at Exhibit No. 18, and accordingly we hurried over to peer through a microscope at a cluster of tiny diatoms, as symmetrically shaped as snowflakes but as gaily colored as pinwheels. "The slide was made sixty or seventy years ago," Edward Marszalkiewicz, its owner, told us. "People used to entertain at home with slides like these. This one was prepared by a German named Thun; he arranged the tiny diatoms in a pattern, putting them in place with a badger bristle, or maybe a pig's eyelash. Today, there are only five men left who can do that. It's a dying art."

At the next table, we looked through a microscope at a colony of trypanosomes of the sort that cause sleeping sickness. "Are they still swimming around?" a man asked us anxiously, and we said they were. The solicitous man was Dr. John Lee, who is on

the staff of the American Museum of Natural History. The trypanosomes were odd, he said, because instead of having flagella behind that whipped back and forth, pushing them along in conventional protozoic fashion, the flagella were in front, where they revolved like corkscrews and pulled the trypanosomes about. Dr. Lee said he was worried about the trypanosomes because it is difficult to keep a culture of protozoa alive under a microscope for more than an hour; the heat from the light evaporates the moisture on the slide, and then the upper glass plate settles down, crushing the protozoa under it. As we moved off, he was carefully administering water to the slide through an eyedropper.

Nearby, we met Mr. James V. Lawrence, a white-haired past president of the Microscopical Society, who told us unbelievably that for the second year in a row he had brought a slide to exhibit only to find that someone else had brought a similar one. "The odds against that happening are staggering," he said. The year before, he had brought a slide of an Egyptian parasite called bilharzia, which someone else had brought also, and this year his cross-section of some hairs of buckthorn was duplicated over at Exhibit No. 23. Mr. Lawrence, who was



"Those old guys really had it!"

in a decidedly gloomy mood, went on to say that he feared for the future, as there didn't seem to be many youngsters coming along who were interested in microscopes.

"Do you have a microscope?" he asked us, for lack of a youngster.

We said we did not.

"You'd better get yourself one," he said. "Then go catch a fly. Look at it. You'll be surprised at what you've got."

Valentine

A BACHELOR friend of ours, who is given to eccentric behavior, decided the other morning, on an impulse, to send a telegram to a lady friend. He dialled Western Union and dictated the telegram, which read, "You are a dewfuss"—"*Fuss*" being the German word for "foot." Much to his astonishment, the Western Union operator, after taking down the message, asked, "Is this message defamatory?"

"Why defamatory?" our friend asked.

"The word 'dewfuss' is unfamiliar to me," the operator said, "and I have

to know whether it is defamatory before I can send the message."

Our friend started to explain the etymology of "dewfuss," and was told, "I don't have to know what it means, only whether or not it is defamatory."

He said that it certainly was not, and the telegram was put on the wires.

Bini Shell

WE celebrated the tardy arrival of spring one afternoon recently by going to see the blossoming of an almost instant building on the Columbia University campus at Broadway and 119th Street. There, on a muddy patch of ground shaded by plane trees in front of the Pupin Physics Laboratories, we found none of the usual sights of city building construction—no cranes, multicolored old-door fences, noisy generators, dump trucks, scaffolding, or dust clouds. Instead, we found a fifty-foot-diameter concrete slab covered with an airtight flexible plastic membrane, on top of which rested a network of springy wire mesh. As we arrived, twenty yellow-helmeted workmen were spreading onto the mesh a layer of concrete supplied by two mixing

trucks. A large crowd of class-cutting students and alumni members of the American Institute of Architects (who had been having lunch in the rotunda of the nearby Low Library) formed an appreciative encircling throng, within which we came upon Dr. Mario G. Salvadori, professor of civil engineering and architecture at the university. "Thin-shell concrete structures are my specialty," said Dr. Salvadori, a small figure with huge glasses and a cheerful but immensely resolute voice. "I saw one of these shells go up in Italy a year ago, and when Dr. Bini, their inventor, asked me if we at Columbia would test one of his buildings, I said yes, we would be happy to. Here is Dr. Dante Bini himself. He is a Doctor of Architecture from Florence University."

Dr. Bini, a black-haired, Roman-nosed man of thirty-four, wearing an immaculate sand-colored suit, looked a good deal more like Rudolph Valentino than an inventor-architect.

"I live in Bologna, and have built several of my shells there. Some are in use as barns, some as offices, some as houses. I am going to build one in Libya and one in Tehran. Where construction steel is expensive, where wood is scarce, the Bini Shell can be most useful. The shell is a pure form for building. It is very strong and simple. It does not need trained men to make it if they have my equipment. Its applications are many—you can build shells upon shells, you can hang them from cables or support them on columns, you can start from a round or a rectangular base, you can build terraced high-rises or floating warehouses. Mr. Robert Simon, of Reston, Virginia, has asked me to build one for a playground at his new town there. Inside the shell, you don't have the feeling of so many little square boxes, the rooms of common buildings. You can close one space from another without feeling closed in. You have a different point of view. It is very dynamic."

Dr. Bini went over to have a word with the construction foreman, who seemed to be having difficulty in organizing his labor force for the job of spreading a weatherproof green plastic

sheet over the smooth surface of wet concrete. As they unrolled the sheet, the men had to trowel away their rubber-boot prints. When they reached the perimeter, they anchored the sheet to iron spikes set in the rim of the pre-prepared foundation, making a strong, airtight joint. From a small lean-to shed came what sounded like the noise of a vacuum cleaner. Dr. Salvadori said that this was from two five-horsepower electric motors turning electric fans and beginning to blow air through a pipe under the foundation and out beneath the plastic-wrapped sandwich of steel mesh and cement, which, altogether, weighed thirty-three tons. For a long while, as with someone having difficulty blowing up a balloon at a birthday party, nothing perceptible happened. Then a ripple ran across the green sheet. A small hump appeared slightly off center. The circular sandwich began to swell.

"We are a little slow today," said Dr. Bini as he returned, beaming happily. "We have a little language problem between my men and the contractors. But now the shell is rising. The air pressure causing this is roughly half a pound per square inch, which is less than that exerted in a puff of a cigarette. The steel mesh is now locating itself automatically as the shell inflates. We are using a three-thousand-pound concrete—the normal concrete used in floors and foundations—but with certain additives that insure its plasticity, so it permeates and adheres to the mesh on all sides while being lifted from a flat surface to a curved shape. When the dome has risen to fifteen feet, we will lower that electric-powered vibrator you see hanging overhead from a tree branch. Placed on top of the shell, the vibrator will shake it gently until the concrete is properly settled in place. The inner membrane leaves the inside smooth; in two days the concrete will have cured and the membrane can be deflated. Then we may cut holes for pre-cast doors and windows. The testing can begin."

The green dome had now risen to eye level, and, taking a final view of the audience on the far side of the Bini Shell, we asked Dr. Salvadori what the testing would involve. "It will be conducted by the School of Engineering's Carleton Materials Laboratory, under Dr. Charles Thurston," he said. "They will pile sandbags on top of the shell to see if, and by how much, the dome goes in or out, and they will attach strain gauges to get measurements of stress intensities at different points."

Dr. Bini said, "A model tested in Turin collapsed under the pressure equivalent of six hundred and sixty pounds per square foot. Normal pressure would be between twenty-five and fifty pounds. We can build the Bini Shell in many different sizes—this one is about two thousand square feet—at a cost of less than a dollar per square foot. In Italy, built as a house with five rooms and a bath, it would cost half the price of an ordinary house. It can be completed in forty-eight hours. It will be good for the undeveloped countries. I wish to license it to the world."

When the dome reached a height of twelve feet, thirty minutes after the air

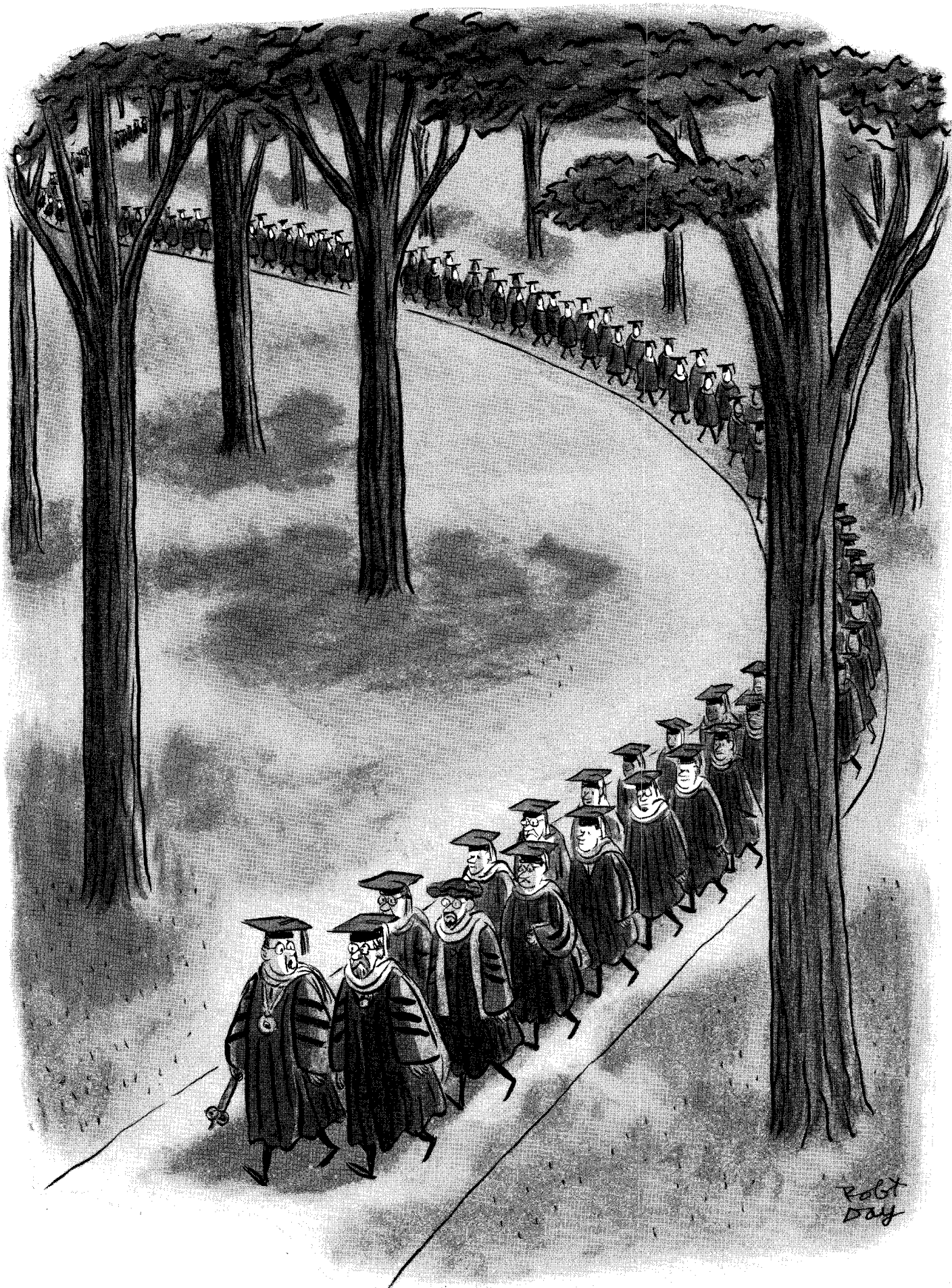
pumping had started, Dr. Bini shook hands with the workmen and then embraced Dr. Salvadori. Rome, it occurred to us, could now be built in two days.

Chore

A FRIEND of ours recently returned from a trout-fishing expedition to Red River, New Mexico, which is famous not only for its trout but for its Texas vacationers. Our friend reports that a particularly well-heeled Houston family assigned its uniformed maid the duty of catching every day's ration of fish.



"Hey, Lum Foo, how about you pulling for a while and I'll quote the works of Chairman Mao?"



"I must say the occasion is somewhat dampened by that clobbering we took on 'College Bowl.'"

DEAR SIR OR MADAM

IN the particular version of the story I heard—and I wager there must be fifty—the locale was Cairo and the protagonist a young subaltern in the Eleventh Fusiliers, the crack British regiment dubbed the Cherry Pickers, because of the brilliant striping on their dress trousers. Lieutenant Cyprian Coutts-Habirshaw, the officer in question, had been given an evening's leave and, attired in full resplendent uniform, sallied forth into the town in quest of adventure. Spying a *boîte* whose elegant yet discreet façade pleased him, he entered and beheld a bar untenanted save for a strikingly lovely brunette in evening dress, contemplating an empty champagne glass. Coutts-Habirshaw responded as to the call of bugles; he swung onto the adjacent stool, signalled the barman, and demanded to know his choicest vintage.

"Lanson '26, effendi," was the unhesitating answer.

"Splendid," said the young man. "Hurry along a bottle, and fill Made-moiselle's glass. She looks rather parched, if you ask me."

Nobody asked him, least of all the lady, who remained detached and aloof while the wine was broached and the Lieutenant essayed a few initial pleasantries. She sipped her drink, allowed her glass to be refilled, and gave not the slightest indication, by word or glance, of his existence. Confronted with so total a rebuff, Coutts-Habirshaw began to experience a sense of panic, but he rattled on gamely, hopeful that his charm and the grape would thaw her *froideur*. Midway through their second bottle, the officer's aplomb had faded and he was starting to plead. Unconventional his behavior was, he admitted, but it was born of loneliness; he was a stranger in a distant land, at bottom a decent chap, who longed merely for feminine companionship. Was that a crime? The beauty studied her reflection in the mirror with cool composure, unmoved and quite anesthetic to his presence. Together, yet worlds apart, they finished the champagne, and then Coutts-Habirshaw, on the verge of tears, decided to storm the redoubt. Commanding a third bottle, he waited until the inflexible creature had drained a glassful, and forcibly enclasped her waist. The lady stiffened, patted a stray wisp of hair into place, and, with an almost imperceptible movement of her lips, addressed him in an unmistakably masculine bass. "My name is Derek Inveigleman, of Her Majesty's Secret Service," she murmured. "In

two seconds, your hand will encounter a shoulder holster. Evince no surprise; we are being watched."

The anecdote hurtled back into my memory a day or two ago as I was reading "Museum Piece," the autobiography of James Laver, the English novelist, expert on costume, and former curator of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Reminiscing about Gwendoline Otter, a celebrated hostess, who I suspect was Lady Ottoline Morrell, he wrote as follows: "Gwen's luncheon parties were never without interest. I met *chez elle* Alec Waugh and Evelyn, not yet famous, and Ernest Thesiger, whose aristocratic nose, stylized gestures, and superb enunciation had already impressed themselves on my mind when I saw him play the Dauphin in the original production of 'St. Joan.' Ernest asked me to lunch and when, at the end of the meal, he suddenly poked a finger inside his collar and brought out the string of pearls which he always wore around his neck, I knew I had been accepted into his circle of friends. He was one of those actors whose stage personality and real personality seem to coincide."

Mr. Thesiger's pearls obviously were no more than an innocent affectation, somewhat akin to the single gold earring flaunted by hairy young men in the Village nowadays to proclaim their defiance of convention. What really riveted my interest in the foregoing, though, was Laver's implication about the intermixture of stage and real personality in theatre folk. It happens that I had the opportunity, through a quirk of circumstance, to witness this phenomenon at close range several years ago, and the permutations were so curious that they may be worth a brief recap.

The mechanism that set them in motion was a play I wrote as a vehicle for a comedian named (for present purposes) Smiley Grimes. One of the few remaining clowns of the stature of Willie Howard, Bobby Clark, and Victor Moore, Grimes had had a long and distinguished career in every medium of entertainment—burlesque, vaudeville, musical comedy, pictures, and television. He was a serious and dedicated artist, a perfectionist who worried endlessly about every role he played, and in the dramatic bouillabaisse I had concocted he had reason for anxiety, for he was to play six parts: a millionaire philanthropist, a Hollywood agent, a Cambodian émigré, a septuagenarian restaurant tycoon, a Los Angeles

judge, and a female magazine oligarch.

On our first day of rehearsals, in a tenebrous cavern over Ratner's Restaurant on Second Avenue, he drew me aside to confide that he had devoted extensive study to the psychology and mannerisms of his characters. "The millionaire's a pipe," he said. "Him I know inside out—a cross between Tommy Manville and Otto Kahn. The agent likewise—Swiftly Lazar, Myron Selznick; he's no problem. Your restaurant tycoon is a mean old bastard that sees a Red under every bed, and the judge in L.A.—well, you copped him from the Irish Justice bit in burlesque. Now, on the Cambodian I'm still a little foggy. He's just a Chink laundryman—*nicht?*"

"Oh, sure," I said. "No tickee, no washee—that sort of bilge. There won't be enough Cambodians in the audience to squawk."

"Fine," he said. "Well, that leaves the lady magazine editor, which, to tell you the truth, I'm kind of nervous about her. I'm fifty years in the business and this is the first time I ever played anything in drag. Berle, Hope, Skelton—they've all done it, but not me. We have to get every detail right—the clothes, the hair, the walk. It's a real challenge."

I promised to move heaven and earth to help him meet it, and he went away reassured. A day or two later, the costume designer brought in preliminary sketches for the company's wardrobe.

Smiley nodded approvingly as he examined his various changes, but when he came to the woman's costume I saw his brow darken.

"Hey, what gives here?" he complained. "This is the editor of a fashion magazine? She looks like a welfare worker—a cashier at Stouffer's!"

The designer's claws flashed. "That happens to be a very smart basic-black faille, Mr. Grimes," he snapped. "Exactly the kind a person in her position would wear. The cut is classic—stark, dramatic, pure. And I chose the accessories with utmost care—the brooch, the shell earrings, that stunning Italian bag—"

"It's a funeral dress, for Chrisake!" Smiley burst forth. "You expect me to get comedy out of *that*? I need some props—a string of beads, a feather boa, or a parasol."

"My dear sir," the other rejoined, his face flaming, "if your conception of the part is Sadie Thompson, I can dress you like Jeanne Eagels. Th's playwright, whatever his name is, specified a chic, high-style *femme du monde*, and I will not compromise my stand-

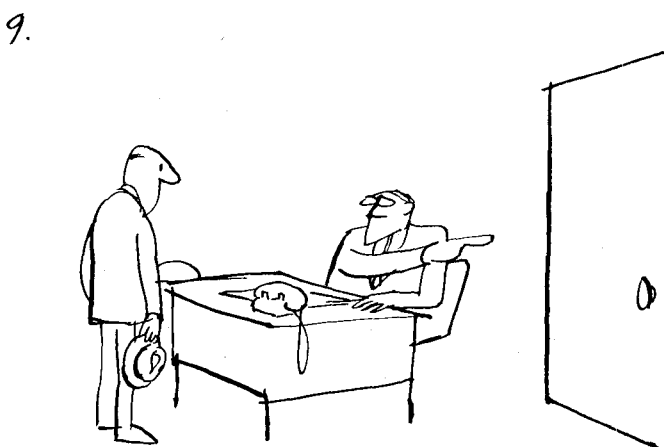
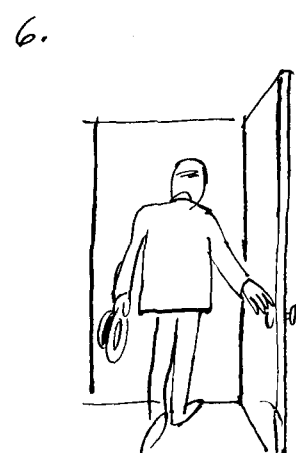
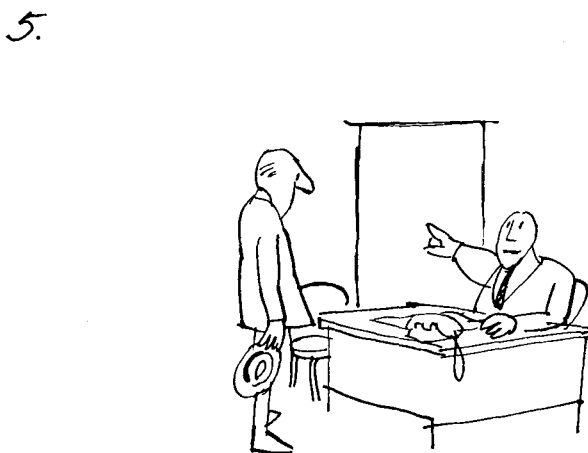
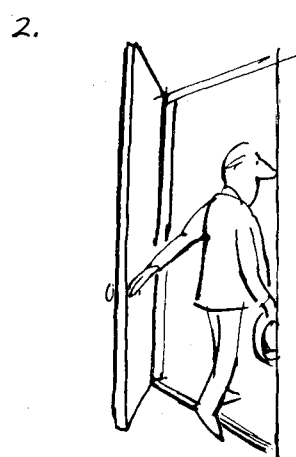


ards, sacrifice my entire reputation, become a laughingstock in the profession to wring a few cheap boffos from the public. I'd rather go back to Himmelfarb's on Seventh Avenue and design play togs, sell chestnuts on street corners..."

The altercation reached such a pitch that the producer, snatching a hasty blintz in Ratner's, four floors below, had to be summoned to mediate, but even he was hard put to it to restore harmony. A chance suggestion from our ingénue that culottes were in vogue impressed Smiley, and he began urging hostess pajamas for the character. These the designer icily rejected for office attire with the haughty assertion that the scene would take on the aspect of a knocking shop. Ultimately, the two agreed on a gold lamé suit with little fur accents at wrist and collar, to be worn with a matching turban, and all hands resumed work visibly refreshed. The sole victim of the contretemps was the producer, whose blintz had unfortunately ossified in the meantime.

Inside the week, Smiley started fretting over the footwear his costume entailed. To cultivate the grace and fluidity of movement a lady oligarch would display, he contended, he needed some high-heeled slippers to practice walking. The playwright being least indispensable to the production, I was automatically assigned to procure them. In a vast shoe salon on Thirty-fourth Street as garishly lit as a delicatessen, I skulked around inspecting the available merchandise, and, frustrated, waylaid a fox-faced salesman.

"Size 11?" he repeated in an unnecessarily loud voice. The half-dozen women within earshot turned and regarded me transfixed. "Who are they for—your wife?"



"No, no," I said, with a pitiful attempt at nonchalance. "She buys her own. Another man."

He gave me a long, speculative glance. "Oh, Mr. Kay," he called out to the floorwalker. "Would you handle this customer? He wants some outsize opera pumps for another guy."

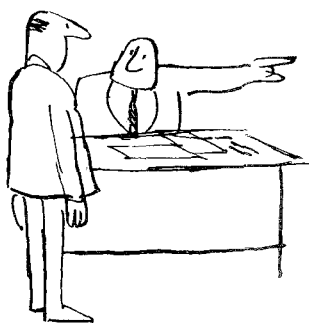
Bloodied but bowed, I eventually sequestered a pair in an uptown emporium patronized by giantesses, and, after a pratfall or two, Smiley learned to teeter about quite creditably, though balancing a book on his head to improve his carriage overtaxed him.

There was also another flareup between him and the costume designer

when the latter, understandably seeking to exhibit the gold *tailleur* to advantage, proposed that a foundation garment of sorts be worn beneath it. "Mind you, nobody's disparaging your figure, Mr. Grimes," he added hastily. "All we envisioned was something to suppress the hips and give you a svelte, modish line."

"Now look, Fegelspan," said Smiley impatiently. "It ain't the corset I'm fighting—I wore one as a hussar with Rose Sydel and her Bounteous Belles in 1920, a living statue in the Vanities, I forget the shows. The bind is, I got to make a lightning change from the woman to the judge."

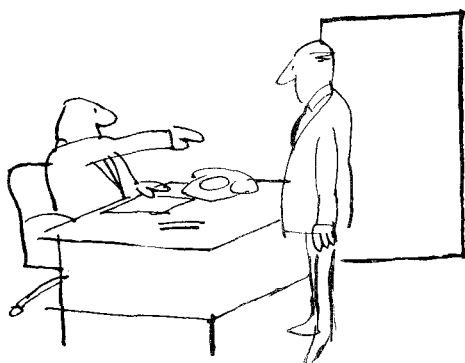
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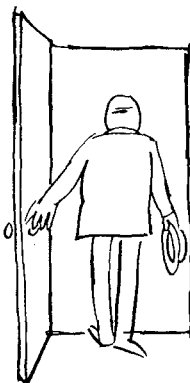
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7.



8.



11.



"Then don't take it off. Keep it on under your robes."

Smiley surveyed him aghast. "What?" he exclaimed. "You think I could hand down a legal decision in that courtroom knowing I have on a girdle?" He tore off the old tweed cap he wore at rehearsals and flung it on the stage. "That tears it!" he shouted. "One thing I won't stoop to, and that's a mockery of the whole judicial system! Better I should be a roustabout in the circus, sell frankfurters at the Polo Grounds..."

The producer, who had stolen down to Ratner's for another blintz, was again yanked back to intercede, but this

time he brought the delicacy with him, and through a mouthful ordained that no restraint, physical or otherwise, was to be laid on the star. Since Smiley was already wrenching my lines out of recognition, the edict chilled my heart, but I submitted for the sake of amity.

The next crisis to arise involved the spectacles appropriate to the lady editor's costume—a pair of harlequin glasses richly encrusted with sequins and seashells the designer had chosen at a Madison Avenue optician's. They proved too small for Smiley's face, in addition to containing the wrong lenses, so I accompanied him to the

store to insure an adequate fit. Before I could explain their purpose to the prim fusspot who waited on us, Smiley had donned the glasses and was vainly striving to read aloud the extract from Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" on the test card.

The salesman gaped at him in consternation. "Good God, who ever sold you that frame?" he sputtered. "It's resort wear—the type of thing ladies buy for the Caribbean. You'd be ejected from a restaurant if you wore those here."

"Mind your own beeswax, friend," Smiley retorted. "They suit me fine, except I want them bigger and clearer." He snorted in disgust. "I'm blind as a bat in these lousy cheaters. Can you imagine me fumbling for a lipstick or a comb in my purse when I do a piece of business?"

The entire staff was cataleptic when we took our leave, but Smiley had the glasses he required, and swagger indeed they looked as he browsed through *Variety* in the penumbra of the work light.

No more dilemmas of a transvestite nature occurred until the dress rehearsal in New Haven, where the editor's wig emerged as wholly out of character. The short pageboy bob, while suitable for a breezy sophomore at Bryn Mawr, did nothing to soften Smiley's craggy features. Added to his gold lamé suit with the tufts of fur, it made him resemble one of King John's nobles at Runnymede rather than a pillar of the *haute couture*. The fat hysteric responsible for the error was banished to New York to effect repairs, and Smiley played the scene sporting his old tweed cap. Luckily, that foolish consistency said to be the hobgoblin of little minds failed to bug the little minds who were present.

Anguish predictable attended the try-out of the show in Philadelphia, heightened by the producer's inability to find the type of blintz he subsisted on. Smiley's female characterization, if tentative at first, rapidly gained momentum, and in the final week out of town became captivating—hoydenish, acid-sweet, tyrannical by turns. The New York opening certified his personal triumph—to such a degree, in fact, that even the fashion press hailed his *brio* as the lady oligarch. Sad to say, however, an unforeseen waterspout struck the production amidships; it foundered, the mighty ocean rolled on as it had five thousand years before, and I alone, Ishmael, was left clinging to a spar.

—S. J. PERELMAN

DYING: AN INTRODUCTION

Always too eager for future, we
Pick up bad habits of expectancy.

—Philip Larkin

I. RING AND WALK IN

Summer still plays across the street,
An ad-hoc band
In red, white, blue, and green
Old uniforms
And rented instruments;
Fall fills the street
From shore to shore with leaves,
A jaundiced mass
Protest against the cold;
I slip on ice
Slicks under powder snow and stamp my feet
Upon the doctor's rubber mat,
Ring and Walk In
To Dr. Sharon's waiting room—
For once, with an appointment,
To nonplus
Ugly Miss Erberus.
Across from other candidates—
A blue-rinsed dam
In Davidows, a husk
Of an old man,
A one-eyed boy—I sit
And share their pervigilium.
One *Punch* and two
Times later comes the call.

II. PROBABLY NOTHING

Head cocked like Art, the *Crimson* linotype
Operator, Dr. Sharon plays
Taps on my game leg, spelling out the name,
With his palpating fingers, of my pain.
The letters he types are not visible
To him or me; back up the melting pot
Of the machine, the matrix dents the hot
Lead with a letter and another; soon a word,
Tinkling and cooling, silver, will descend
To be imposed upon my record in
Black-looking ink. "My boy, I think," he says,
In the most masterly of schoolish ways,
In the most quiet of all trumps in A
Flat, "this lump is probably nothing, but"—
A but, a buzz of omen resonates—
"I'd check it anyway. Let's see when I
Can take a specimen." Quiet business
With the black phone's bright buttons. Sst, ssst, st:
An inside call. In whispers. Over. Out.
"Can you come Friday noon? We'll do it then."
I nod I can, and pass the world of men
In waiting, one *Life* further on.

III. O.P.O.R.

Undressing in the locker room
Like any high school's, full of shades
In jockstraps and the smell of steam,
Which comes, I guess, from autoclaves,
And not from showers, I am struck
By the immutability,
The long, unchanging, childish look
Of my pale legs propped under me,

Which, nonetheless, now harbor my
Nemesis, or, conceivably,
Do not. My narcissistic eye
Is intercepted deftly by
A square nurse in a gas-green gown
And aqua mask—a dodo's beak—
Who hands me a suit to put on
In matching green, and for my feet
Two paper slippers, mantis green:
My invitation to the dance.
I shuffle to the table, where
A shining bank of instruments—
Service for twelve—awaits my flesh
To dine. Two nurses pull my pants
Down and start shaving. With a splash,
The Doctor stops his scrubbing-up
And walks in with a quiet "Hi."
Like hummingbirds, syringes tap
The Novocain and sting my thigh
To sleep, and the swordplay begins.
The stainless-modern knife digs in—
Meticulous trencherman—and twangs
A tendon faintly. Coward, I groan.
Soon he says, "Sutures," and explains
To me he has his specimen
And will stitch up, with boundless pains,
Each severed layer, till again
He surfaces and sews with steel
Wire. "Stainless." Look how thin it is,
Held in his forceps. "It should heal
Without a mark." These verities
Escort me to the tiring room,
Where, as I dress, the Doctor says,
"We'll have an answer Monday noon."
I leave to live out my three days,
Reprieved from findings and their pain.

IV. PATH. REPORT

Bruisingly cradled in a Harvard chair
Whose orange arms cramp my pink ones, and whose black
Back stamps my back with splat marks, I receive
The brunt of the pathology report,
Bitingly couched in critical terms of my
Tissue of fabrications, which is bad.
That Tyrian specimen on the limelit stage
Surveyed by Dr. Cyclops, magnified
Countless diameters on its thick slide,
Turns out to end in -oma. "But be glad
These things are treatable today," I'm told.
"Why, fifteen years ago—" a dark and grave-
Shaped pause. "But now, a course of radiation, and—"
Sun rays break through. "And if you want X-ray,
You've come to the right place." A history,
A half-life of the hospital. Marie
Curie must have endowed it. Cyclotrons,
Like missile silos, lurk within its walls.
It's reassuring, anyway. But bland
And middle-class as these environs are,
And sanguine as his measured words may be,
And soft his handshake, the webbed, inky hand
Locked on the sill and the unshaven face



"You may not believe this, but he makes the cheesiest violins in America."

Biding outside the window still appall
Me as I leave the assignation place.

V. OUTBOUND

Outside, although November by the clock,
Has a thick smell of spring,
And everything—
The low clouds lit
Fluorescent green by city lights;
The molten, hissing stream
Of white car lights cooling
To red and vanishing;
The leaves,
Still running from last summer, chattering
Across the pocked concrete;
The wind in trees;
The ones and twos,
The twos and threes
Of college girls,
Each shining in the dark,
Each carrying
A book or books,
Each laughing to her friend
At such a night in fall;
The two-and-twos
Of boys and girls who lean

Together in an A and softly walk
Slowly from lamp to lamp,
Alternatively lit
And nighted; Autumn Street,
Astonishingly named, a rivulet
Of asphalt twisting up and back
To some spring out of sight—and everything
Recalls one fall
Twenty-one years ago, when I,
A freshman, opening
A green door just across the river,
Found the source
Of spring in that warm night,
Surprised the force
That sent me on my way
And set me down
Today. Tonight. Through my
Invisible new veil
Of finity, I see
November's world—
Low scud, slick street, three giggling girls—
As, oddly, not as sombre
As December,
But as green
As anything:
As spring.

—L. E. SISSMAN

A VISIONARY GLEAM

In Memory of MILLICHAMP HOWEL
Artist and Benefactor
Born at Llanyspytty Hen 1st May 1866
Died at Davos 7th Jan. 1941
Si Monumentum Requirit Circumspice

GILBERT had already been looking round the church of Llanyspytty for some time. He had looked at the east window and the west window, the pulpit and the font cover. He had examined the organ case. He had studied the reredos. It was obvious that all these sprang from one mind, one feverish half-baked mind. His eyes, dizzied by peacock-blue crags, tinned-salmon-colored flesh tints, writhing scrolls, arum lilies, and mauve beards, had turned to the mural tablet merely for relief, asking nothing of it except that it should remain white marble and calm. But subconsciously he must have absorbed the inscription, for when its import steadied into a meaning it was as though he had known Millichamp Howel for quite a long time.

Millichamp. No doubt a family name; and some rich heritage must have hung on it, for you would not blast an infant by calling him Millichamp, and without the alternative of some Tom, Dick, or Jabez, unless he were to be bettered thereby. Died at Davos, poor fellow! Tuberculosis, of course. *Spes phthisica* accounted for everything.

With everything accounted for, Gilbert began to look at Millichamp's works all over again, and more attentively. The lady languidly rejoicing in pink had had her head cut off and stuck on again, for a red band of decollation encircled her neck exactly halfway up—a neat job. The mauve-bearded hermit was fondling a beaver. Welsh saints, all of them, Gwennies and Taffies wringing a hard livelihood out of the rocky, peacock-blue landscape; all of them, except for the beaver, hollow-eyed and haggard. Perhaps they were all self-portraits; but more likely they were influenced by Burne-Jones. Their feet were Burne-Jonesian. Wan.

Gilbert now went

into the vestry in pursuit of a stepladder. Stepladders, though extra-liturgical, are essential in church furnishing; you can't fasten Christmas holly to lamp brackets without them. There was a stepladder. He carried it into the chancel and mounted it for a nearer view of the east window. It was as he thought. A cartouche in the right-hand corner bore the legend "Poivre et Cie., Bruxelles." Millichamp, devoted to his art, would not have just posted his cartoons to Brussels. He accompanied them, lodging in some modest hotel in the Rue Pacheco, going daily to the atelier to watch their sublimation into the fervor and unction of Belgian glass. But he did not leave Brussels without giving a pat to the nose of the dog on the door of the Town Hall. He was an animal lover, as the beaver testified.

Gilbert was still on the stepladder when there was the noise of a door grinding on its hinges. He had not perfectly made up his mind what he would say when the grinding of hinges turned into the groaning of a clock going to strike. It was five o'clock. He must hurry back for tea.

At tea, however spiritless the conversation, he would say nothing about Millichamp. When you have accompanied your wife to rural Carmarthen-

shire on a mission of mercy, it is better to be thought a doltish, buttered-scone-devouring voluptuary than to risk upsetting a hostess who is also a sister-in-law and a widow in her affliction. Celinda had been sharpening her affliction by reading her late husband's diaries. They had thrown her into such a pet that she was now threatening to have a nervous breakdown. Millichamp might awaken chords. Chords were twanging off all over the place, which made their mission of mercy unrepentful and not at all what one expects of a country visit. In fact, it was Mary's mission; Gilbert had just come along. His profession—he was a crime-story writer—did not tie him to London, and he liked being tied to Mary's apron strings. But even in the privacy of their bedroom he would not, he decided, talk about Millichamp just yet. Incipient stories, like rising dough, must be left in an even temperature under a napkin, and Millichamp was so far no more than a speculation how a crime might be twisted round a blameless character and bring it to ruin—it would be fun to have a comfortless immoral ending for a change. Definitely, he couldn't expose Millichamp to Mary's approval and have him rising all to one side. He would just say, if asked, that he had been looking round the church.

All the same, he could do with knowing a little more.

"What's the name of your parson, Celinda? Have you had him long?"

"He's a locum tenens—called Pringle. I never expected to hear Jim buried by a Scotch accent."

"Wasn't it a Colonel Pringle who—" Mary spoke too late.

"But life is full of surprises, isn't it?" Celinda continued meaningfully, and burst into tears.

Anyway, Pringle would be no good: he was a locum, and knew nothing. If he had been the incumbent, with his family tree planted on Ben Nevis, one could have questioned him without putting one's foot in a hornet's nest; whereas every Welshman is related to every other Welshman, and



charged like a pepper pot with family pride—which was going to make research ticklish.

But why hang on Pringles? Millichamp had a blameless character, considerable private means, a rickety talent, a passion to implement it; he was consumptive, fond of animals, an admirer of Burne-Jones, a member of the Church of England. What more could a man want? Gilbert had built up viable figures on less than that. All he had to do was to decide on a crime. Wales was a pastoral country, sadism was in; the crime might be some sort of werewolfery, drinking the hot blood of sheep—an accusation that would be agony to the gentle, animal-loving Millichamp. Perhaps it would be better to make him a poet. It is less trouble to invent bad poetry than to describe bad painting, and poetry would lead him out on midnight walks.

But then again, one mustn't lose sight of the beaver.

Gilbert visited the church next morning, and this time gave particular attention to the pulpit. It had been constructed by the same hand—presumably the estate carpenter's—as the font cover and with the same view of giving Millichamp scope. Each of its five panels had a half-length damozel in profile (Millichamp ran to profiles) whose lips were parted, whose eyes glittered in sunken sockets, whose taper fingers clutched tapers, whose features expressed such weariness and despair that it was obvious the five damozels had unitedly given up hope of the sermon overhead ever coming to an end. It was also obvious that Millichamp had begun on the northernmost damozel and progressed methodically widdershins, the profiles and weariness becoming more emphatic with each repetition, like a Rossini crescendo in a Rossini funeral march—if that various-minded man ever composed one, which, on the law of averages, seemed likely.

The church cleaner had come in soon after Gilbert did. She was now dusting so assiduously beside him that he was forced to say something, and said, "Good morning." She remarked that she could see he was looking at the pulpit, and that there was a story about it.

Gilbert told himself not to get excited, and asked what the story was.

"It's a celebrated pulpit. There's not another like it in all Wales. It is called 'The Five Daughters Pulpit.' They were daughters of the rector, and died, all five of them, of scarlet fever. You can see they are sisters by the family likeness."



"I slept there once."

"Do you happen to know who painted it?"

"Everybody knows that. It was their aunt—the week before they sickened. Providential, really." With that she went off with her Turk's-head and gave a flick to Millichamp's tablet. *Si monumentum requiris*, indeed.

Reflections on the common lot—he, too, had every reasonable expectation of being forgotten—made him so gloomy at lunch that Celinda, convulsively gulping down barley water, kept glancing at Mary with commiseration. After lunch, Mary cornered him and said it was a fine afternoon and he must either lie down or buy her some stamps in Lampeter—otherwise she would not be answerable.

"Why Lampeter?"

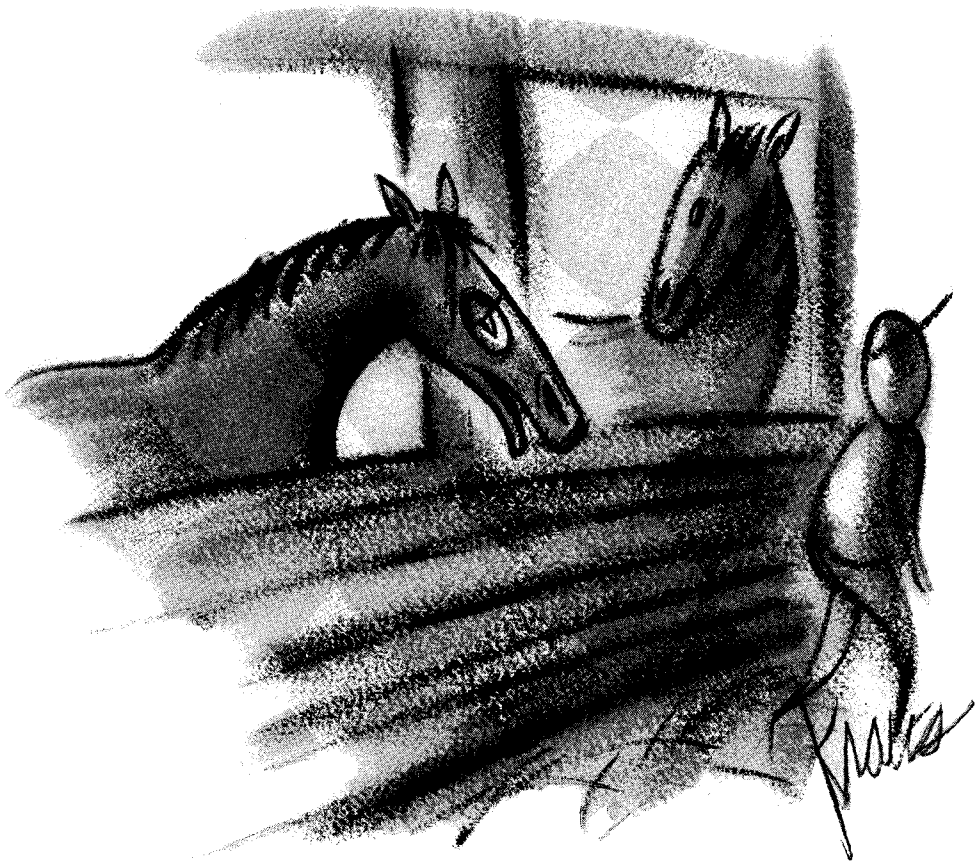
"It's miles away, and you could have tea there."

Gilbert bought the stamps at the Llanyspytty post office. There he asked the way to Llanyspytty Hen. The postmistress gave him careful directions and drew a map for him on the back of a telegraph form, so that he should not be in danger of missing the turning which went off rather suddenly at the foot of the one in four hill. Then, carefully looking past him, she inquired, "Are you a relation?"

From Australia? From California? But probably it would be wiser to remain just an admirer.

"You'd have to be a relation to be let in. It's a nunnery where they cure lady dipsomaniacs. Terrible it is what they go through."

For all that, he set out for Llanyspytty Hen, missed the turning, and drove furiously on toward Aberystwyth. Not that he meant to go to Aberystwyth; but he was resolved not to go to Lampeter. A wasted afternoon, he said to himself; he would have been better employed lying down and finding a suitable crime to wind round Millichamp, or even leading him a trifle astray—the least one could do for the poor chap. A wasted afternoon, even if he had not missed the turning—for why should he feel this craving to visit Millichamp's birthplace? If the story needed a birthplace, a birthplace could be invented; backgrounds were always a pleasure, they afforded more variety than crime. For that matter, why be so fettered to that tablet? Millichamp—his Millichamp—could have been born on the Isle of Wight. It was merely because he did not like being worsted that Gilbert took pains on his way back to spot the turning at the foot of the one in four hill and to hazard his tires along an execrable lane till he saw a rank of calm, smokeless chimney pots, and a high brick wall, and the word "PRIVATE" on a solid wooden gate. He also saw a well-used trail leading through



"Either I've been doped or I'm coming down with something."

rhododendrons to a tall tree. He got out, and followed it. By climbing the tree as others had done before him he got a raking view of lawns and gravel paths and Millichamp's birthplace. It was decent late Georgian, with a portico. He, Gilbert, could have done with it very nicely. Not so Millichamp. Millichamp would have chafed at it. The sun sank, and Gilbert came down from the tree. His mind was at peace. Though it was now too late to start hunting for other churches Millichamp might have been a benefactor to, this could be done tomorrow, and the next day, and the next day maybe. For now his call was to a Millichamp untouched by crime. It was a monograph he wanted to write.

Thinking of research and dedication and the calm joys of those who write monographs, and the satisfaction of unhorsing reviewers from their preconceived ideas, he returned a changed Gilbert. Dreamy, perhaps, and imperfectly attentive, but mild as Celinda's barley water. Asked where he had been, he replied, "Lampeter. A delightful place. It's got so much quality. I must go there again. By the way, Mary, I bought you some stamps there."

A morning light is best, so he set out immediately after breakfast, explaining he would be out for lunch.

"Lampeter again?" said Celinda.

"Probably. But other places too. I feel there's so much to see. By the way, can you lend me a guidebook?"

The guidebook concentrated on castles. What he wanted was a Church of England guidebook. But during the morning he inspected four churches, and after lunch three more. The last of these rewarded him with an early Millichamp—in his scroll manner. The scrolls framed an archway. They were mauve, shaded with green, and writhed from a rhomboidal tablet on which were the words, in Gothic lettering, "I AM THE DOOR."

He had heard of a man in the North of England who signed everything with a mouse. It was a pity that Millichamp had not felt the same way about his beaver. Even a quite formal beaver would be a clue—besides acting as a preservative; for no one, however vandalous, would obliterate a beaver. During the next two days Gilbert came on what he felt almost sure were traces of Millichamp. He felt quite sure about the Royal Arms above the south door of St. Tudoc's, for the Lion and the

Unicorn had been repainted, and both were so characteristically elongated, and the Lion so wistful, that no beaver was needed. It seemed unlike Millichamp to stay his hand at mere repainting. But the windows were lozenges of red and green glass, the pulpit was Jacobean—nice enough in its way but not what he wanted just then—the reredos was after Murillo, and there was no organ case; they used a harmonium. Gilbert was going away when something impelled him to rip back a corner of the green baize tacked to the back of the instrument. One corner was enough. Behind the baize was a Millichamp in the artist's best manner, the manner of Llanyspytty. The lady was reclining by a small brook, singing in profile and accompanying herself with a mandolin. An anchor was reclining on the lady. Bulrushes mingled with the arum lilies. Overhead was a thundercloud, its forked lightning playing among the crags.

That evening he was the life and soul of the dinner table, and accounted for it by the sea air he had breathed at Fishguard. He was bursting to tell Mary about the lady of the harmonium, but Millichamp was still too dear a secret to be profaned. Mary was demonstrably managing much better without him. Celinda looked almost affable, and as though she too had a secret enlivening her breast. Indeed, it was she who showed more interest in Fishguard, asking him how it compared with Lampeter.

The next day was a blank. And the next, because it was a Sunday, when churches are infested with congregations.

On Tuesday the fine weather broke. Celinda consoled with him.

"Yes, it's a bore—because of the light." He stopped himself on the brink.

"Does it make all that difference?" Her voice was positively alert. Mary had certainly done wonders.

Mary now answered for him. "Local color for the next book. Now he'll see it all in a new light. Disillusioning."

This struck him as wantonly provoking chords, and he hurried off to the lady of the harmonium before they twanged.

She was even finer than he remembered; more devotedly, artlessly, sincerely ridiculous. There was an innocence about Millichamp that would touch a brazen heart. Kilvert of the diaries was nothing compared to him—a sophisticated curate of the world. Gilbert intended to make a point of this in the monograph, comparing the roman-

tic, relaxing effect of the Welsh climate on the stranger and on the native son. He was becoming increasingly conscious of the influence of climate—particularly now that it was raining. Of course, before the internal-combustion engine, climate must have had an even greater influence. Millichamp was a child of the Atlantic seaboard, its visionary gleams, its higher-than-average rainfall. After the visits to Brussels to stroke the dog's nose, to London to admire Burne-Jones, he would have returned to his native climate like a child to its mother's milk. No doubt he went for enormous walks, as Kilvert did—but panting for one-dimensional Maggies and Florences with parted lips and languid subsiding limbs, limbs subsiding like macaroni dropped into boiling saucepans; for mild mauve-bearded hermits instead of eccentric clergymen. Artist and benefactor. No doubt his benefactions were as idealistically incompetent as his art: drunken beggars and fraudulent widows. And all to end, poor Millichamp, coughing his lungs up at Davos, tended by sturdy, red-cheeked Swiss nurses, exposed to full sunlight on a balcony, breathing the cruel dry air, staring at totally uncongenial mountains. Gilbert's hands on the wheel twitched to be typing the monograph. It only remained to find a few more substantiating examples of Millichamp the artist; Millichamp the man was already in the bag.

So Gilbert continued to drive about questing for Millichamps, extending his researches into Pembrokeshire, Cardiganshire, and Montgomeryshire. Meanwhile Celinda continued to be all that is kind and tactful to Mary, and to say at intervals, "Remember, you'll always have me."

On Friday, Gilbert reached his reward. It was as though Millichamp had led him on to it, encouraging him to persevere up the rocky bridle path, to press on among brambles, to wade through the sopping long grass

of the graveyard—and then to go all the way back to get the church key from Mrs. Price of Bala Cottage.

It was a large key; it dwarfed the door of the parish church of St. Gwallior. And then the door stuck.

He forced it open into semi-darkness and a smell of paraffin and decay. The east window glowed before him. It was Millichamp at his best, Poivre et Cie. at their most compelling. St. Gwallior must have been one of those saints who navigated in sieves or on millstones, for here he was in the center lancet, an ascetic figure about ten foot high, with his beard—a rich mulberry shade this time—streaming in the wind, and the stormy billows licking his wan feet. In the right-hand lancet were the green hills of Ireland, in the left the peacock-blue crags of Wales; and a pair of angels in profile floated above them, the one waving him farewell, the other waving him welcome. They must have been conceived about the same date as the supporters of the Royal Arms at St. Tudoc's; there was the same convention of very long tapering bodies and very short legs.



"Well, the Presidential election is not being held tomorrow, young man, so I'll bid you good day."

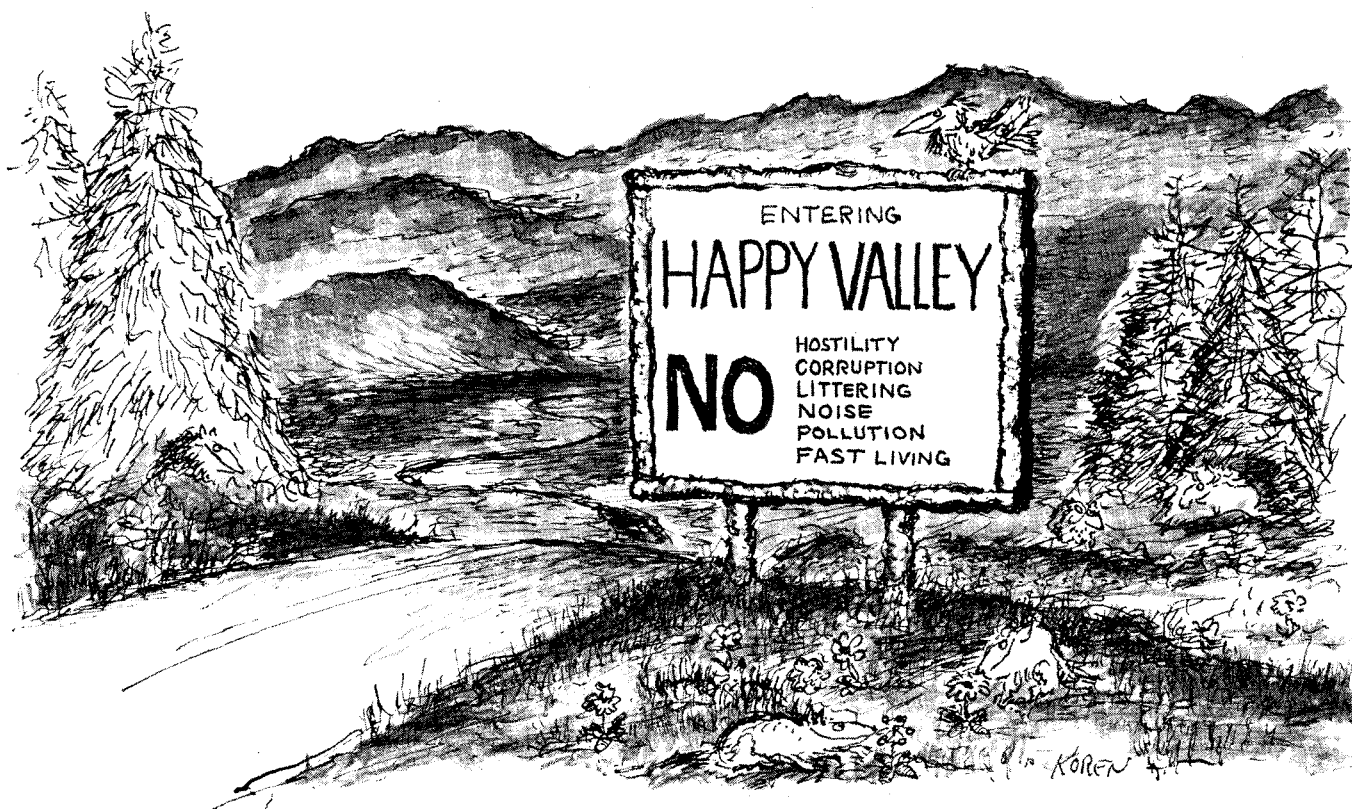
Rain beat on the windows. Rain dripped through the roof, and off the black waterproof sheeting draped over the lectern. Moisture glistened on the walls. The nave was thronged with pews, and it seemed to Gilbert he had never seen pews look so positive. He noticed an intermittent light tapping, and looking round discovered it came from a trail of ivy which had squirmed in through a cracked window and wagged to the wind outside. Only then did he see that the walls were thronged with Millichamps; with angels trumpeting, or waving scrolls, or clasping lilies, or hanging head downward to succor, or carrying babes to Heaven, or just flying about on call. Below angel level the scene darkened; incidents in the life of St. Gwallior were taking place—so Gilbert supposed, though the only incident he could feel sure of was an archer shooting at half a gray donkey. The rest was lost in cracks, blotches, running sores of damp rising and leaks trickling, stretches where the plaster had fallen off, vacancies where pencilled nipples and mustaches had been attacked with a scrubbing brush.

Seek no further. He had found the end of his monograph and the emblem of Millichamp in this desolate church with its ruining murals and its enduring, implacable, glazed testimony to the ludicrous pretensions of his art. Seek no further, delay no longer. He was chilled to the bone and couldn't wait to get back and begin writing it all down.

There was a man standing in the porch when Gilbert let himself out. He turned round, disclosing that he was a clergyman, and said, "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," said Gilbert coldly; for at the sight of the clerical collar he was suddenly in a fury at such neglect of Millichamp. "Your church needs repairing."

"Few know that better than I," said the clergyman. "You should attend a service here. We have one every fourth Sun-



day. You'd bring the congregation up to six. Let me deal with the key. It takes knowing."

Gilbert wished he had begun more politely.

"I'm sorry you found it locked. Mrs. Price told me you had walked back for the key. I came up to ask you in for a drink. You'll need it. It's a bad idea to get chilled on top of getting wet."

He walked ahead, swinging the key. Gilbert followed. At the foot of the bridle path the clergyman turned round, saying formally, "Welcome to my parish."

"But isn't that your church?"

"It's one of them. I have four parishes. But this is the genuine Lateran. Do you mind climbing this wall? We all do. It's the shortcut to the kitchen door."

He sat Gilbert down in a wide kitchen, clean and bare and smelling of gingerbread, and gave him tea laced with rum and a large slice of the newly baked parkin. Indoors, he showed his age; but his gait was limber, and his voice, and his conversation. He talked about depopulation, and with affection about owls. Since he said nothing about his church that needed repairing, Gilbert had to begin.

"Can you tell me anything about Millichamp Howel? I think that's a window of his, in your church—and some remains of wall paintings. I'm in-

terested in him. He seems to be a sort of early mannerist."

"He was my great-aunt. Have another slice."

"Your great-aunt... No, thank you."

"I got here too late to save the frescoes. I don't know that I would have saved them, in any case. Have you seen the things at Llanyspytty? She was born there; they couldn't keep her out. After that, she went all over the place. She must have broken the heart of many a bicycle. But she was a kind old Tartar, God rest her soul. She gave me a parrot for Christmas, just before she went off to her winter sporting and broke her neck."

"She broke her neck?"

"At Davos, falling off a bobsleigh."

"Millichamp is an unusual name," said Gilbert.

"*Mille champs*. It's a family name."

That he should have been right in that one trumpery detail mocked Gilbert's total loss. Millichamp, the companion of his thoughts, the object of his vows, was gone, and the monograph with him. He would just have to write another bloody crime story. It was all anybody wanted of him, and they didn't want it much.

As he drove into Llanyspytty he saw the church lighted up. Mary had said something about not being late

because Celinda thought of going to the choir practice. No wonder Celinda had perked up so, with Mary devoting all her attention to her. If Mary had asked him not to be late because by seven she would be thinking of road accidents, it would not now be quarter past eight. Celinda's car was in the garage. They were in the sitting room, waiting for him. When he entered, muddled, morose, and smelling of rum, Mary gave him one glance, and the air one sniff. Her face wrinkled, her eyes narrowed to slits, and she turned away to hide her feelings. Even so, her shoulders heaved, and at intervals during dinner she uncontrollably giggled. Gilbert was glad to see her so merry. He would not have been merry if he had spent a day with Celinda while Mary was out gallivanting to unknown destinations—but the sexes are no guide to each other. She had a delightful giggle, he was glad to see her merry, he was also glad he had not told her about Millichamp. It is better to grieve alone.

But a man in his sister-in-law's house cannot hope to grieve alone. His grief (particularly if he is catching a cold and every sneeze is remarked on) requires an amplitude of anonymity, a detachment from domestic trivialities. It requires a club. On Sunday evening Gilbert said he must go back to town, to read up about barratry in the London Library. He would catch the early train, leaving the car at the station for

Mary to pick up later. He would stay at his club.

When they had seen him off, Mary and Celinda took a turn round the garden. Mary commented on the clearing skies and the robin's autumn song. "Look, Celinda! There he is. He's killed his father and can eat worms with a quiet mind."

Celinda said that nature was basically cruel.

"I don't know about that. Taken on the whole, I think nature is rather nice."

"Not human nature."

Mary whistled to the robin, then asked when Celinda's twins were coming home from their boarding school.

"You've asked that at least fifty times, Mary. Not that I blame you. I think you are heroic. I suppose it's better to know at the time—at least you're spared the shock. But say it I must, I've never seen anything so blatant. It almost reconciled me to Jim, for at least he had the decency not to brandish his horrid affairs."

"Poor Jim—I mean poor Gilbert!"

"Practically the moment he got here. And then saying he'd brought you back some stamps. Stamps, indeed! From Lampeter! As if he couldn't have bought them at the post office. And then thinking he'd throw you off the scent by talking about Fishguard."

"I suppose one might go to Fishguard, if one wanted to look at the sea."

"Wanted to look at the sea! It wasn't the sea Gilbert wanted just then. He wanted something very different. And got it, too. Don't you remember, that was the evening when he came back smirking like a cat from the larder? My heart bleeds for you, Mary. I can't think why you take it so calmly."

"Gilbert says I always take things calmly."

"More than he does. *What* a state he was in when he came back on Friday! I suppose they'd got drunk and quarrelled. Mary, I can't bear to see you treated like this; and in my house, too. What does Gilbert think I am? A springboard for Lampeter?"

"I'm sorry you've been so upset, Celinda."

"Upset? I've been in agonies."

"But if you had asked me, I could have put you out of your agonies; I could have told you it wouldn't last, this Lampeter person. Gilbert's serious mistress lives in London."

Oh, poor Gilbert, thrown to the wolves! But really it had been irresistible. Besides, she would now be able to return with a clear conscience, leav-

SELF~DECEPTIONS

I

The scarlet beast that John
Laid eyes upon
Necessarily bore upon its back
The woman decked
In gold bearing a cup his lack
Must necessarily see
As full of filth, which view his angel checked
By naming her Whore of Babylon,
A glorification the angel must correct
By further mystery:
That which the saint had seen was and was not,
And was, without a doubt,
A thing that yet would be,
But to be not.

II

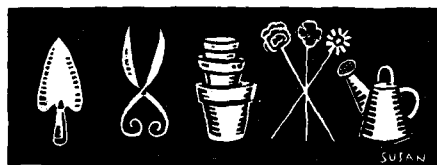
Much later in a Grimm
Tale is the whim
Of vision shown by an evil cook who
Sent lackeys to snare
Escaped children for her stew,
And, recognizing in
The confused reports about church and chandelier,
Rosebush and bud the paradigms
She sought, displayed a cunning lack of care:
Having the discipline
To suspect a pond and, further, to swallow it whole,
She ignored its duck until
It firmly pulled her in
Once and for all.

III

Seeing has laid its snare
From the tall stare,
Which makes the beheld the beholder, to that gaze
Whereby he's reduced
To what it settles on, and ways
Have existed where the eye
Open is blind and sees when it is closed
Or drifts on the mind's mounds for fare. . . .
Perhaps Argus's hundredth eye reposed
Through no elaborate lie
Spun by a trickster but because his exhausted brain
Kept grinding out in vain
What ninety-nine had descried,
Scene after scene.

—DAVID GALLER

ing a happy, satisfied Celinda. Celinda wouldn't think any the worse of Gilbert—in fact, she'd think the better of him. She'd soon be making handsome allowances for him, married to that cynical, cold-blooded, and—one must admit—by now quite unattractive wife.



So Celinda, rosy as a ghoul, would forget her own misfortunes in feeding on Mary's, and by tomorrow night Mary would be telling Gilbert how he had been thrown to the wolves—a confidence to which she hoped he would respond by telling her what he had been up to and where he had been to catch that shocking cold. She must remember to buy some lemons on the journey back. Gilbert's old-fashioned colds always responded to hot lemon and sal volatile.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE WIND BIRDS-II



The ecstatic plover, hovering overhead, poured praises on something perfect: perhaps the eggs, perhaps the shadows, or perhaps the haze of pink phlox that lay on the prairie.—*"A Sand County Almanac,"* by Aldo Leopold.

THE voice of the dunlin, drifting down the tundras of the northern world from Greenland west to Somerset Island and from Ireland eastward to Alaska, has been likened to the tinkling of ice in water. The barrens have been awakened from the silences of winter by an amorous outcry carried far and wide on the Arctic wind, and even the rock and least sandpipers, which share parts of the dunlin's range, have melodious spring voices, much superior to the gritty sounds that these birds make in the remainder of the year. The dunlin, one of the first of the shorebirds to reach the breeding grounds in the Arctic, is often seen picking around bleak tundra ponds that are still locked in ice. A set of dunlin eggs recorded in Alaska late in May is an early one indeed, for the last ice and raw weather will often inhibit courtship or postpone it; if the weather is bad enough, bird migrants may reflock, even after courtship has begun, and fly southward for a few hours or a few days, in a setback known as reverse migration.

The first migrants, usually lone males, drop down each day and night from the southern stars. Ruddy turnstones, which may complete an annual migration north but fail to breed, sometimes arrive in separate flocks of cocks and hens, whereas the Baird's sandpiper and the golden plover (and perhaps others, for very little is known of this stage of the mating cycle) may have paired before arrival. The birds recover quickly from the rigors of their flight,

and within a few hours or a few days, depending on conditions, are fat and rich-feathered once again, swollen with life and song.

The courtship of the shorebird is an extravagant expression of the intensity of its existence. For the brief period of reproduction, an enormous amount of energy has been accumulated, which must be spent in a short time, and usually is; a Eurasian woodcock has been known to sacrifice one-seventh of its total weight before its abandon has run its course. But often the female birds are tardy, or an excess of males of its own species must be dealt with, and in this frustrating period its excess energies are usually spent in song, mock fighting, and territorial display.

The defense of territory, ordinarily the foundation for all activities within the breeding cycle, has been described by one naturalist in these terms:

The theory of territory in bird life is briefly this: that pairs are spaced through the pugnacity of males towards others of their own species and sex; that song and display of plumage and other signals are a warning to other males and an invitation to a female; that males fight primarily for territory and not over mates; that the owner of a territory is nearly invincible in his territory; and finally that birds which fail to obtain territory form a reserve supply from which replacements come in case of death of owners of territory.

That certain sandpipers exhibit little territoriality and that the red and northern phalaropes will often fight *outside* the territory suggest that the role of territory can be overemphasized; still,

it is of great importance. Territorial sequestration is chiefly a defense against other breeding pairs of the same species. Where energies are limited and time is short, it insures against the endless disorder of confrontations and chronic fighting, as well as overcrowding and the contagion of disease; it also promotes stability and knowledge of one's own ground and natural resources in time of stress—a crucial advantage in foul weather. Since territories are contested before they are established, they forward natural selection, the survival of the fittest; in forcing fringe birds into new habitats at the outer limits of the range, they encourage geographical expansion, adaptability, and even the evolution of new species.

The most easily defended territory would be circular in shape, with the nest site somewhere near the center; where circumstances permit, variations on this arrangement are the rule. In crowded habitats, territories become increasingly irregular, being squashed against, between, and around one another like parts of a jigsaw puzzle. Sometimes an irregular shape is caused by the use of a natural boundary like a ridge or pond and sometimes by the loss of a piece of territory to a stronger neighbor; with the arrival of new birds and population pressures, a given territory may shrink from a bold domain to a bent corner. The size of the territory may also depend on its owner's habits and pugnacity, and on the use to which the territory will be put; it may vary from the few square feet of a colonial nester, like the avocet—which, being colonial, fights customarily in defense of its female rather than in defense of territory, and obtains both food

and nesting materials elsewhere—to the several acres ordinarily established by the whimbrel.

Territories are defended with a vigor that varies a great deal from species to species. Killdeer are so zealous in territorial defense that even a sparrow venturing too near may expose itself to bodily attack, whereas willets, though vociferous, tend to be rather slipshod about boundaries and rarely enter into actual combat. The willet serves notice on all interlopers by circling high into the air, wings flickering, shrieking, *pill-will-willet!* On the ground, it may bristle fearsomely, to increase its size. Owing to an overwhelming psychological advantage possessed by the home bird, loud vocal threat is usually an adequate defense against an invading male of the same species, unless that male is pursuing a strayed hen; territorial borders may be intricate, and the hens sometimes take a while to get them straight.

THE habitats of nesting shorebirds are extremely various. Grassland or prairie is favored by the killdeer, long-billed curlew, marbled godwit, and upland and buff-breasted sandpipers. Across high prairie scales the mountain plover. Shores and marshes attract piping, snowy, and Wilson's plover, oystercatchers, snipe, and spotted sandpipers, while the surfbird, wandering tattler, and bristle-thighed curlew like high alpine situations. Deciduous woods are the haunt of the woodcock, coniferous forest (and particularly spruce muskeg) the haven of lesser yellowlegs, solitary sandpiper, and short-billed dowitcher. All the rest—more than half of all North American shorebird species—return yearly to the northern tundra.

The tundra is a vast, rank pasture of mosses, lichens, sedge grass, sphagnum, dwarf willow, and bright flowers girdling the northern world between boreal forest and perpetual snow. Its frozen subsoil, preventing seepage of the melted frosts, insures the formation every spring of myriad ponds and pools. These wetlands swarm with crane flies and caddis flies, beetles, mosquitoes, aquatic midges, spiders, and other

small invertebrates, and wetland birds, which time their migrations to take advantage of the insect cycles, are the dominant wildlife of the waste. There are few native predators—the nesting birds have more to fear from the jaegers that flew north with them than from the snowy owls and bears and arctic foxes—and few men. In the endless light and provender of the midnight sun, reproduction is markedly accelerated, and the young are so quickly self-sufficient that many of the parent birds are headed south once more by early summer. Thus, the most vulnerable period of the young is limited to a few weeks.

A characteristic of the tundra is an almost total lack of elevated perches; this is the barren ground, and, except for thin lines of dwarf willow and alder in the river bottoms and depressions, it is treeless. Few songbirds nest upon the tundra, and those that do, like the longspurs and snow buntings, sing most commonly while on the wing; the shorebirds do the same.

In the thousands of miles of the flight north, the communal voice of the speeding wind birds, as I think of them, has

called strays back from the void and held the flocks together; at the stopping points and on the tundras, that voice has warned of gyrfalcons and jaegers. But the role of the voice in reproduction is the foremost of its functions: the phenomenon of voice, in frogs and men as well as birds, originated as an enticement to copulation. In proclaiming the species of the singer, it helps insure against weak hybrid forms; at the same time, it serves warning on competitors of the same species to stay clear. In attracting a listener of the other sex, in conveying the urgency that stimulates ovulation and other appropriate reactions, and as call and recognition notes within its family, the voice advances the regeneration of the species.

The wind birds are not credited with the ability to sing, a disgrace that they share with all non-members of the Passeriformes, or perching birds—the so-called songbirds. Yet the calls of shorebirds are often more melodious than the songs of songbirds. Since songbirds and non-songbirds use their voices for the same purposes, and since birdsong is a functional activity, seldom, if ever, performed for pleasure, the term

“songbird” becomes even more unreliable than the term “shorebird.” Any man who, hearing the spring fluting of the upland sandpiper as it drifts down through the morning over a sunny meadow, finds this beautiful sound less songlike than that of the song sparrow on the fence below is making a mysterious distinction. In the days when the upland sandpiper was a common bird on the Long Island moors, George H. Mackay shot seven near Sagaponack, where I live. I heard it passing overhead one morning in the mists of May, but I have never seen it on Long Island. I first watched and listened to the upland sandpiper in the old Common Pasture at Newburyport, and the memory of it makes my temples tingle to this day.

Shorebirds depend for their vocal effects on the avian apparatus called the syrinx. The syrinx corresponds to the larynx in mammals, but it is situated at the lower end of the trachea, which serves it as a sort of resonating tube; its versatility largely depends on the number of contracting





"'Ow do Oy loik modellin'? Hit's fab! Wha' do Oy think a New Yauk?
Hit's the bloomin' end, hit is! The bloomin' end!"

muscles and vocal membranes, though some species in which these parts are well represented possess voices of singular dullness.

At least one authority maintains that shorebird voices can be related to habitat; thus, the snipe's low, guttural *scaip* well suits the sequestered bogs it prefers, where voices of frog and heron resound continually in its small ears. Except in breeding season, the woodcock of the alder swamp confines itself to a low *peent*, as if it were trying to clear its bill of mud, and the pectoral sandpiper used to be known locally on Long Island as the "krieker," after the low, reedy sounds that it emits in the dank salt meadows of its preference. These voices contrast strangely with the shrill cries and clear whistles heard on the flats and shore. The link between voice and habitat seems as natural as the link between habitat and coloring, but with shorebirds there are always exceptions. The knot, a bird addicted to the open coasts, has a voice as boggish as that of the woodcock, while the beach peep are restricted to small sounds that have been likened, accurately, to the noise of pebbles being rubbed together. (All of these birds do much better in breeding season.) The Hudsonian godwit rarely makes a sound

of any kind, while the long-billed curlew is capable of a loud scream that seems entirely out of harmony with any habitat that one can think of.

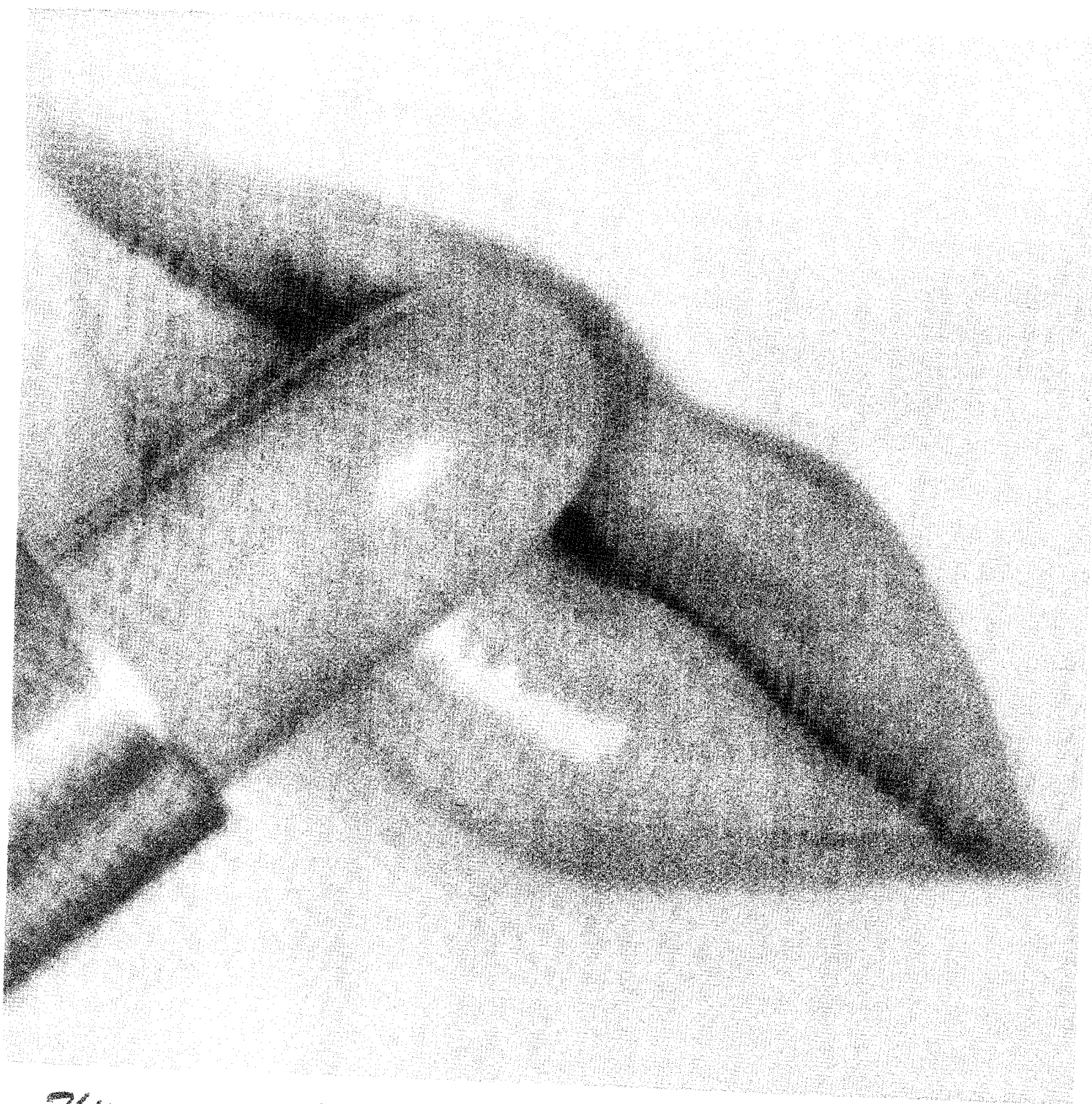
IN the great majority of shorebirds, the sexes are scarcely distinguishable in the field, even among those species in which the spring plumage differs markedly from winter dress. In the Hudsonian godwit, however, the seasonal red browns of the male and female plumages are distinguishable, and the spring male has more white in his back feathers. The phalaropes, too, are sexually dimorphic, though the differences between male and female are not at all what one would expect; the male phalarope is not larger and more gaudy than his mate, as in most birds, but exactly the reverse—a state he shares with the male jaçana. Because the sexes are similar in most shorebird species, the voice is more important than spring plumage as a secondary sex character. (The unique primary character, rightly enough, is the gonad.) But in many shorebirds, cock and hen may both add voices to the din—not surprisingly, since the shorebirds are notoriously slack in regard to the roles of the sexes, both in courtship and in nesting.

Certain species anxious for a hear-

ing do not use the syrinx to achieve their finest sound effects. The lapwing, an occasional visitor from Europe, uses its wing quills to produce an unmusical "chattering" effect, much to the liking of its females, to judge from the abundance of this bird throughout its range. The woodcock, with the three stiff, narrow feathers of its outer primaries, and the snipe, with the lateral feathers of its short tail, produce analogous but dissimilar sounds best known as "feather music," and the black turnstone is comparably gifted, filling the air over its breeding grounds on the Alaska coast with a mighty *zum-zum-zum*. As the male woodcock, like a love-struck leaf, flutters earthward for the benefit of its intended, the air forced past its quills produces an eerie quavering; the aerial evolutions of the snipe are accompanied by fantastic loud, wild whifflings. In its passion, the snipe may fly

short distances upside down, but its most stirring effects are not attained until its high-altitude maneuvers have been completed; it now hurtles earthward as if bent on the total destruction of all beneath, travelling with such speed and force that its passage creates an awesome *zoom!* or *boom!* In this sport, the snipe is tireless; one rainy June in the Northwest Territories, in the high moose-and-caribou country north of Ross River, I watched snipe career through the huge gray skies for long days at a time, waking the heavens with the sound that has caused this shy creature to be known in Europe as the "thunderbird."

Unlike the snipe, knot, and other species that declare themselves on high, the Baird's sandpiper conducts itself discreetly, executing its "butterfly" flight just a few feet over the female's head. Variations on this slow flitting or shivering flight are practiced by most courting shorebirds (though for the Wilson's plover and the buff-breasted sandpiper no courtship flight of any kind has been reported); so is wild, zigzag pursuit of one sex by the other. Among the killdeer, golden plover, and several other species, both sexes participate in an aerial courtship flight, which—among killdeer, at least—may last for an hour or more. There is also a kind of frantic



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hovering, which reaches its apogee in the Wilson's phalarope and the upland and stilt sandpipers, the last of which, in these exalted moments, permits itself what has been called a "donkey-like hee-haw."

The willet, once its passions are engaged, displays a fine, high-stepping strut, and it also lifts one brilliant wing in amorous display, a habit shared, in spite of less flashy equipment, by the purple, the Baird's, and the buff-breasted sandpiper. The willet's wing has an auxiliary use as a flocking or flight signal, and the purple sandpiper, it appears, may raise its wing in simple greeting, but the wing display serves ordinarily as a deterrent to other males and as an attraction to the females. That its role as deterrent is the more important of the two is suggested by the behavior of the buff-breast. Like the rest, the buff-breast lifts a single wing, whereupon it runs about as if giddy with pride in its silver wing lining. Yet sometimes it displays in perfect solitude, in silence, as if practicing for some dread fray that awaits it in the future, and often it performs for the edification of other males rather than for its females, which customarily pay no attention to it whatsoever.

Paired short-billed dowitchers sing sweetly and bill tenderly like pigeons, the cock of the long-billed curlew strokes the hen with his magnificent proboscis, and even the ruddy turnstone, which largely dispenses with display, may "comb" his partner's head feathers with his bill. The sanderling, on the other hand, has no finesse at all. In this species, tender behavior and an attractive voice are replaced by marked pugnacity and a kind of snarling; its brusque attitude is impartially extended to mate and enemy alike.

The pectoral sandpiper, over its long evolutionary course, has hit upon a remarkable means to smooth the path of love; it has fitted itself out with a gular sac that, once inflated, transforms an otherwise indifferent voice into an awesome reverberation. The pectoral rises from the ground like a small balloon and, with head thrown back and tail straight down, sets sail across the tundra. Uttering strange boomings as it goes, it descends at last before its mate like a visitation.

The pectoral's gular sac is unique among the shorebirds, yet it has an almost identical counterpart in the prairie chicken, not only in color (orange) and appearance but in the resonating effect produced. Here is a parallel evolution that seems scarcely credible in species so distantly related,

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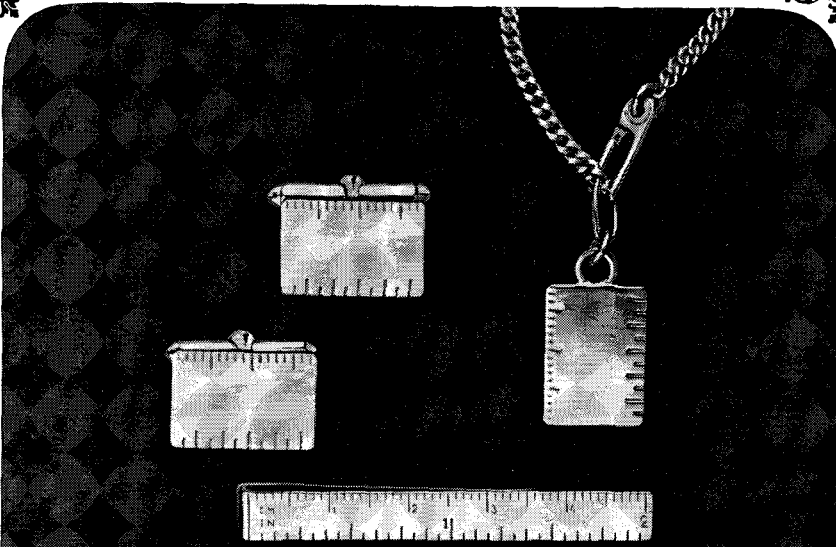
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and one mystery leads directly to another: The prairie chicken has feather "ears" and erectile neck feathers that form a kind of ruff, displayed while courting, and its courtship is invariably conducted on a lek, or male meeting ground. While the prairie chicken shares none of these distinctions with the pectoral, it shares all three with a Eurasian shorebird called the ruff. (Behavioral similarities between shorebirds and gallinaceous birds are numerous. Both groups engage in turkeylike struts in time of courtship. Both groups are largely ground-nesters, with precocial young, and both are swift on foot and in the air; the mountain and Wilson's plovers, like the quails and pheasants, escape whenever possible by running. Buff-breasted sandpipers sometimes scatter, heads held high, like partridges; the upland sandpiper, for similar reasons, was once known as the "quail." And the strange ring dances of the avocet are also a custom among wild turkeys.)

Though the ruff has never been known to nest in North America, it has wandered here so regularly, on the Atlantic coast and in Alaska, that a first nesting record is a distinct possibility. The ruff is still more specialized than the pectoral sandpiper. Because neither confines itself to a single mate in the course of a given breeding season, and because the cock pectoral and ruff are unusual among shorebirds in being much larger than their hens, it has been suggested that the pectoral's curious behavior may be a sign of an evolutionary progress toward the lek system of the ruff. In one respect, the courtships of the ruff and the pectoral sandpiper are very similar: The hen pectoral is so little attached to her errant mate that she scarcely glances at his puffs and boomings (inflated male pectorals, as if chagrined, can snap shut again in seconds) and rarely remains in the vicinity of their alliance to make her nest. The still more spectacular displays and posturing of the ruff, sometimes culminating in actual battle, may advance its chances not at all in the eyes of the female ruff, known as the reeve.

The ruff is rare among shorebirds in being polymorphic, or varicolored; in nuptial plumage the cock displays a nice range of hues, both on its "cape" and in the unique ruff about its neck, which may come in almost any color, from white through red and brown to black. (Though "stable polymorphism" of this kind—seen also in periwinkles and certain fish and insects—is not well understood, it may be a sign that the genes involved are still in the process



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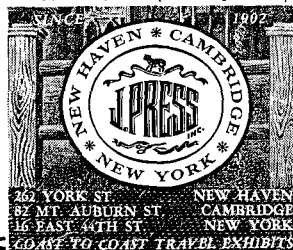
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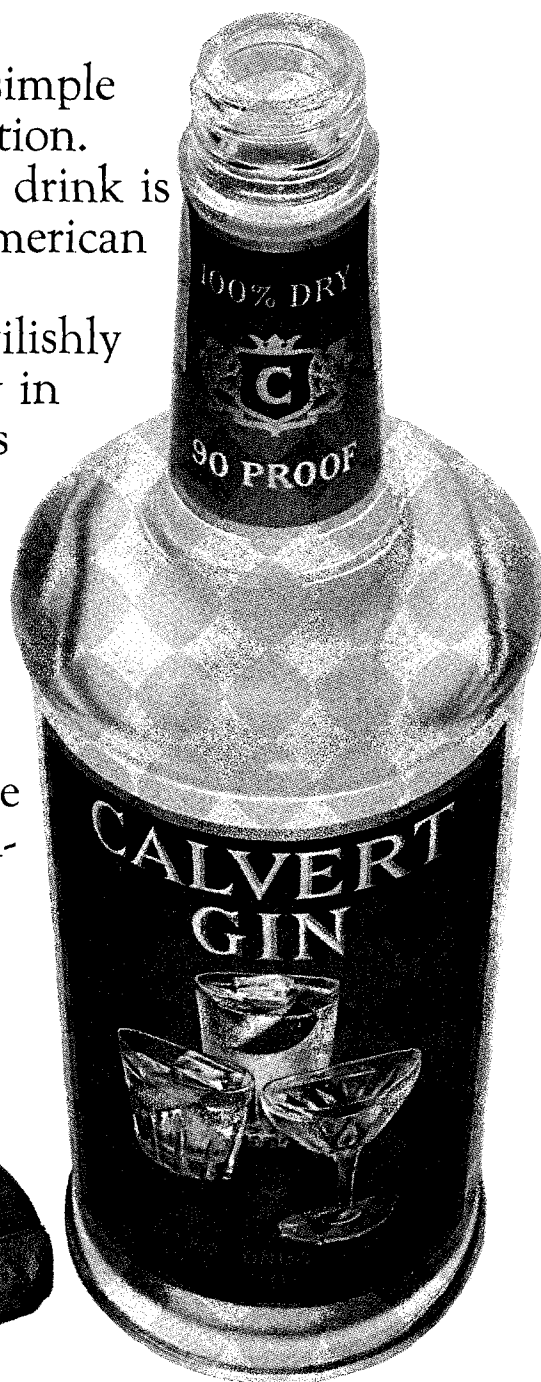
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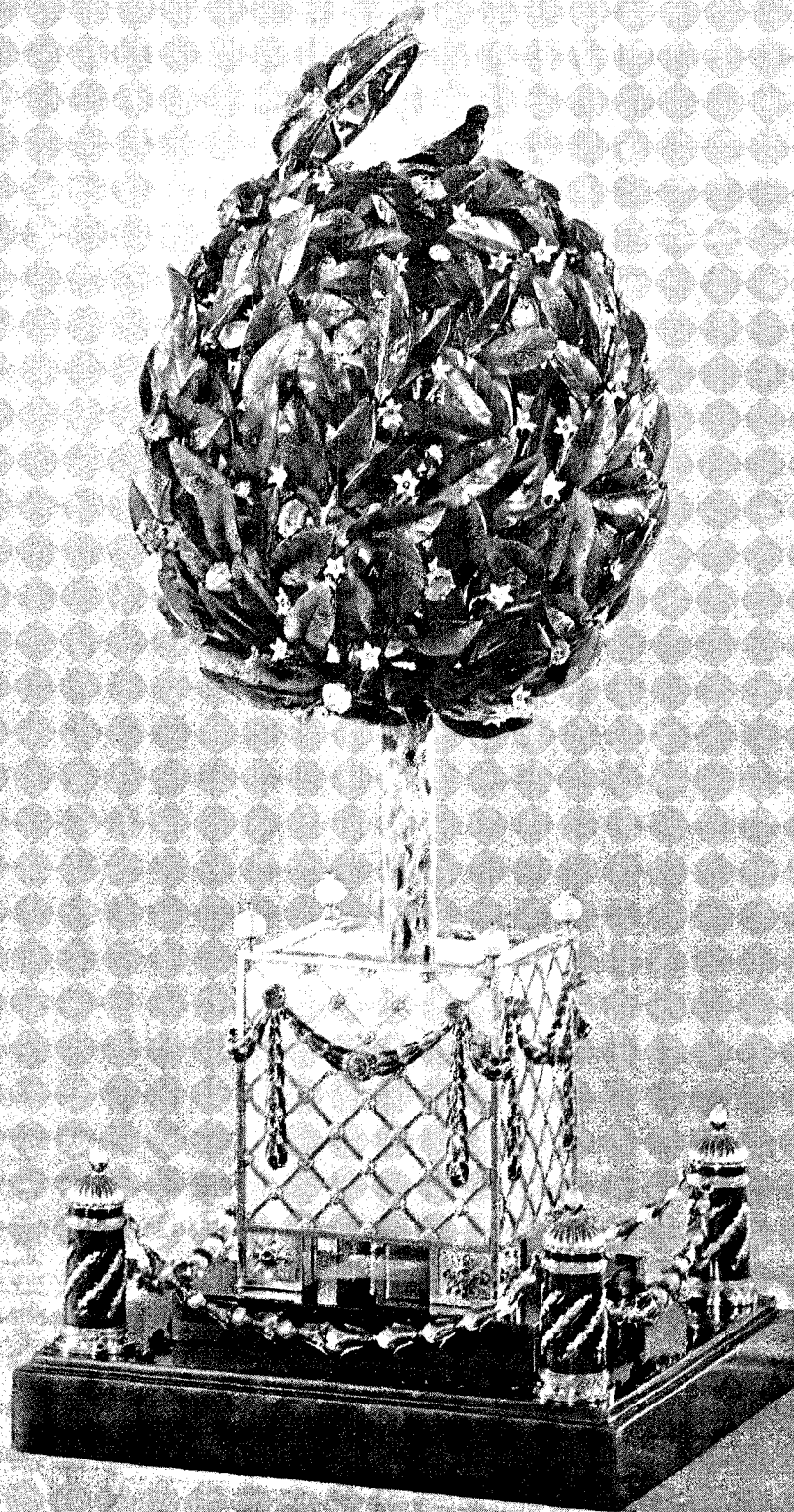
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of selection.) To enhance these adornments, the ruff in breeding season goes about with a bare face, which is decorated during this period with bright-red tubercles, or "warts." He repairs to the same lek, or dancing ground, year after year, and there struts, twirls, and postures on a hill or stamping ground of his own and fights with others of his gorgeous sex by leaping high into the air or seizing another male's ruff in antic jealousy; if no reeve is in the offing, he may make a fine display to a clod of turf. Ruff behavior has so impressed the Chukchi Indians of Siberia that they have celebrated it in an imitative dance, like the prairie-chicken dances of our Plains tribes.

Ruffs and reeves travel in bachelor flocks all year, but the sexes draw near in breeding season, and one or more reeves may turn up at the dancing ground and loiter in the nearby grass, looking impatient. At the conclusion of a fight, while the ruffs run wildly to and fro, the reeve steps into view, whereupon the ruffs crouch low in supplication, wings partly spread, heads bowed, to await her choice. To the reeve, flashy appearance counts for far more than fighting heart, and she is as likely as not to nibble primly at the ruffled-neck display not of the victor but of the loser, in sign of sexual acquiescence—a perversity that one is tempted to hold responsible for the large incidence of homosexuality found in this species. In fact, homosexuality and promiscuity are the vices of both sexes, a circumstance further exemplified in the reeve's habit of bestowing her favors in quick succession not only upon the ruff of her choice but upon the next ruff (or reeve) in line, and also in the unmasculine attitudes of the rejected ruffs, which, almost alone among cock birds, stand by resignedly during mating instead of rushing forth to interfere; the only time that a rival is interrupted is when a loose male, flapping skittishly about, collides by accident with the partners. This chaotic state of affairs is hardly improved by the indiscriminate nature of ruff passions, which have caused it to mount tufts of grass with every sign of ardor, not to speak of consenting males, and even stuffed specimens of its own kind placed nearby for purposes of experiment. In truth, the firm silence it maintains on almost all occasions is the one thing that can be shown in praise of the dignity of *Philomachus pugnax*.

To do it justice, the ruff is not alone in its weakness for copulation with stuffed specimens; the tendency has been noted in wrens and other species



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in which—unlike the ruff—the sexes appear identical. Unless given those clues of voice and behavior which stuffed specimens are unable to provide, many birds have difficulty in distinguishing cock from hen, and must proceed on a trial-and-error basis, taking the risk that their finest displays and posturing will be met with indifference, or even a rude assault. The stuffed specimen, which displays a pleasing submissiveness by neither attacking nor moving off, is no doubt gratifying to the reeling cock, half blind and stupid with emotion, and may be reduced to a feathered shambles before any noticeable decline occurs in the enthusiasm of its admirer.

Until the first ruff struts its hill in North America, the New World cannot claim a shorebird so abandoned in its breeding habits. Plain promiscuity, however, has been laid at the door of the woodcock, which depends on roadways or other bare ground to show off its portly and short-legged little body. Here, as an enticement to idle hens, it parades like a tiny peacock, bowing and puffing and raising its bill toward the heavens as it forces its head back, the better to display its chest—whereupon, rendered blind by its own pomp, it may stumble ignominiously, or trip on sticks.

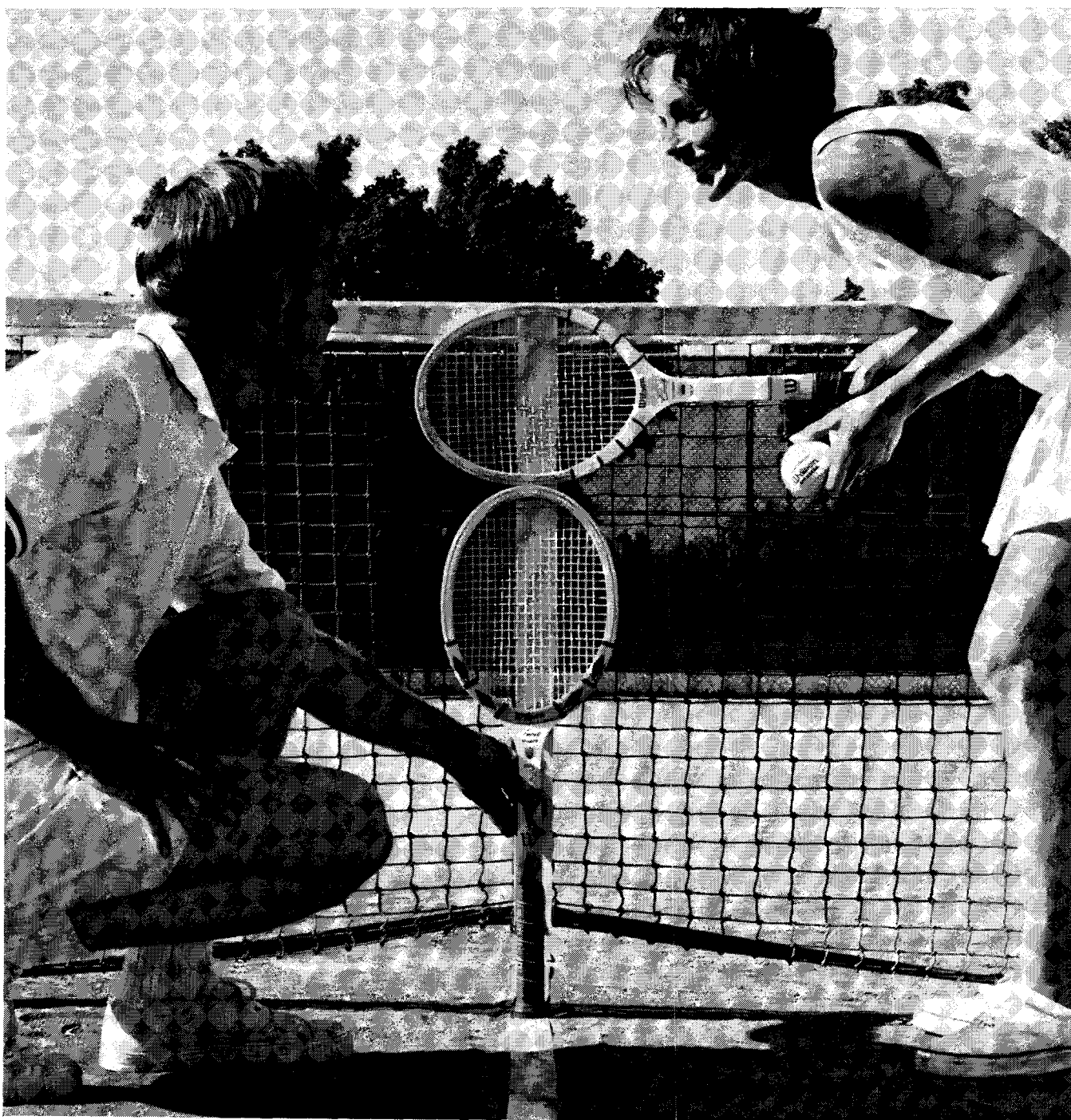
Promiscuity and the absence of true pair formation are thought to encourage hybridization, but the courtship customs of both ruff and woodcock would doubtless repel females of species unacquainted with them. There are other barriers to hybridization besides mutual infertility—differing breeding periods and habitats, mechanical obstacles, and so forth—and, among these, behavioral differences are by no means the least important. While for the reeve the extravaganzas of the ruff are probably necessary to set her own reproductive sequence into motion, females of a more modest species, far from being compromised by his exotic courtship, might feel impelled to flee. With the possible exception of the mysterious Cooper's sandpiper (perhaps an aberrant pectoral or knot; the unique specimen was taken on Long Island in May, 1833), no hybrid shorebird has ever been recorded in North America, although in Europe an interspecific pairing of the Eurasian curlew and the whimbrel has been reported.

Mating at last brings courtship to an end, and it can incite other pairs in the vicinity to like behavior; multiple copulations, which reach spectacular proportions among such colonial shorebirds as the avocet, are a survival adaptation, in that they synchronize the

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breeding cycle of the population and thereby reduce to the minimum the period of its nesting vulnerability. In these love feasts, all but a few of the birds that have participated in the courtships are involved. The ruddy turnstone may be startled into copulation by a passing boat or airplane, or even by a hailstorm, but usually the sex act needs no goad. The willet, should his mate tilt forward in response to all his wing-waving, mounts and copulates without further ado, emitting a kind of jaunty clicking, as if snapping unseen fingers; the female in these moments has been heard to give small grunted exclamations. However, she tires of their intimacy before he does. Sometimes she brings matters to a sudden end by throwing her partner forward over her shoulder, upon which, agitated, he may engage her in a kind of roughhouse. Mating may take place several times a day for several days and may continue intermittently—among killdeers, at least—even after incubation has begun.

The weak and immature are turned away, as in mankind, and so are the crippled birds and the abnormal. Individuals whose plumage has been altered by mutation or accident fare very poorly, as do albino deer and other aberrant creatures; once, on the flats of Dublin Bay, I saw a Eurasian oystercatcher with a pure-white head, and have wondered ever since how it was faring. But conformism is more healthy in birds than it is in man; birds not of a feather are out of harmony with their surroundings, and hence conspicuous, and hence a danger to their circle of acquaintance. Also, the regeneration of physically defective individuals could lead to degeneration of the species, as *H. sapiens* is learning to his cost with every advance of medical science. Even a bird that suffers injury after the pair bond has been formed may find itself speedily rejected; in experiments in Germany with the *Halsbandregenpfeifer*, as the ringed plover is known there, it was observed that a bird that lost one foot in an accident was summarily abandoned by its mate. Nothing daunted, it sought out another one-footed individual and raised a brood of two-footed *Halsbandregenpfeifer*.

Besides the woodcock, with its loose ways, several other shorebirds have singular—or, rather, plural—family arrangements. Oystercatchers, though thought to pair for life, may establish a *ménage à trois*, in which the third bird, usually a cock, assists his colleague by helping to serenade the hen in a

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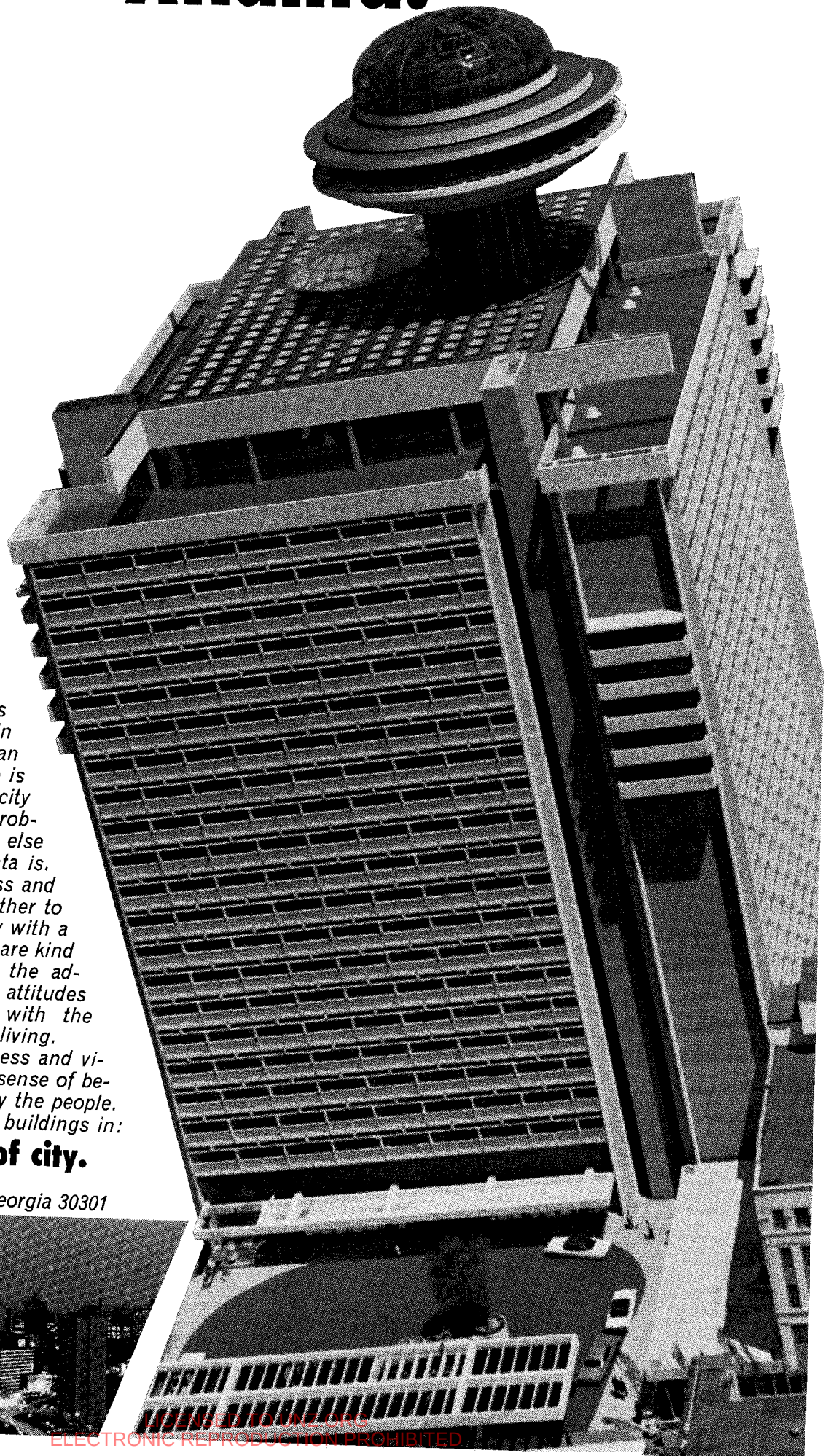
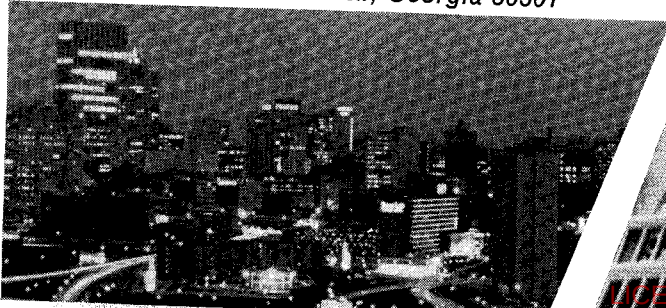
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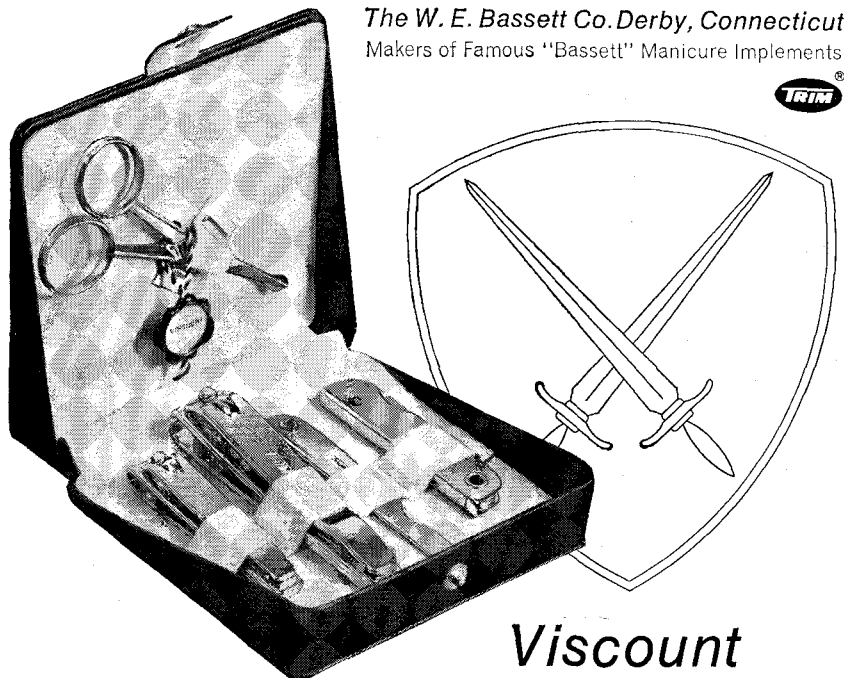
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three-way "piping ceremony," and perhaps in more delicate ways as well; he remains one of the family throughout the incubation. (But two of the pipers may suddenly rush about shoulder to shoulder, crowding their erstwhile comrade with such an excess of piping and commotion that, made to feel nervous and superfluous, he goes away.) Among black oystercatchers, intruders of the same species are not always rudely assaulted but may be "bowed off" ceremoniously, with piping.

The accommodations of the oystercatcher fall somewhat short of those attributed to phalaropes, in which one female may be attended by several males, or vice versa. In the phalaropes—and the jaçanas, and the painted snipes of the Southern Hemisphere—is found an ultimate expression of the reversal of the sex roles: Not only are the hens larger and more brightly plumaged but they conduct the entire courtship cycle from start to finish, pausing only to lay the eggs. It is the hen phalarope that displays, defends the territory, and courts, harries, and pursues the shrinking cock, which often flees the implacable thumps and nudges of its gaudy mate. The mating of the northern phalarope ordinarily takes place on the surface of the water. The hen of this species—which in her need has been seen to display to a Lapland longspur—will sometimes prostrate herself before the male, so anxious is she for his service; the male is at first rather timid and reluctant, but soon gets the hang of the thing and may then become promiscuous. In both the Wilson's and the northern phalarope, the males tend the nest and rear the young without assistance from the mother; both are dowdy in appearance, to escape detection as they go about their domestic duties. Idle hens of the Wilson's phalarope, gallivanting in flocks, have been observed to consort with handsome drakes while the drab cocks and ducks minded the nests.

The phalaropes have carried their exchange of roles as far as their anatomy will permit, and others among the Scolopacidae share their tendencies to a degree. In a number of sandpipers, the females are larger than the males, though not more brightly plumaged. (It is mainly in birds that mate and part, such as the ruff and the pectoral sandpiper, that one finds not only bold ornaments and colors but striking somatic differences between the sexes.) In species such as snipe, woodcock, western sandpiper, and curlews, the bills of the females are longer. Female



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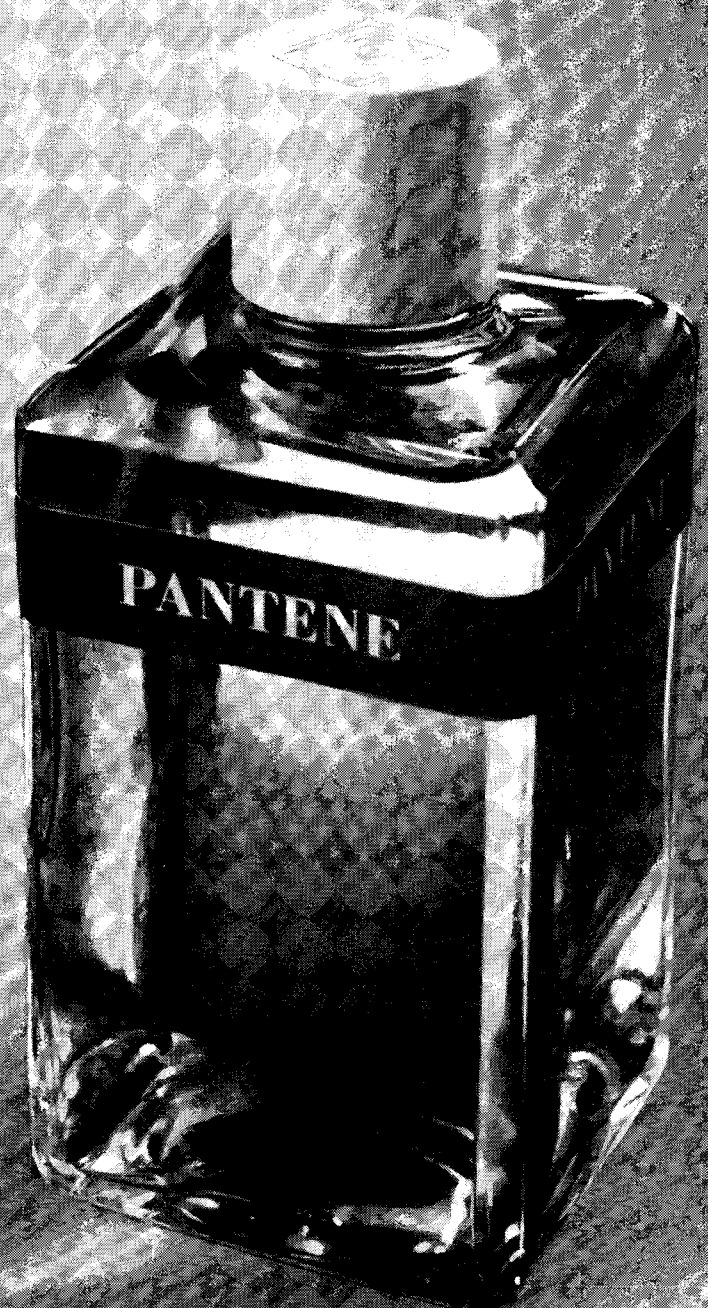
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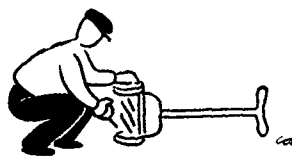


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courtship is practiced by the spotted sandpiper, and male incubation of the eggs by numerous species that are otherwise traditionally oriented.

The plovers are more staid in their deportment. In most plovers—the dotterel, a Eurasian species nesting uncommonly in Alaska, is an exception—and in certain sandpipers, including the red phalarope, the male and female share the incubation and the care of the young; among golden plovers and ruddy turnstones the male is thought to set by day, the hen at night. In the long-billed dowitcher, the hen at first helps with the incubation but later tires of it and goes away, and in other species, too, one mate or the other does most of the incubation—a precaution taken by many ground-nesting birds against undue activity in the vicinity of the nest.

Oblivious of all this sexual equivocation is the brisk, no-nonsense ruddy turnstone, the male of which, as one might expect, is the larger and more boldly colored, and has the louder voice; the black turnstone of the Pacific Coast is cast in the same mold. Like the sanderling, the ruddy turnstone has travelled far into the north, and, like that other squat and hardy bird, it takes little time for dalliance. Under luminous skies of the aurora borealis, the two get on with the work of love in a silent, implacable manner, looking neither to the left nor right.



founded its admirers for nearly a century. On June 16, 1903, a Saskatchewan settler in the employ of the commercial oölogist Walter Raine saw a strange bird fly to a robin's nest fifteen feet up in a tamarack, where he discovered the first eggs of the solitary sandpiper ever recorded. The find was surprising, yet it seems curious that ornithologists of the period were so taken aback, since the green sandpiper of Europe, already recognized as a close relative of *Tringa solitaria*, was celebrated as a tree-nester, and so was the European wood sandpiper. In this last species, the habit is the more remarkable because it is so singular and at the same time not invariable—as if ovenbirds sometimes but not always

constructed ovens. Since 1903, many solitary-sandpiper clutches have been found, most often in deserted nests of the rusty blackbird, cedar waxwing, and gray

jay; sometimes these nests are forty feet above the ground.

Shorebirds exhibit a wide range of tastes in nest sites, even within the limited choice of habitats of the Far North. The phalaropes, least sandpipers, and marbled and Hudsonian godwits like wet, marshy ground, while the bar-tailed godwit, sanderling, bristle-thighed curlew, knot, and pectoral and purple sandpipers like dry upland—bare, stony, or of heath and rocks, depending on the species. The surfbird inhabits rock slides, the black-bellied and golden plovers like lichen- or moss-covered tundra, and the wandering tattler likes gravel bars in mountain riverbeds above the tree line. There is scarcely a species, in fact, in which a unique preference in nesting habitat is not discernible; even the spotted sandpiper, for all its versatility, usually nests in the vicinity of fresh water.

Certain associations have been noted among shorebirds. Where their ranges overlap, the piping plover nests almost invariably in the company of least terns; this is true both on inland waters of the Western states and on the open dunes of Sagaponack. Whether plover and tern like identical habitats or whether some interdependence has been formed, like that demonstrated in African mammal associations in time of danger, is still not known. The black oystercatcher of Patagonia will nest side by side with the black-backed gull, despite the bad reputation of that species; in this way the oystercatchers obtain protection from the gulls, which

IN 1909, Admiral Peary, journeying homeward from his discovery of the North Pole, found in Grinnell Land, on Ellesmere Island, the first knot nests ever seen by man. In ornithological circles, this discovery was scarcely less momentous than the one he had made en route, for the nest of the knot had been hunted assiduously for half a century. Arctic explorers, observing knots feeding near tundra pools, had mistakenly assumed that the nests must lie in the nearby grass; as it turned out, knots nest invariably on high rock shale far from the water—a ground that affords them perfect camouflage.

Nests of the wandering tattler and surfbird, in the mountains of Alaska, remained unknown until 1912 and 1926, and that of the bristle-thighed curlew, on upland tundra inland from the mouth of the Yukon, was located finally in 1948, nearly two centuries after the species was made known to science by Captain Cook. The solitary sandpiper, a non-conformist, con-



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refrain from piracy within the boundaries of their own colony. For the same reason, the ruddy turnstones of Sweden and Finland nest almost exclusively in the colonies of gulls and terns. The northern phalaropes of Iceland often nest right next to ptarmigan, which defend the homes of their small associates in the course of defending their own. In Iceland, too, the breeding dunlin associates so closely with the greater golden plover that the dunlin is known there as the "plover's slave." Both species have black bellies in breeding season, but as the dunlin also seeks out purple sandpipers, and in one instance became strongly attached to an Arctic tern, some other reason for its sociability must be sought.

Avocets will often nest in large, polyglot colonies of ducks and gulls and terns; long-billed curlews are sometimes found in mixed colonies with marbled godwits. These curlews have been known to share not only territory but the nest itself with another pair of their own species, all four parents tending the eggs and young, and at least one pair has shared its nest successfully with willets. The bar-tailed godwit of Eurasia and Alaska may also be of sociable disposition, since a case is known of four godwit eggs' having been laid directly on top of five eggs of the willow ptarmigan. The ptarmigan had no patience with this arrangement and departed, and the godwit apparently lost faith in it as well, for the nest was abandoned soon thereafter.

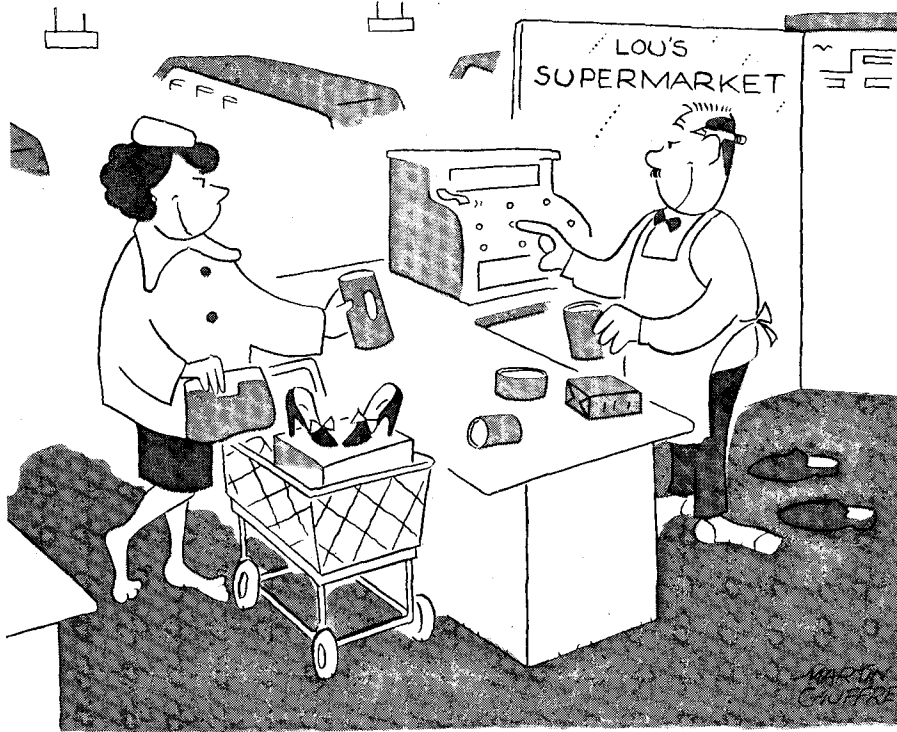
The jacana is unique among North American shorebirds in habitually constructing a true nest—a nest, moreover, that is designed to float. Most shorebird nests are nothing but vague depressions or scrapes on the open ground, barely deep enough to hold the eggs in a tight cluster. Yet this primitivism abets the survival of both eggs and young. First of all, in the short summer of the Arctic precious days would be lost in nest construction. Also, on the open ground the barest of nests is the most obscure; not only would an elaborate nest be noticeable during incubation but it would draw the attention of predators to young in the near vicinity. Even the woodcock, with a wealth of nesting materials at its disposal, merely nestles in dead leaves, which hide it so successfully that its large, dark eyes are all that may be seen.

The depth and adornment of the scrape vary from species to species. In most plovers, the scrape is scarcely discernible, as if the hen had been caught away from home and had laid



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her egg forthwith where fortune found her, but individuals may add a few sticks or pebbles and may camouflage the eggs with grass or straw. The black-necked stilt sometimes lines its scrape with mussel shells, and crude linings are added on occasion by the pectoral sandpiper, black oystercatcher, willet, spotted sandpiper, and many others. The snipe and the wandering tattler may actually build nests that can be lifted off the ground. (Like bobbing, swimming and diving, and other habits usually ascribed to particular species, the construction of a crude but serviceable nest is probably an occasional phenomenon in the majority of sandpipers, though few are so flexible as the painted snipe of Africa and Australia, which builds an elaborate nest in wet terrains and none at all where the ground is dry.) Among the species that nest in grass, the common snipe, upland sandpiper, and red phalarope are at pains to bend grasses over the nest so that it is invisible from above; the marbled godwit, on the other hand, merely stamps the grass flat and sits down.

Primitive though it is, the lowly scrape is more advanced than the nest of the Egyptian plover, or black-backed courser, which, like the reptiles from which it sprang, buries its eggs for incubation in warm earth. (This is allegedly the crocodile bird of which Herodotus wrote, "For when the crocodile... opens its jaws, which it does most commonly towards the west, the Trochilus enters its mouth and swallows the leeches." It is true that this species hangs around crocodiles and picks insects off them, but whether or not it enters the mouth is still disputed.) Kittlitz's sand plover of the Old World and also one species of Patagonian seed snipe kick sand or dirt over their eggs when quitting the nest—an action that may have originated in haste and clumsiness and been retained as a habit because so effective. The American oystercatcher does not bury its eggs, but it does allow them to be incubated by the sun; in the raw fogs of Labrador, however, where it formerly nested, it was found, according to Audubon's account, "sitting as closely as any other bird."

Despite the humble nature of the scrape, its establishment is not suffered to pass without a ceremony, noted particularly in plovers and curlews, in which the female, tail high in the classic position, and scratching earth out toward the rear the while, responds to the addresses of the male by rotating on one spot as, grandly, he

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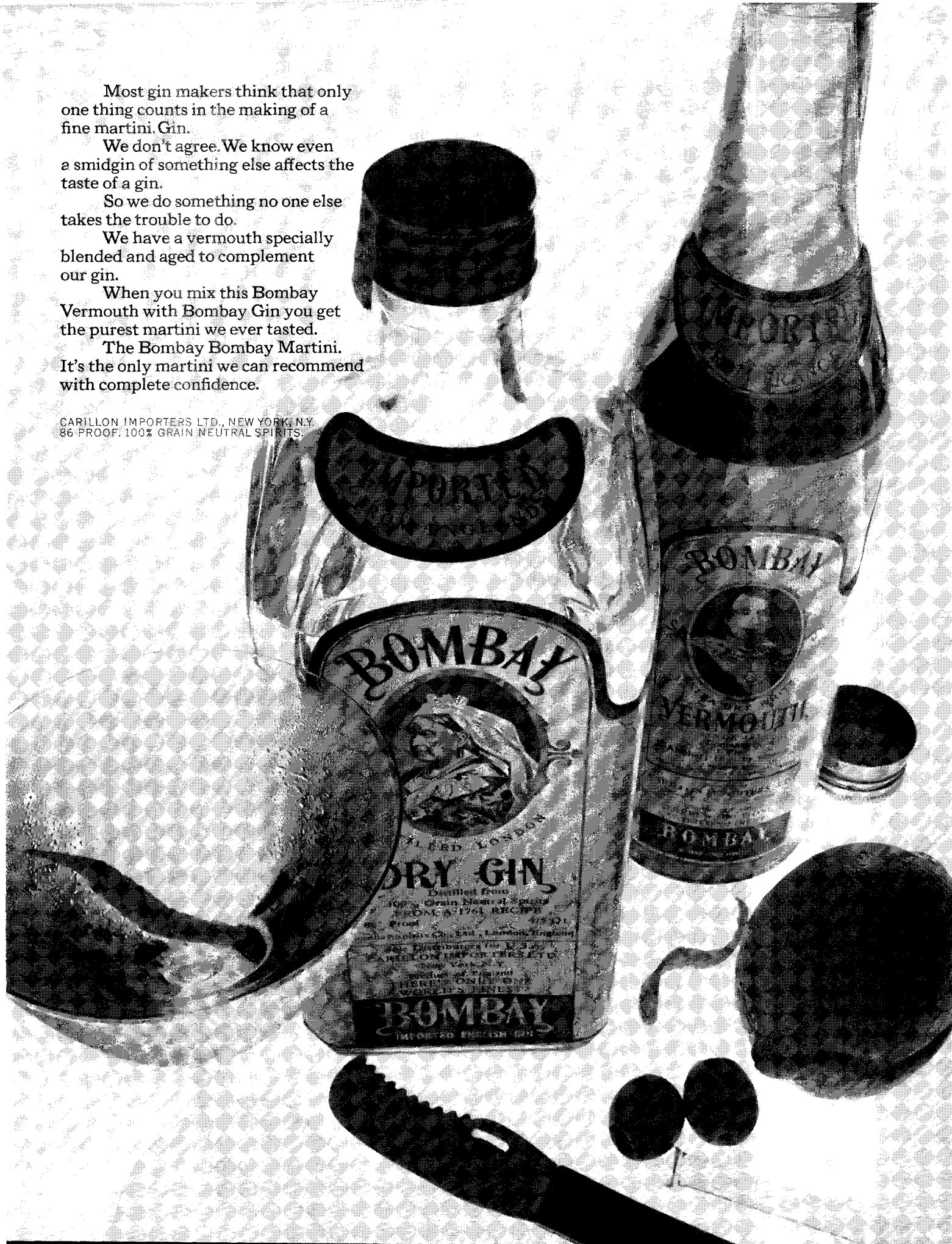
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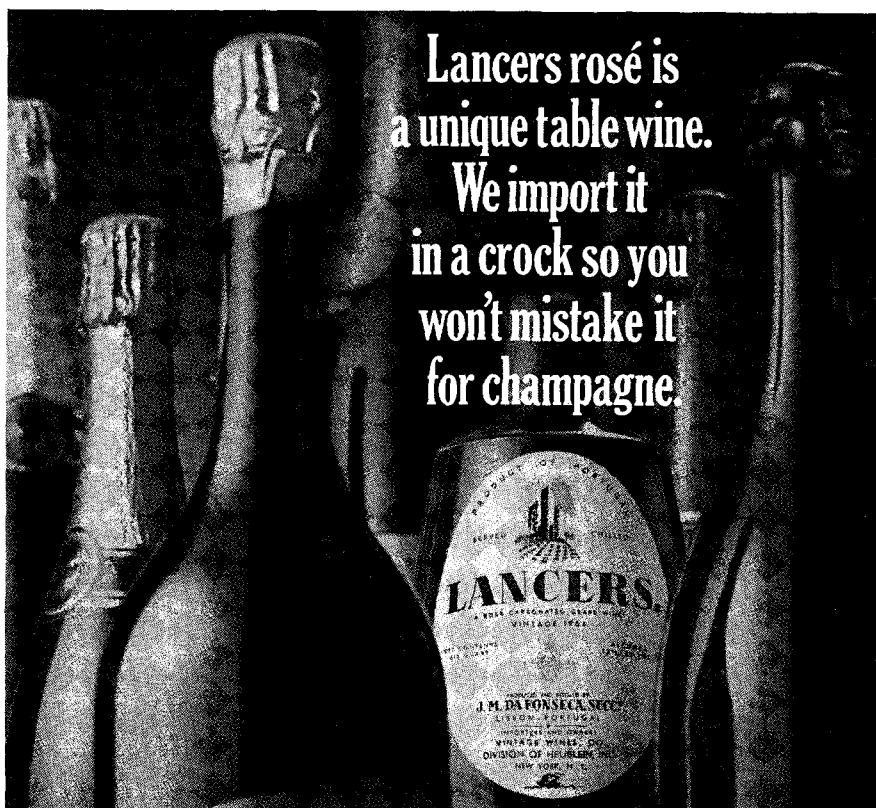
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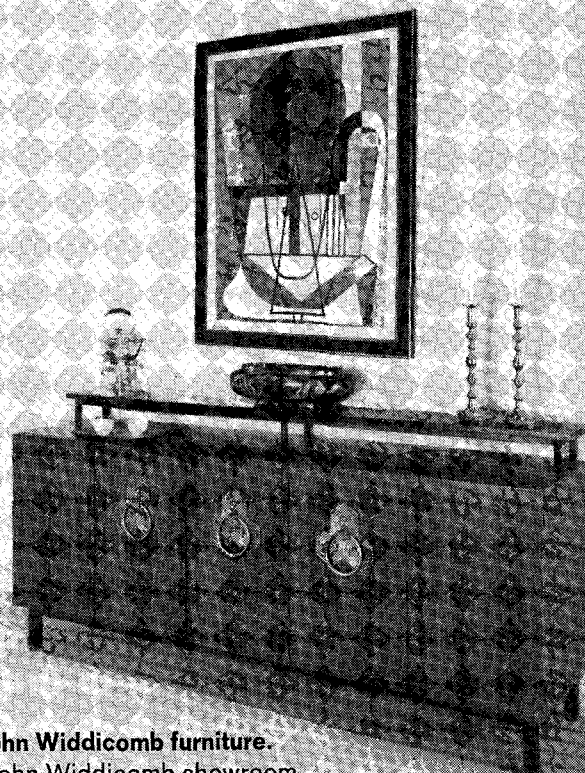


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circles in. Whether she kicks and excavates in sexual abandon and later makes the most of her own diggings or whether she scratches out her scrape in some dim instinct that, from the looks of things, it must soon come in handy is a depressing question, concerning, as it does, the matter of the degree to which female ardor is reflexive and unconscious. In certain species, such as the northern phalarope and lesser yellow-legs and many of the ringed plovers, the male may be inspired by the feverish domesticity of his mate to dig a whole series of abortive scrapes, or "cock nests," before his passion for construction ebbs away.

The lapwing has a related habit, with a few Continental refinements: To attract the hen's attention to his work, the cock first throws his diggings back over his shoulder in a devil-may-care manner and then tilts forward to a rakish angle and backs toward her, the better to bedazzle her with the fine colors of his underparts. He maintains this posture while the female, in a weary way, makes a brief survey of his excavations.

For the hen of the northern phalarope, the choice of scrape may be quite accidental; as the pressure of the egg increases, she flies back and forth from her tundra pool, visiting one scrape after another, and in one of these, as in musical chairs, she sits down suddenly and lays.

DEPENDING on the species, the occupants of eighty to ninety-three per cent of all wild-bird eggs fail to reach maturity, and many are killed before seeing the light of day. Egg camouflage is certainly a factor in reducing mortalities, but the actual shape and size of the egg appear to be of minor consequence in most cases; bird-egg contours, in fact, are very variable, from elongate to almost round. But in shorebirds, for several reasons, the shape of the egg is crucial, in part because of its large size; the eggs are so out of proportion to these delicate creatures that it is hard to look at them without a wince. The reason is that the new-hatched young must be exceptionally advanced even for precocial birds (as opposed to altricial birds, such as the blind and helpless young of robins) if they are to strike out for Tierra del Fuego, say, but a few weeks after they are hatched.

Most shorebird eggs are pyriform in shape, so that the smaller ends meet neatly in the center of the nest, like wedges of a pie; otherwise the bird would not be broad enough to incubate



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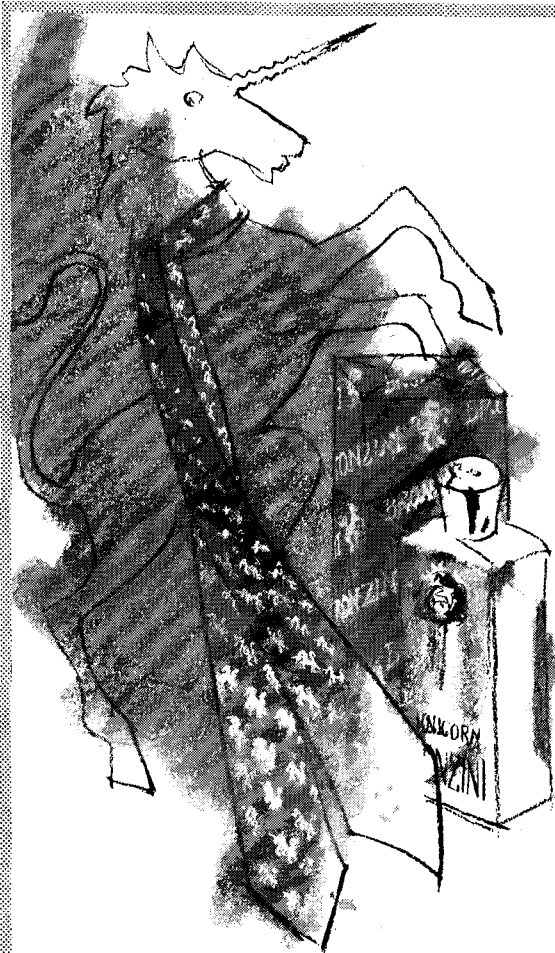
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its own clutch. The placement tolerances are so fine that killdeer arrange their eggs with the small ends not only centered but pointed down, in order to reduce the egg area; should this arrangement be disturbed, it is quickly readjusted. The pyriform egg shape lends itself to emergencies, since the egg cannot travel very far; unlike a chicken egg, which will roll some distance, the pyriform egg, much smaller at one end, can roll only in a tight circle, which accounts for its occurrence among such cliff-ledge-nesting shorebird relatives as the murres and guillemots.

Shorebirds will often roll an escaped egg back into its scrape; this maneuver is rather unusual among ground birds, for most of which the egg is meaningless except in the context of the clutch. Which is not to imply that shorebirds are partial to or even familiar with their own eggs; the ringed plover of the Old World prefers a bright white egg with large black dots to its own obscure brown-speckled product, and the Eurasian oystercatcher will speedily abandon its own egg for what is known to the behaviorists as a "super-optimal stimulus" or "supernormal releaser"—a huge artificial egg, which, paradoxically, drives the poor bird into a perfect frenzy of sitting still. (Response to superoptimal stimuli is not confined to the lower animals; brassière padding and artificial coloring in food are but two of the innumerable stimuli employed by American commerce to "release" enthusiasm in our hapless citizenry.)

The eggs of *Archaeopteryx lithographica*, the crow-sized link between birds and reptiles, were probably white, like reptiles' eggs, and the eggs of most hole-nesters and certain other birds have remained so; the crab plover, an aberrant shorebird of the north and west coasts of the Indian Ocean, is the solitary hole-nester in the suborder Charadrii, and it lays a lone white egg. Some ground-nesting families also lay white eggs, but shorebirds have developed eggs with cryptic markings. The basic color of shorebird eggs may vary from buff and water green to red and purple, but almost all are blotched with earthy brown at the end that blends with the scrape surroundings and scratched elsewhere with disruptive streaks and squiggles serving to break the eggish outline. Egg coloration is closely related to the habitat in which the egg finds itself. The pepper-and-salt eggs of the piping plover are perfectly suited to the white quartz-and-garnet sands of Sagaponack. Like all shorebirds, this plover is equipped

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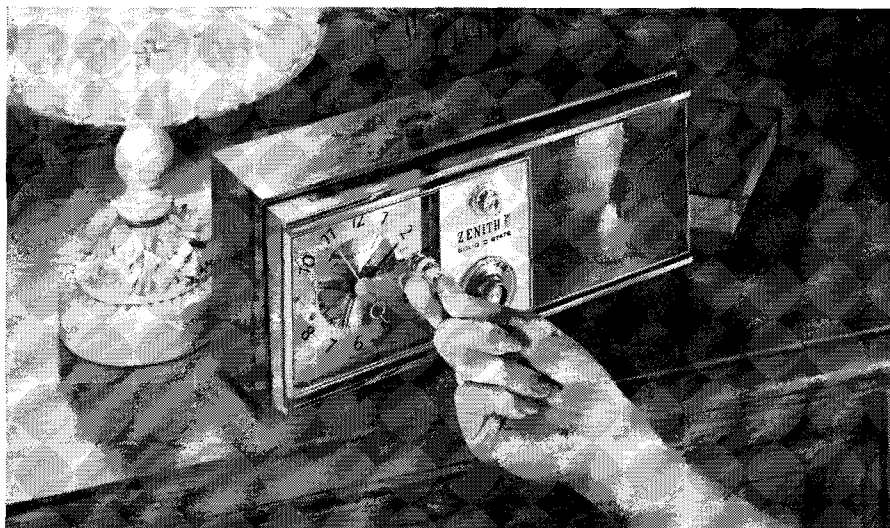
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with color glands, though precisely how these work is still not known. (A remarkable adaptation is seen in the yellow-wattled lapwing of Asia, which in one small region of its range where the soil is reddish has evolved a reddish egg, very different from the old mud-colored egg that suits it elsewhere.)

Shorebird eggs are very variable even within a single species; rarely does the knot lay two alike. Some eggs are very colorful, as in the pectoral sandpiper, and others are exceedingly dull, as in the sanderling. Since the sanderling is a plainspoken little bird of dour habits and demeanor, while the pectoral is showy and eccentric, there might seem to be some correlation here of egg and outlook, but the western, Baird's, and purple sandpipers, all of them modest in appearance, lay eggs of extreme beauty, while the red phalarope, perhaps the gaudiest of all North American shorebirds, lays an egg of sullen and indifferent aspect. The jacana is a glossy bird and lays a glossy egg, but almost all its shorebird kin are satisfied with eggs only slightly glossy, and the Hudsonian godwit, a retiring sort, lays eggs that have no gloss at all. Glossy or not, most shorebird eggs are water-resistant, since the undersides, especially among the lowland nesters, are often submerged in marshy water. (Eggs will tolerate complete submersion only briefly, and the stilt and the avocet, should their nests be flooded, shore them up out of the water by jamming sticks, old tennis shoes, or other handy flotsam underneath—an adaptation to their environment that eerily resembles true intelligence.)

Almost all shorebirds nesting in the Far North lay four eggs, presumably because four, fitting compactly into the nest, are the maximum that can be incubated. This rule is apparently inflexible with the semipalmated sandpiper, for which no other number has ever been recorded. Both golden and semipalmated plover will sometimes lay three eggs, and while three are occasionally found in the nests of other species, it is thought that these eggs represent a second nesting after the first clutch has been destroyed. The five to seven eggs found still more rarely are probably evidence of a nest shared by two pairs. Shorebirds of more southerly range are often content with three eggs; and sometimes the snowy and Wilson's plovers and the black oystercatcher lay but two. (The last-mentioned species may lay any number from one to four, and a nest of five eggs laid by a single hen has been reported.) Where conditions of life, including the

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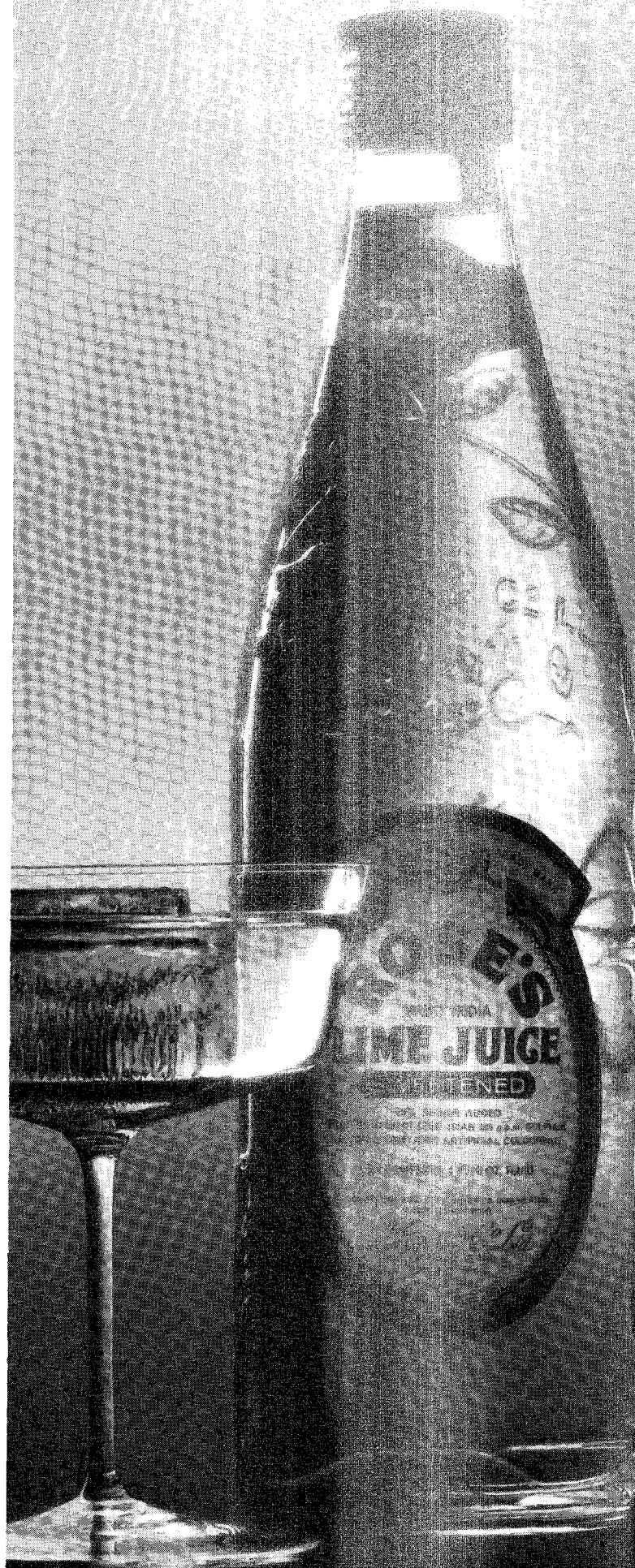
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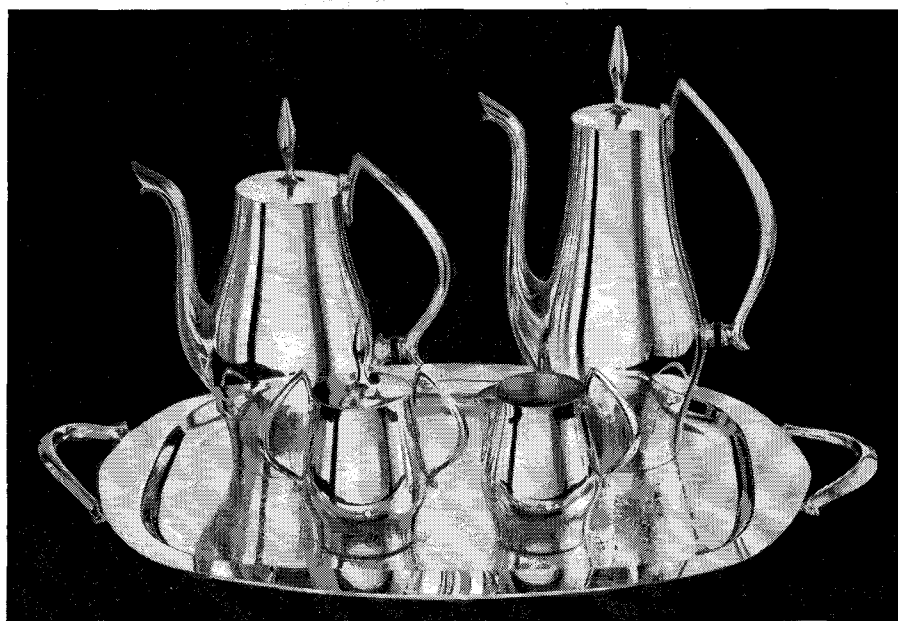


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risks of long migration, are less arduous, a smaller brood will apparently sustain the species, and birds that lay four eggs in the northern part of their range may hold at three when nesting farther south. Most shorebirds, however, are determinate layers; that is, the size of the clutch is stable, and not adjustable in response to external conditions. The entire clutch may be replaced if it is destroyed quite early, although the ruddy turnstone, an exception, apparently refuses to repeat itself. But single eggs, if broken or lost, are not replaced, as they are among the gallinaceous birds. (It is the systematic removal of her egg that keeps the domestic hen laying day after day.) Before replacing a nest, a shorebird must repeat the whole course of preliminaries, omitting nothing—not even the song and aerial acrobatics. This time-wasting automatism, seen often in nature when its remorseless schedule of events is interrupted, is an example of non-adaptive behavior; the shorebird species that learned to forgo this repetition would gain a tremendous competitive advantage over its near relatives.

Bird eggs mostly drop at dawn, but the semipalmated plover is thought to lay at any hour of the day. Until the clutch has been completed, the egg is left to its own devices. Eggs can withstand considerable cold, at least until incubation has begun, and shorebirds, which usually lay one egg per day on successive days (the last eggs may be slightly behind schedule, especially in foul weather), pay them no heed until the setting instinct takes over from the laying one. It is almost as if, with the fall of the last egg, the bird blinked and its mind clicked over like a meter; in that instant it stops gadding and sits down. The delayed incubation in combination with egg-turning—the parent rolls each egg periodically to insure even application of body warmth—encourages simultaneous hatching of the young, a distinct advantage in a dangerous environment in which chicks must be removed from the scrape and the telltale eggshells as rapidly as possible.

In species with sexual dimorphism, incubation is usually performed by the drab partner; it is the male phalaropes, and not the hens, that develop brood patches—two lateral areas of bare, spongy skin hot with large blood vessels. Shorebirds draw grass stems through their bills or otherwise distract themselves while on the nest—the setting killdeer may bang pebbles against each other—but they are perpetually on guard. In species in which parents

share nesting duties, the relief of the setting bird is performed with care, lest attention be drawn to the nest. The upland sandpiper creeps low through the grass for quite some distance, both coming and going, and the willet, once its mate has slipped safely onto the eggs, flies off with a loud cry to draw attention from the exchange. The black oystercatcher relieves its mate when the tide is down, so that the bird relieved can feed immediately and easily. Oystercatchers are silent upon leaving the nest; they do not flush until some distance away, and they do not circle back. Nevertheless, the nests are easily found and the clutch is small. The vulnerability of its nest is the chief frailty of the American oystercatcher, a wary bird that in the days of shorebird gunning passed man's decoys by without a nod.

In the open colonies of the avocet, discretion is superfluous. Ordinarily, the setting bird will go to meet its mate, to which it bows in a ceremonious manner. But should it decline to be relieved, the mate may cry out sharply and start shoving, and may even flick large pebbles at it, until, naught else availing, the setting bird is pushed rudely off the nest.

The most delicate relief rituals are performed by the stone plovers, a family represented in North America by the two-striped thick-knee of tropical latitudes; in the European species, at least, one mate signifies its wish to be relieved by whistling to the other, which, upon its arrival, is presented with a small pebble. Should the pebble be rejected, it is placed between the eggs like a reproach, whereupon, it is reported, the injured partner "rises, bows, and hurries in a crouched position from the nest."

THE bronze-winged jaçana of southeast Asia will destroy both eggs and nest rather than tolerate a meddler in its abode, but the wind birds of the West stop short of such drastic Oriental measures. The Charadrii are celebrated for the greatest range of distraction displays in all the bird world, though their tactics for avoiding detection of eggs or young do not all qualify as true distractions; the oystercatchers, as has been noted, merely steal quietly away, while the long-billed and bristle-thighed curlews and the marbled godwit may sit mutely where they are, as if confident of divine intervention. The thick-knee at times permits itself to be picked up off the nest, while the dotterel will actually come and sit on eggs held in the hand. (The foolishness of this species was recognized as early as the fifteenth century. John Skelton wrote



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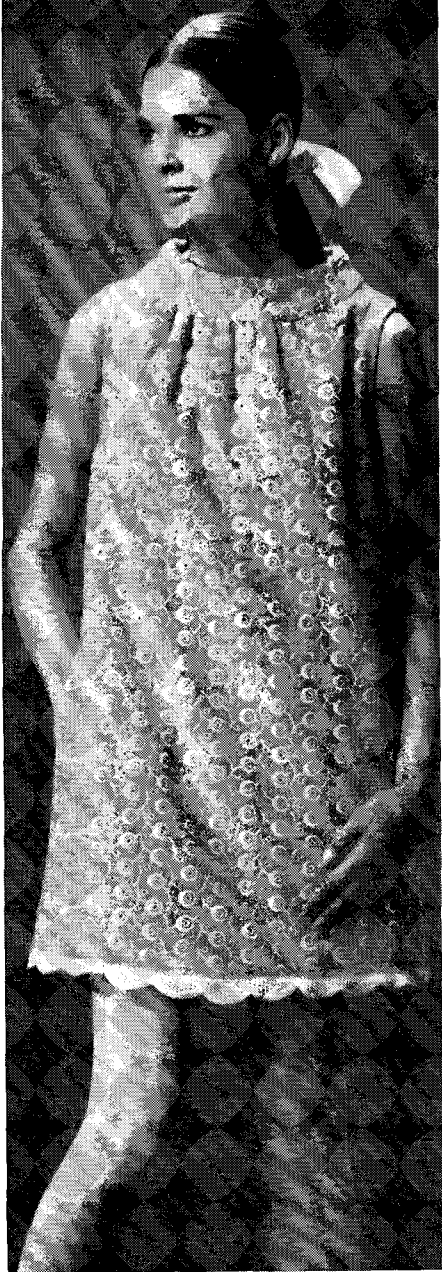
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of "The doterell, that folyshe pek,/ And also the mad coote,/ With a bald face to toote.") The western sandpiper will crawl under a hat placed on its nest, while the white-rumped sandpiper may attack the prying hand. When driven off its eggs, the white-rump will creep back onto them within moments, passing slyly between the legs of the intruder if necessary; an old-time photographer of eggs would often discover in his lens that the clutch had been covered up again while he busied himself beneath his hood.

While most small shorebirds practice the oystercatcher tactic known as "furtive abandonment"—the behaviorist's term for sneaking off (the abandonment of the Baird's sandpiper is so discreet that the nesting bird is rarely seen at all)—certain tundra-nesters have replaced unequivocal fleeing with a true distraction tactic called the "rodent run."

The purple sandpiper, acknowledged master of the rodent-runners, jumps into view a few feet from the nest and zigzags away, low and humped over, wing tips drooped to simulate hind legs, feathers fluffed like fur, and squeaking like a mammal; there is even a fortuitous resemblance between the black dorsal stripe of a fleeing lemming and the black line that splits the white rump of this sandpiper, so that a very nice imitation of the lemming is achieved—or nice enough, at any rate, to distract an unwise owl or Arctic fox. The flaw in the rodent-run performance is like the flaw in the precautions of the hognosed snake, which rolls over on its back and plays dead so persuasively that it may be slung over a fence rail but when turned right side up flips smartly onto its back again; the rodent-runner, if not pursued, rushes back to the starting point and begins all over, whistling this time for attention. Having first announced itself by shrill and aggressive behavior, it strolls carelessly away, pecking idly here and there as it goes along.

The sanderling, like the Baird's sandpiper, does not indulge in the rodent run. So wary is it that it is rarely surprised in the vicinity of its eggs; after making off to a prudent distance, it reveals itself by a concerted flapping and commotion, interspersed with the strange snarling practiced by the male in time of courtship. The flap, creep, and snarl of the sanderling is a crude parody of the injury-feigning, rodent run, and threat that characterize the distraction displays of most other shore-

birds. Threat display is marked in the tattlers. The willet and both the greater and lesser yellowlegs will mob an enemy in the manner of crows, shrieking and diving with such violence that a man fears for the integrity of his scalp; the willet's temperament is so well suited to this practice that it will often mob just for the sake of mobbing, whether or not it has been stimulated by intruders. Colonial nesters such as the stilt and avocet, which cannot count on camouflage to protect their eggs and young, also resort to loud, cumulative outrage to dissuade their enemies, and the whimbrel, aroused, will feign an attack on a man. Long-billed curlews, in nesting time, attack hawks without hesitation, while knots will col-



lide repeatedly against a prowling jaeger until the jostled bird beats a retreat. Shrieking and diving are practiced by the piping plover, which may copy the tactics of its excitable associ-

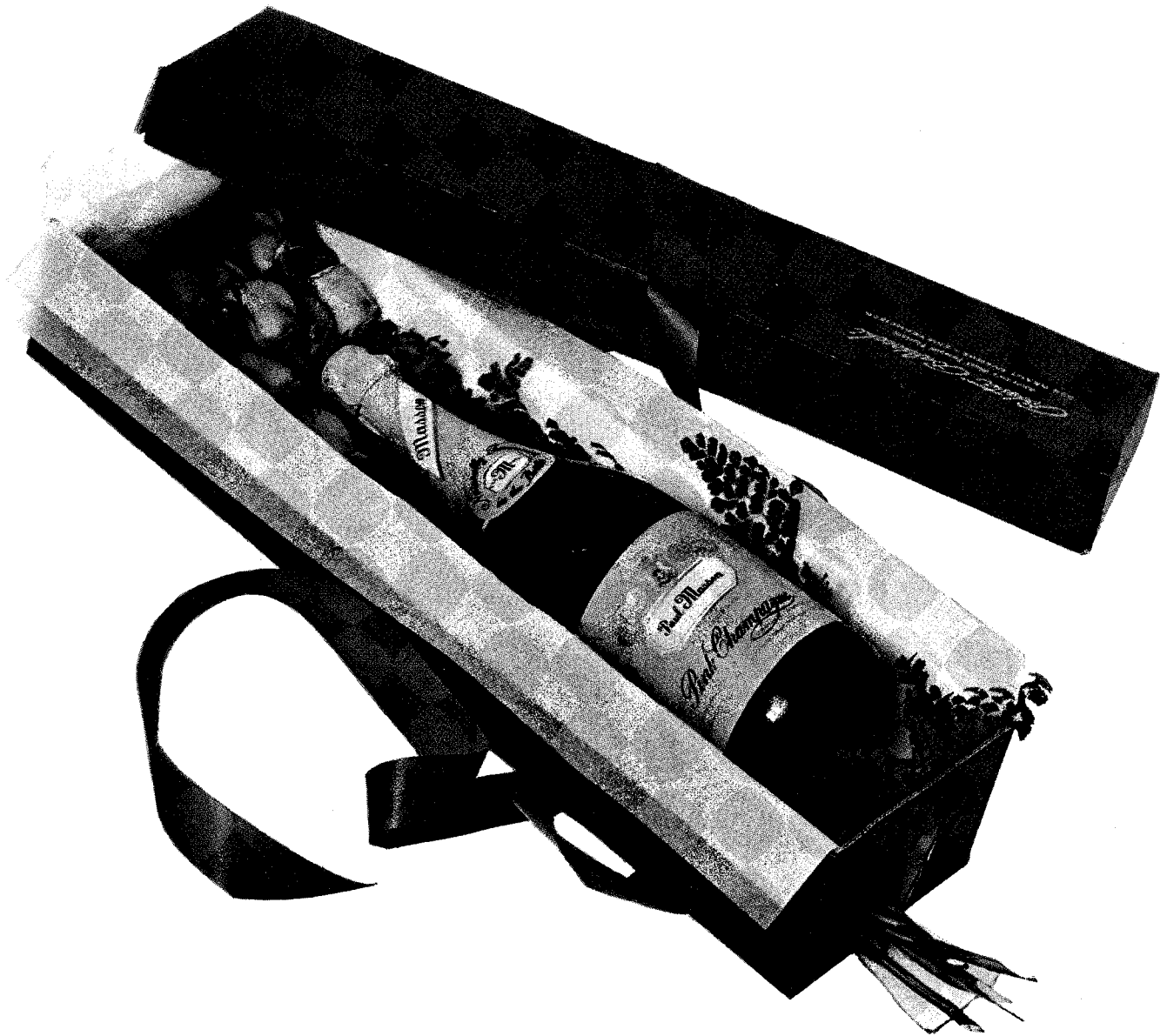
ate the least tern, but the piping plover is a harmless little bird, and its belligerence is so airy and inaudible that a victim who was not alert would scarcely be aware of it at all.

In flashing wing and rufous rump, respectively, the willet and killdeer are credited with baring "threat colors;" the idea is that the sudden change of pattern will startle and discourage aggressors. But perhaps these devices are only a part of their distraction display; the hen woodcock, for example, is thought to raise the white spots on her under-tail coverts and rectrices to lure prowlers off into the woodland gloom. Both willet and killdeer are virtuosos of diversion, even among wind birds, and their techniques include, besides threat color and loud abuse, a tactic of sitting close until the final second, then exploding upward into the face of the intruder.

The explosion tactic is also practiced by the mountain plover and the surf-bird. The Alaskan breeding range of the surfbird is nearly identical with the range of the Dall mountain sheep, and the first surfbird nest ever found, in 1926, was within a foot of a main sheep trail, which meant that its haggard occupants were exploding almost constantly. Having exploded, however, the surfbird reverts almost indifferently to injury-feigning, which it shortly abandons in favor of presenting itself meekly at its nest, even though the victim of its wiles may still be present.

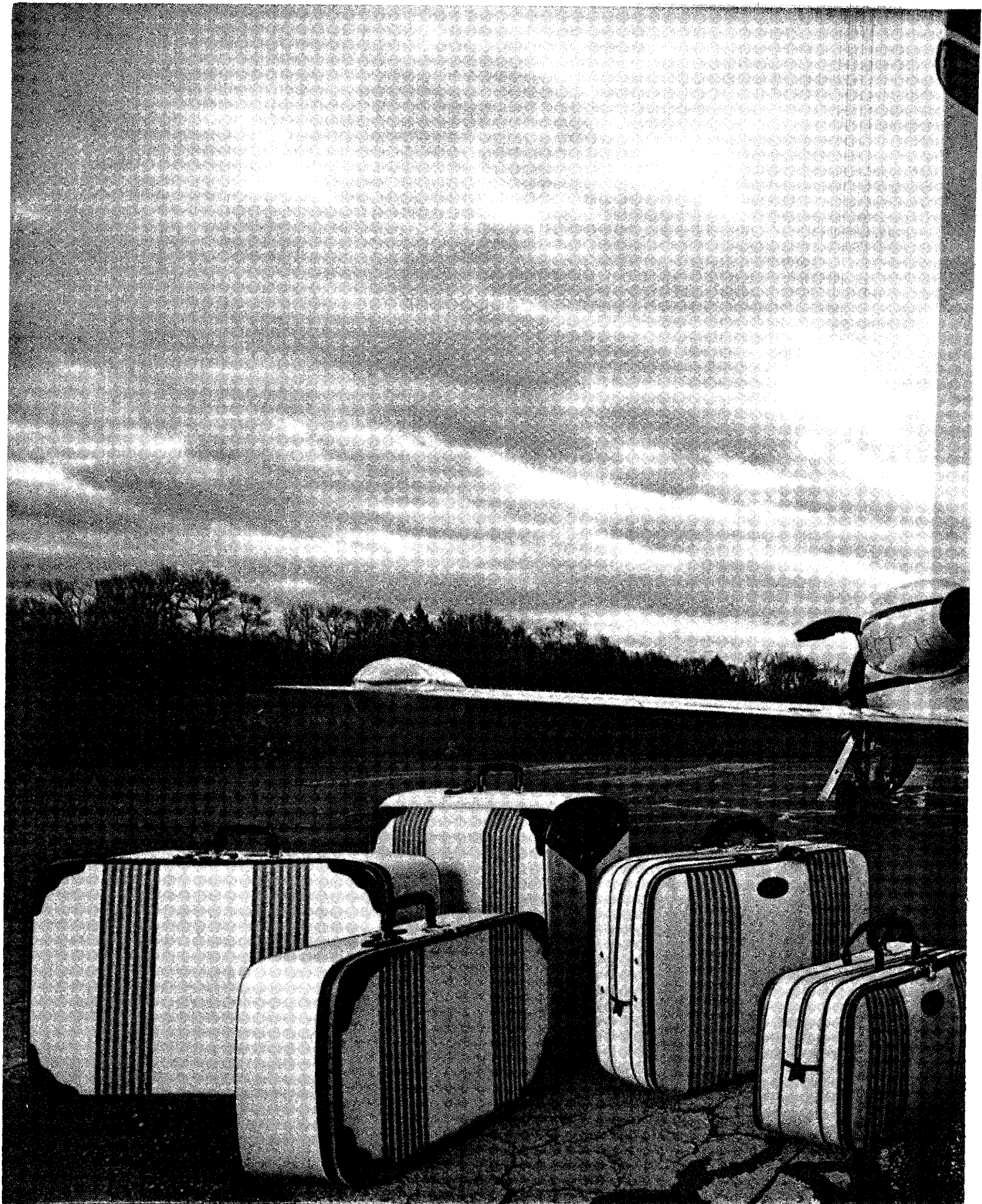
The surfbird explodes regularly in the face of man—a tactic that, applied on a narrow mountain trail, might

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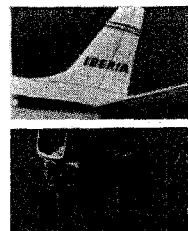
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prove spectacularly effective in case of a heart condition or insecure footing but in the end may do more harm than good. The difference between this species and the killdeer and mountain plover is that while the latter birds will explode in the faces of grazing animals, they have apparently learned not to pinpoint their nest for more coldhearted enemies, such as dogs and man. For predators, as opposed to grazers, they go straight into that best known of all distractions, injury-feigning; the marvellous imitation of a crippled bird—wing dragging, whistling piteously—will lure small boys and dogs far off the track. (A still further refinement is credited to the killdeer: if approached by a man on horseback, it will first shriek and flutter to turn aside the horse, then proceed with the broken-wing display to confound the rider.)

Injury-feigning, which may include self-prostration, imitation of juveniles, incipient hysteria, false brooding (settling on nonexistent nests; this is popular among the piping plovers of Sagaponack), and many other nuances, has reached its highest expression in the ringed plovers, among which the killdeer is the undisputed champion. But it is also practiced, in one form or another, by most shorebirds other than the tattlers, whose noisy temperament is almost exclusively devoted to abuse and threat. Experiments with the Eurasian oystercatcher and ringed plover have shown that, confronted with a stuffed interloper of their own species, they resort to distraction displays after threats and attack have left their tormentor unmoved. The golden plover, avocet, and black-necked stilt, all of which threaten, are also experts at distraction; the stilt may hoist one wing in such a way that the wind twists and rumples it unmercifully, as if it were smashed, and this angular bird has perfected a technique of collapsing one leg that will bring all right-thinking predators on the dead run.

The renowned sagacity of fox and weasel has proved no match for the distraction displays staged by the knot for the benefit of those animals. The imperilled mountain plover seems to go into convulsions, while the Wilson's plover lies down on the ground and gasps, as if about to breathe its last. Most spectacular of all are the communal distractions of the pratincoles, which litter the earth with individuals in all stages of decrepitude, and of the pied stilts of New Zealand, which may quite suddenly collapse and "die" in groups of five or six. All of these dis-

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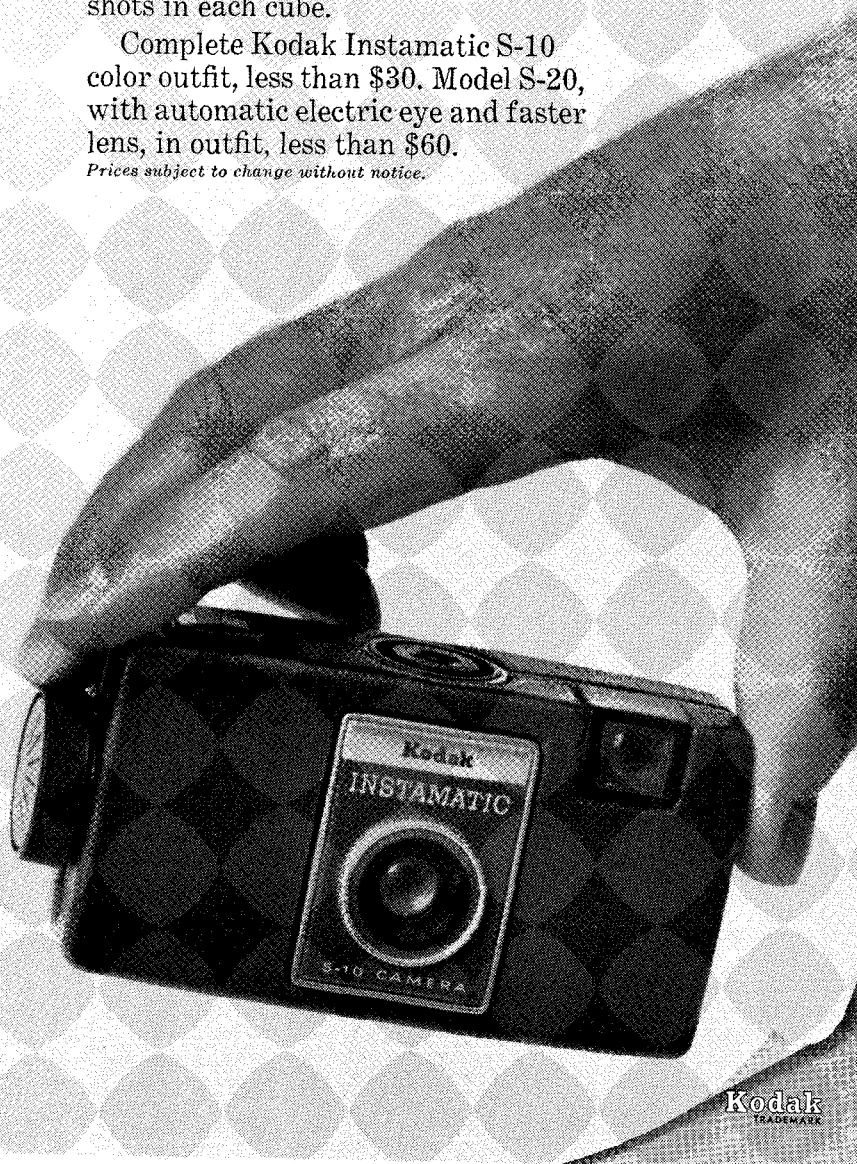
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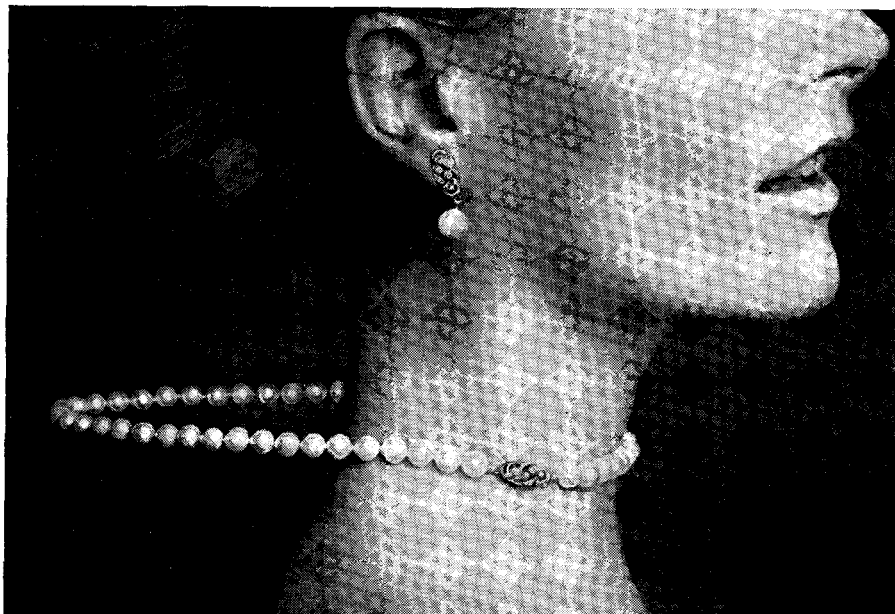
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plays suggest that injury-feigning is a happy accident born of ineffective threat. In other words, what was originally a kinesis, or helpless thrashing—in essence, a vain attempt to flee and attack at the same time—proved so distracting to the enemy that a sort of nervous breakdown became a fixed, heritable habit of defense.

Injury-feigning in the spotted sandpiper is most intense about five days before the eggs hatch out, subsiding gradually as the young begin to grow. The incubation of shorebirds is relatively brief, lasting ordinarily from twenty-one to twenty-four days; the semipalmated sandpiper, markedly faster, hatches at seventeen to nineteen days. Its dispatch in the vulnerable nesting period may partly account for the prosperity of the semipalmated sandpiper, which is among the most common shorebirds in North America. A century ago, the golden plover was probably the most abundant of the wind birds, closely followed by the Eskimo curlew. At present, the most common ones are those small sandpipers which were relatively unmolested by the gunners until the flocks of larger birds gave out. The semipalmated sandpiper, which was recorded in May of 1964 at Kitts Hummock, Delaware, in a flock estimated at seventy-five thousand, is the most likely champion, but the least sandpiper and sanderling are also prolific little birds. So is the northern phalarope, which occurs in every ocean and has been seen in flotillas of many thousands in the Humboldt Current and elsewhere; its abundance is fortunate, for this phalarope is so tame that it is hunted commonly and with great success by very young Eskimo children. But if world populations are considered, the dunlin may be the most numerous shorebird on earth; it is one of the most common on this continent, and is much the most numerous sandpiper of Europe.

THE hatching of the chicks, which peck their way out of their shells within a few hours of one another, is the crucial moment for the shorebirds in the contest for survival. As soon as possible, the parent moves the young some distance from the nest. The alternative would be to hide the empty shells, the pale interiors of which are quickly spotted by hawking jaegers. Eggshell-hiding is quite common among the gulls, but among North American shorebirds only the golden plover is reported as doing it, and this report seems questionable in view of the evidence that the young plover

leave the nest within two hours after hatching.

When a shorebird is hatched, much egg yolk remains in its stomach to tide it over its first hours. This is important in bad weather, for exposure to cold rains of the Arctic summer will kill a chick in a short time; should bad weather persist, the chick may starve to death while keeping warm. Most shorebird young, after drying for an hour or so in wind and sun, take to life straightway (the thick-knee, which is semi-precocial, is the North American exception); they leave the nest area as soon as they are able, never to return. For this reason, precocial birds are known as nidifuges, or nest fugitives. It is questionable how far the nest fugitives go; a pair of spotted sandpipers stayed within fifty yards of their nest site for nineteen days after the chicks hatched, and in the piping plover the chicks usually remain within five hundred feet of home during the thirty to thirty-five days before they are fledged, despite stretches of open beach on every side. Probably this area is an approximation of the breeding territory of the parents, although this species will cross territorial lines to help herd the chicks of neighbors out of harm's way.

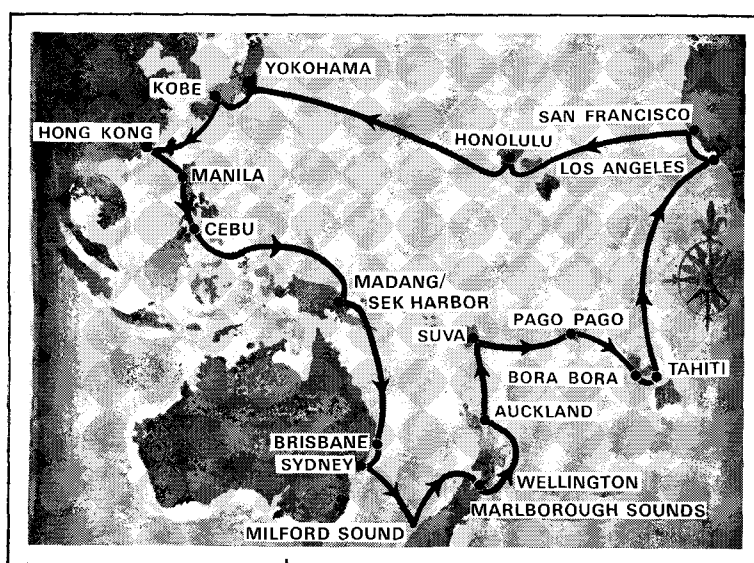
Some nest fugitives are a bit slow getting started. The black-necked stilt, with its long legs, wobbles like a colt for a day or more, and the black oystercatcher must be brooded for about thirty-six hours after hatching; sometimes young oystercatchers of both species are fed by their parents for several days. Snipe and woodcock also bring food to their young and probably feed them. Though killdeer and jacana chicks feed from the start by trial and error—adults may tend them but do not show them what to eat—the chicks of most species are led to food and instructed in its use through demonstration. The chicks learn quickly all that their parents can teach them, but the young oystercatcher lives several months before it can deal efficiently with bivalves, barnacles, chitons, limpets, and other such grudging fare.

Chicks of the piping plover, like their eggs, are salt-and-peppered, to match their dune surroundings, while chicks of most other species have disruptive color patterns on the back and head appropriate to their habitat. These patterns so fragment the puffball bodies that, pressed to the ground, they have no more substance than blown flower silk. Chicks immediately hide or freeze at an alarm note from the parent (gulls, with their addiction to the eggs and young of other families, are

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the greatest enemy of most shorebirds, and the avocet is said to have a warning cry that it reserves for gulls alone) and are drawn forth again by softer whistles. In the spotted sandpiper, the male puffs out his feathers like a setting hen, in signal to the chicks that they may now rejoin him; the avocet uses this false-brooding position to draw chicks away from a place of danger. But often the chicks are so well hidden that even their parents may have difficulty reassembling them, to judge from the fact that many are fitted out with special white wing feathers or other recognition marks; when scattered or otherwise separated from the parent, they raise white wings like tiny flags. Although generally more silent than tree- or hole-nesting young, they now emit thin, ventriloquial peeps—sounds so wispy and diminutive that the listener cannot tell where they are coming from or say for sure that he has heard anything at all. Presumably, this talent for ventriloquism, shared by most shorebird young, is an adaptation that confuses would-be predators while permitting the parent to find its scattered chicks.

Until the chicks are fledged, they depend on their parents for protection; a piping plover may knock a chick flat if it does not freeze promptly at the warning signal. Repeatedly, in the average day, the chicks must crouch upon the ground, small wings extended to eliminate shadow; they maintain strict motionless silence until another whistle tells them all is well. Relative silence is characteristic of the young of open-nesters, and response to warning signals so innate that the peeping chick of grouse and many other birds falls silent at a signal from the parent even before it hatches from the egg.

In the eighth hour of its life, a semi-palmated plover has been seen to catch and eat an insect, and a piping plover can run short distances at a speed exceeding four miles per hour when but two days old. The extreme precocity of shorebird chicks has been well demonstrated in experiments with newly hatched killdeer and spotted sandpipers. The killdeer opened its eyes and called when two minutes old, sat up at nine minutes, pecked at a spot and walked about on its tarsi toward the end of the first hour, was briefly on its feet at sixty-six minutes, held its wings straight out sixteen minutes later, and was walking at an hour and a half; it ran seven inches, drank a drop of water, preened, and fell down flat before it was two hours old. At the start of its third hour, it ate fish. Similarly, the spotted sandpiper

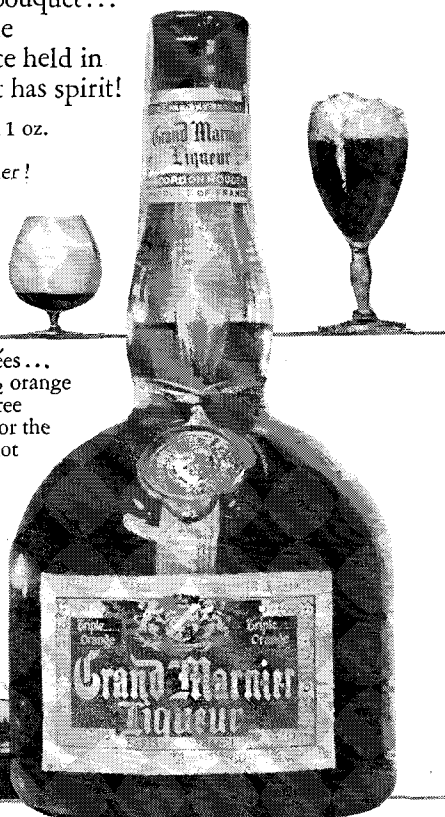
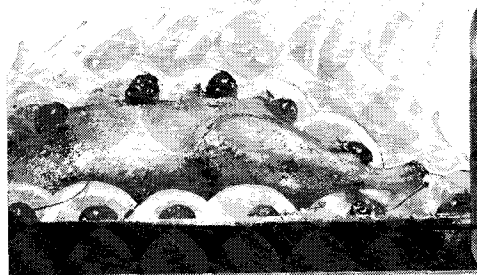
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achieved full teeter at thirty-one minutes and was quick on its feet in its tenth hour. Incidental observations added the following mysteries to the natural histories of these species: Baby killdeer are very calm and tame and make attentive pets, while baby spotted sandpipers are extremely shy and timid and strongly resist the companionship of human beings. In its first days, the killdeer (which would afterward take up for good the indirect, or over-the-wing, head-scratching of all plovers, oystercatchers, stilts, and avocets) scratched its head from beneath its wing. And a young spotted sandpiper, given a choice, disdained insects in favor of custard.

THE behaviorist must distinguish between innate, heritable behavior, such as the foot-patting observed in a woodcock chick raised separately from its parents, and learned behavior, such as the young oystercatcher's mastery of its bill. Tameness, for example, is inherited (phalaropes are tame, oystercatchers are not), whereas other behavior may be based on imitation. The short-billed dowitcher and the stilt sandpiper, which associate in migration (their tundra habits are quite different), have developed what appears to be an imitative or behavioral convergence: both tend to feed belly-deep in water, both feed in close methodical groups, and both have evolved varieties of the same whistled *when*, which they share with their associate the lesser yellowlegs.

A more striking example of convergent behavior is the ploverlike attitudes of the upland and buff-breasted sandpipers, which have short plover bills and plover feeding traits, prefer the sedate company of plovers to that of their own family, and even scatter upon alighting the way plovers do; the first-named bird is still called commonly the upland plover.

The solitary and spotted sandpipers and the wandering tattler share not only a quite similar ringing call when flushed but the most pronounced teeter actions among all North American shorebirds; the tattler and spotted sandpiper also share a curious shallow wing-beat to transport themselves short distances. (This kind of wingbeat is seen in the courtship flight of many species that do not resort to it at other times.) Yet all three are non-flocking species which rarely associate with one another; in this case, instinctive behavior inherited from a common ancestor can probably be assumed.

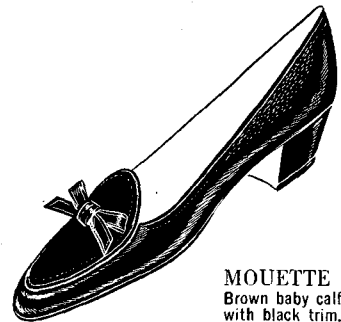
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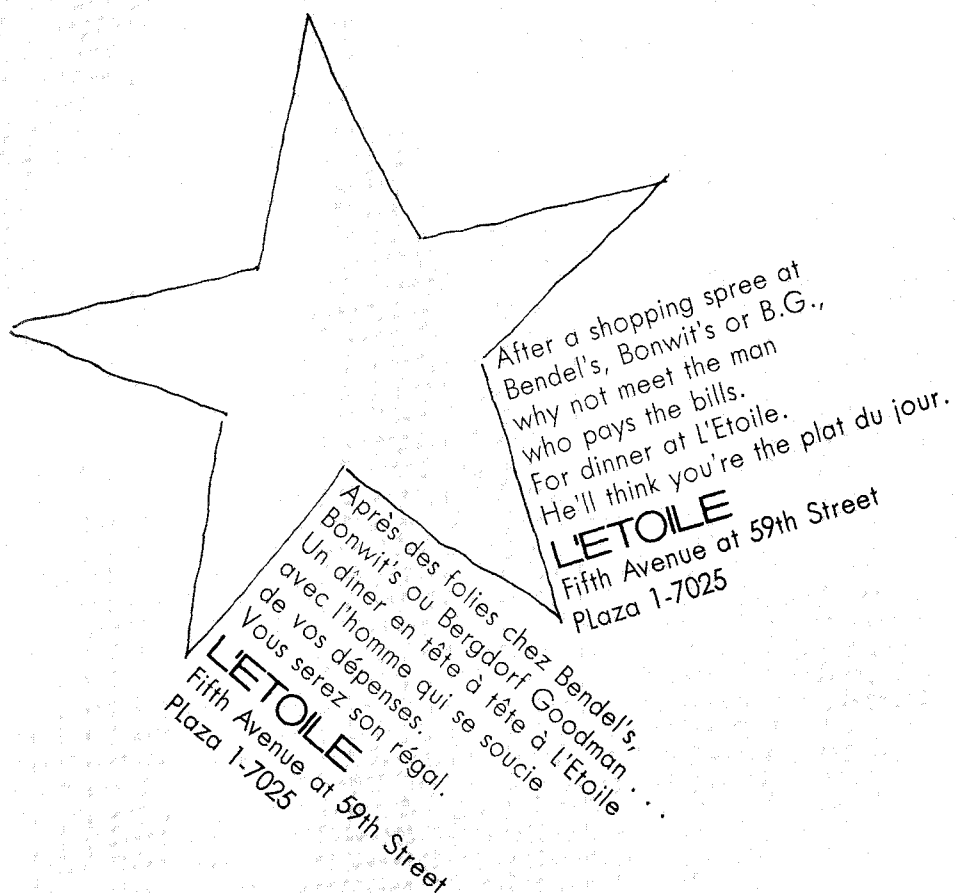
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inately that some authorities would like to abandon it altogether, has been defined by Joel Welty, in "The Life of Birds," as "an inborn, particulate, stereotyped form of coordinated behavior characteristic of a given animal species." Instinctive behavior does not necessarily benefit the behavior: the tendency in the black-oystercatcher chick to bury its head, ostrich fashion, when alarmed seems decidedly non-adaptive. And the unbending nature of instinct may lead the shorebird to predicament or worse; this is manifest in nearly all areas of bird behavior. The greater yellowlegs, yelping wildly at man's approach, has been named among the wariest of shorebirds, yet there is a drastic limitation to its prudence. As one author has written, "It would seem almost as though these birds drew an abstract danger line, difficult to cross from the outside without alarming them, but once inside which, man became to them a mere harmless item of the landscape."

Certain shorebirds are credited with an example of adaptive behavior that would do credit to far more intelligent creatures; oystercatchers and thick-knees are said to move their eggs to a new site if an old one proves precarious or otherwise unsatisfactory, and the woodcock, willet, and spotted sandpiper, more astonishingly still, have all been reported to carry their young between their legs from scenes of danger. These reports are so numerous that one must repress an impulse to dismiss them out of hand; it is conceivable, at least, that chicks are sometimes caught up accidentally on the feet of close-setting species as the bird flies from the nest.

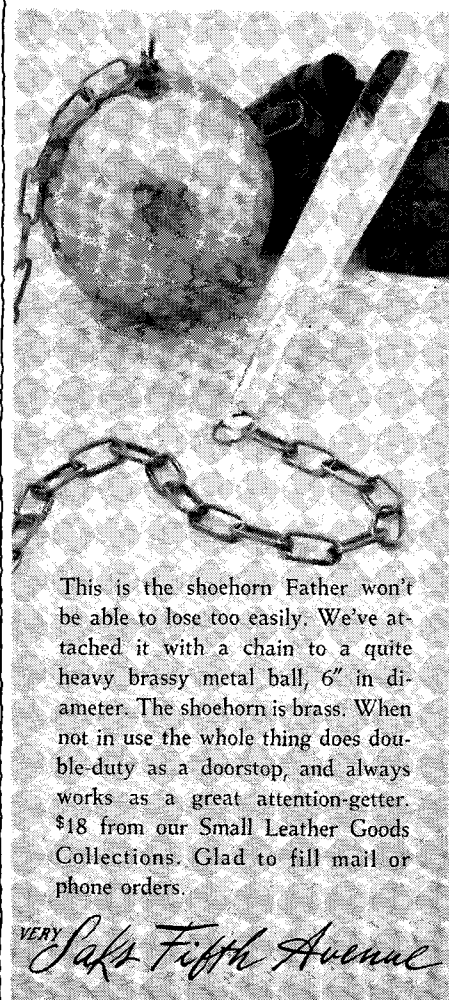
Shorebird chicks, running here and there through sedge and tussock, learn to follow their parents by means of a process known as imprinting. After its first hours, the chick will become afraid of moving objects larger than itself, but before this happens it has placed its faith in its own parents. Given its head, it would as soon tag after a passing fox or a rubber duck pulled by a string, whichever happened along first, and in later life—since these familial responses are related—would theoretically seek out a fox or a rubber duck for its mate. Imprinting was thought at first to be irreversible, and it is true that a Eurasian oystercatcher became permanently addicted to the silkie fowl which were its foster parents. But it is now thought that some species, if not all, may forget the imprinter over a period of time if the latter fails to put in an



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appearance. Shorebirds, in any case, are less attracted to false parents than ducks or fowl.

Young avocets, like the young of gulls and man, may loiter about in gangs. As in these other colonial animals, one of the gang is sometimes singled out for severe attack by a parent of another; this usually incites a general squabble that can degenerate into a free-for-all, in which the young victim may be sorely trampled.

In most shorebirds, the downy young are guided by both parents until they are fledged, which usually occurs by the end of their first three weeks; in the snipe, whimbrel, Hudsonian godwit, and golden plover, the brood is divided between the parents and reared in two separate detachments. Some chicks are abandoned before they can fly, but the male ruddy turnstone will escort his chicks for a week or more after they are fledged. Still, the turnstone will start southward well before his young and is rare on the breeding grounds after the end of July.

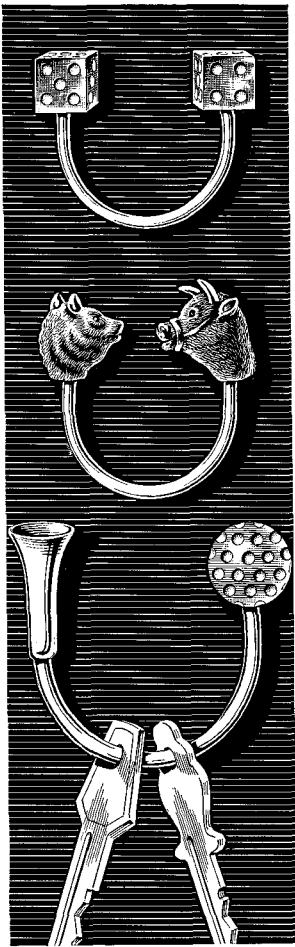
The southbound turnstone will be considerably behind the cock of the pectoral sandpiper, which, far from escorting its chicks until after they are fledged, abandons the breeding grounds soon after it has mated. Its departure appears to coincide with the decline of the fly-larva cycle, early in July, and since the pectoral is one of the commonest species on the Arctic slope (it nests from sea level to twelve hundred feet), there is a theory that its desertion is no feckless thing but an adaptive trait that lessens competition for the food supply. It seems as likely, however, in view of the great food abundance of the North, that the male pectoral simply leads a life apart, as does the ruff. The early departure of shorebird adults may replace intolerance toward juveniles (witnessed in blue geese, bears, and other creatures) by an encouragement to dispersal and a defense against inbreeding; it is very unlikely that the southbound young ever alight at the same destination as their parents.

Young birds that survive the first year of their life—and they are not many—may live for a long time as birds go, matching a growing store of experience and dim knowledge against the onset of senility. In North America, banded piping plovers fourteen years old are the longest-lived wild shorebirds known, but a Eurasian curlew banded in Sweden on July 4, 1926 was reported still in perfect condition when shot in January of 1958 at Norfolk, England, and a banded Eurasian oystercatcher attained the age of

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thirty-four. (The age and condition of the curlew suggest the gloomy possibility that in the rare Texas sightings of the Eskimo curlew from 1945 through the spring of 1963 the same few birds may have been seen year after year.)

Few wild creatures perish of old age. Sooner or later, in the wild, some combination of inherent weakness, injury, disease, parasites, competition, migration barriers, and an inclement season—for example, long days of cold November rain, which leach away the feather oils and insulation—will cause the wind bird to fall to the hawk or storm that in its years of strength it had outflown.

PREPARATIONS for long-distance flight demand a great part of the wind bird's year, and birds nesting on Alaska's northern coasts begin to form migration flocks as early as late June; unlike certain ducks, shorebirds are not flightless during their postnuptial molt, and wing molt, in particular, may be delayed until the bird's arrival on its winter grounds. By mid-August, in the Arctic, even the young of many species have disappeared. Scattered birds range wistfully across the tundra as if in search of the vanished horde, or gather in small, restless bands on the coastal flats. But at Nunivak Island, in the Bering Sea, in the last week of August, 1964, ruddy turnstones, red and northern phalaropes, dunlin, western and rock sandpipers, and wandering tattlers were still common, and individual birds must have lingered on into September. Snow comes to the sub-Arctic in September, and most migrants will leave before the snows, which blur the landmarks on which birds depend in distance travel.

The dunlin, however, may wait for the first white days before departing.

When the last dunlin leaves the Colville Delta, on the Arctic Ocean, the pectoral sandpiper that puffed and boomed on the far side of its sedgy pool may be settled for the winter in the Argentine. Having left the Arctic, as it often does, at the end of June, the cock pectoral alights in Manitoba in early July, in South Carolina two weeks later, in Barbados by mid-August, and in the Argentine at the month's end. Unlike most shorebirds, the pectoral makes haste on its southward as well as on its northward journey, and the juveniles are close behind; some of the pectorals arriving on the pampas toward the end of August, after a journey of seven thousand miles, are still

weak and immature, with yellow natal down still on the head.

Perhaps the pectoral sandpiper departs from the breeding grounds with its instincts unfulfilled, for one male in three may set up and defend territories wherever it stops on its route southward, despite the absence of female inspiration. The territory can be as small as four square yards or as large as four hundred square feet, and this area is hotly defended not only against other pectorals but against trespassing lesser yellowlegs and semipalmated and least sandpipers. (The leasts, however, are ignored in late July, when the pectoral's belligerence begins to wane.) Killdeer and solitary sandpipers, on the other hand, do not seem to antagonize the pectoral, and may wander its kingdoms as they please.

Skirmishes traditionally take place at borders, and so it is among the pectorals. The skirmishes are characterized by the so-called wing-away threat display, in which the wing on the side away from the aggressor is lifted in the air; by mock feeding (the defender may jab smartly at the ground as the aggressor nears) or mock fighting; by nervous defecation; and, uncommonly, by actual combat. After a fight, the loser usually flies off, but sometimes it simply crouches before its opponent, which may or may not kick, peck, and trample it into the mud. Afterward, both loser and victor may engage in what is called displacement-feeding while they compose themselves, shaking their feathers back in place, whereupon the loser, on an impulse that one can appreciate if not applaud, may turn on a small and inoffensive neighbor and attack it without provocation. This reaction is known to the behaviorists



as redirection activity. At the end of the day, the pectoral rejoins the flock of shorebirds on the resting flats. Forced by darkness to abandon its game, it permits the flocking instinct to triumph until the dawn.

It is not known whether migrant territoriality is anachronistic and non-adaptive or whether the resultant dispersion of the birds contributes to full utilization of the food supply, and even to the prevention of epidemics. Algal poisoning is common among birds that feed in the stagnant shallows of late summer, and the competition among migrating male pectorals may help to explain a strange and morbid scene witnessed occasionally at this season: A pectoral stricken with botulism or other ailment and flopping out its life upon

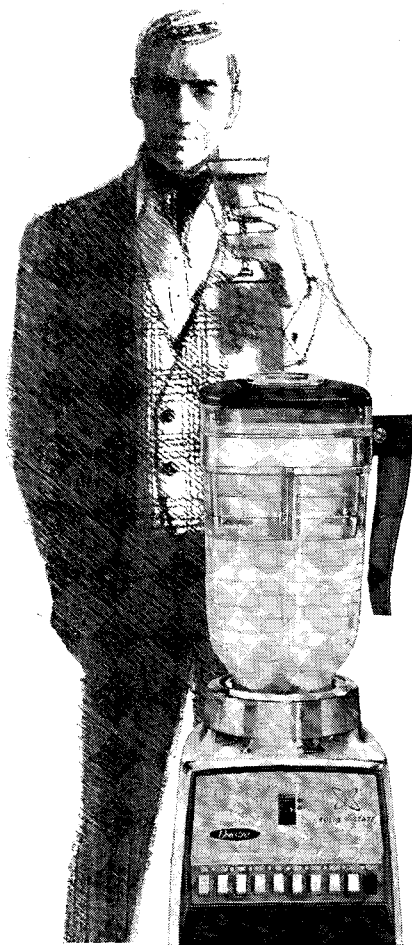


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the flat may be surrounded by a circle of other pectorals, which do not seem to wish it well. The onlookers are stiff and taut, as if prepared to intervene should the ailing bird attempt to regain its feet.

The pectoral sandpiper is not alone in its postnuptial belligerence; it is only exceptionally intense. The lesser yellowlegs, sanderling, and semipalmated sandpiper, among others, display symptoms of the amatory instinct when they return to Sagaponack in July, and the last species, in particular, stages small cockfights all over the expanses of the sandy gut. (The thick-knees of Europe hold communal dances in autumn, but this custom is apparently unrelated to sexual recrudescence.)

Species that winter in the Northern Hemisphere may require several months to pass southward through a given spot; southbound black-bellied plovers and semipalmated sandpipers, for example, are regularly at Sagaponack from July into November, and a few are still present at Christmas. But individual birds rarely tarry very long, and when the day comes to move on, they travel rapidly; a banded ruddy turnstone has been known to journey over four hundred and fifty miles in a single day, and a banded lesser yellowlegs averaged three hundred and eighty-five miles per day in a journey from Cape Cod to Martinique.

The sanderlings, which in July join the scattered members of their kind that have summered in the gauzy haze of our outer beaches, are not the first of the Arctic nesters to move southward. Short-billed dowitchers, lesser yellowlegs, and semipalmated and least sandpipers, all of which may nest as far south as middle Canada, precede them by several days; the lesser yellowlegs occasionally returns before the end of June. Last year, at Sagaponack, the least sandpiper appeared first, on July 6th, followed within the week by semipalmated sandpipers, lesser yellowlegs, whimbrel, a pectoral sandpiper, and dowitchers, in that order (piping plover and a pair of spotted sandpipers were in residence); these birds were joined before the month was out by killdeer, greater yellowlegs, a few knot and black-bellied plover, a western sandpiper, and a stilt sandpiper. By early August, most of the first wave was gone. In late August and early September came a second major wave, the more tardy species: black-bellied, golden, and semipalmated plover, dunlin, western sandpipers, and a white-rumped sandpiper, together with birds of the year in their juvenal plumage and some lag-

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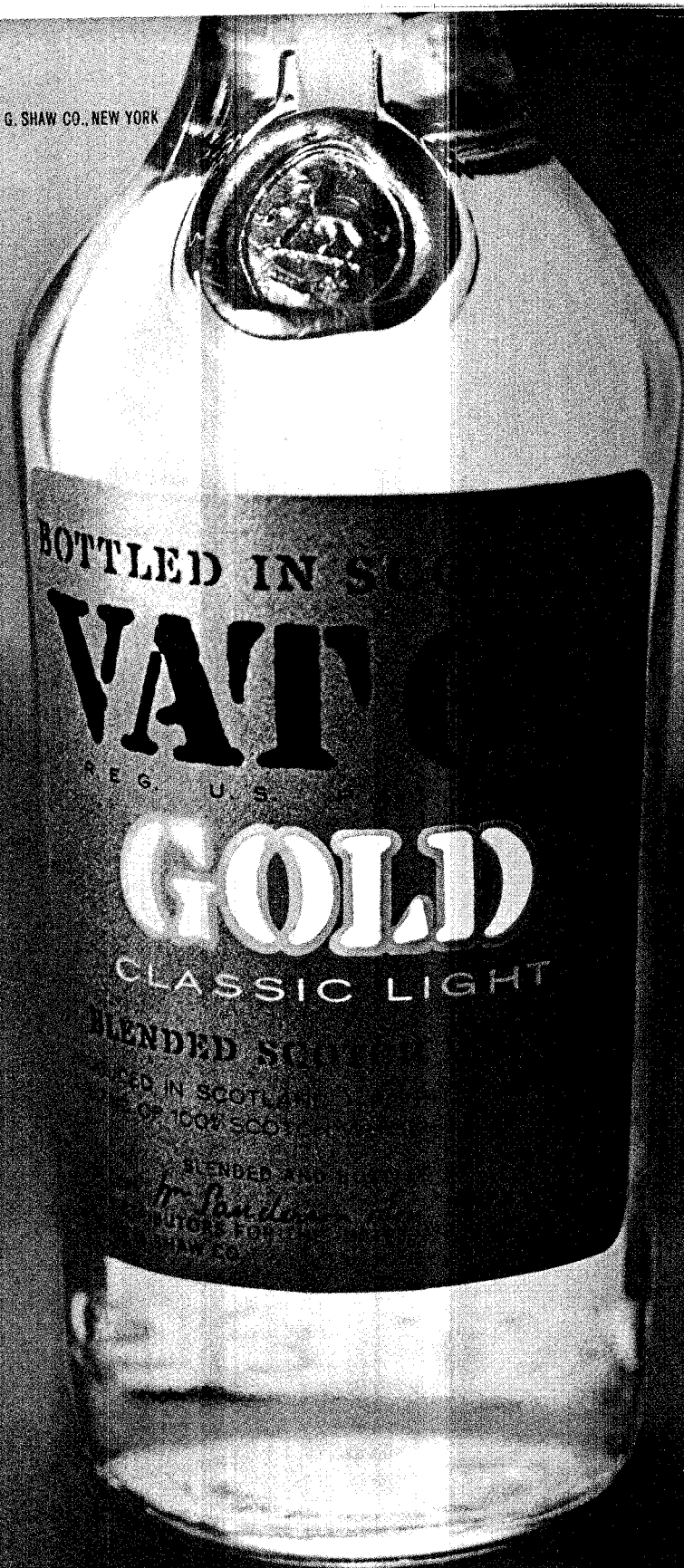


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gard pectorals. Probably this wave included some non-breeding wanderers. It is the latter group that often includes accidental birds out of the Old World, since young birds are those most apt to stray. I search the dunlin flocks each year for the curlew sandpiper of Eurasia (which has been recorded once at Sagaponack), but so far I have had to be content with a lone bird seen long ago in Africa.

When Indian summer is still bright and warm, most of the native piping plover will be gone from the Sagaponack outer beach. One ornithologist is of the opinion that "early departure from its nesting ground is not imperative in the case of this southerly breeding bird, but the habit is undoubtedly of long standing and dates back to the time when the species bred close to the edge of the glacial ice field and summer passed quickly." Assuming this supposition to be correct, one wonders if the piping plover was not originally a population of semipalmated plover that failed to follow the glacier's retreat back toward the Arctic and evolved separately through partial isolation, like the pale killdeer of the Caribbean.

MIGRANT shorebirds consort in a large flock composed of species flocks—not a common habit among birds—and the open nature of their habitats helps in making observation simple, though identification may be quite another matter. The wind birds can be rather dismaying at first in the similarity of their appearance, and the small sandpipers, or peep, rank with terns (*Sterna*), the small sparrows, *Empidonax* flycatchers, and fall warblers as nemeses of the beginner. The problem of identifying peep is compounded in the summer and fall by molts and transitional plumages, which may assert themselves in such disorder that no two birds in ten of the same species look alike. Sanderlings and semipalmated sandpipers are the worst culprits in this respect and may range in August from spring red to winter gray, with myriad scraggy intermediates.

Because the close similarity of their habitats has led to a general conformism, the field marks of the peep tend to be relative, and not helpful except in the most classic individuals. Despite the variety of characters and habits attributed to it, the Baird's sandpiper is the most difficult of all the peep to identify, especially where, as in Sagaponack, one is so rarely exposed to it; it sometimes seems that the only way to identify a suspect is to eliminate, step by step, the possibility that it might be something

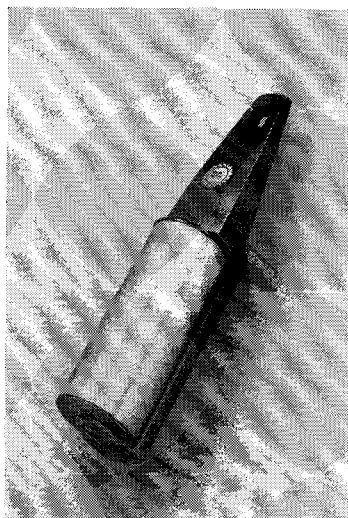


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else. This is a negative and unsatisfactory method, and while I have used it to pin down two Baird's sandpipers over the years, I went home entirely satisfied with neither one.

In its rarity at Sagaponack (it is a rare bird anywhere on the Atlantic Coast), the Baird's sandpiper is an exception. To the margins and vicinity of Sagaponack Pond come more than half of the shorebird species of North America, not only because the pond is situated on the Atlantic flyway but because it offers a wide range of habitats in a small area. At the eastward end, the outer beach and the brackish pond margin and mud and saw grass and rank meadow are all within a hundred yards of one another; killdeer and golden plover visit the potato fields behind the pond; and not far inland, in the swamp that lies between Sagaponack and Poxabogue, the haunts of the woodcock and solitary sandpiper begin.

While it is true that these last species rarely stray to the salt water and that the Wilson's plover, purple sandpiper, oystercatchers, and red and northern phalaropes rarely leave it (in Europe and Tierra del Fuego, however, one sees oystercatchers well inland), most shorebirds cross habitat lines more or less freely, and some of the more successful species, such as the black-bellied plover, the killdeer, the spotted sandpiper, and both species of yellowlegs, may be seen in a variety of habitats, depending upon local opportunity. In fact, the habitats assigned to many shorebirds are so arbitrary as to be of little value.

At Sagaponack, I have seen the Wilson's phalarope, Wilson's plover, buff-breasted sandpiper, long-billed dowitcher, and Hudsonian godwit, but only the godwit was where one might have thought to look. The Wilson's phalarope, in the eight days of its stay, was never seen to go anywhere near the water; it tiptoed endlessly up and down on the dry flats, its needle bill dabbing tiny midges faster than two per second. The long-billed dowitcher, which is thought to prefer fresh water, stayed at the salt end of the pond, just inside the ocean beach, while a flock of nine buff-breasted sandpipers, more at home in the meadows and cultivated fields that surround the pond, wandered tamely on a tide flat of the opened gut, in full sight and hearing of the surf. (George Mackay, whose game lists included owls and vultures, could not bring himself to shoot this confiding bird on the one occasion that it presented itself among his decoys, but Western sportsmen were unmoved; in the hunt-



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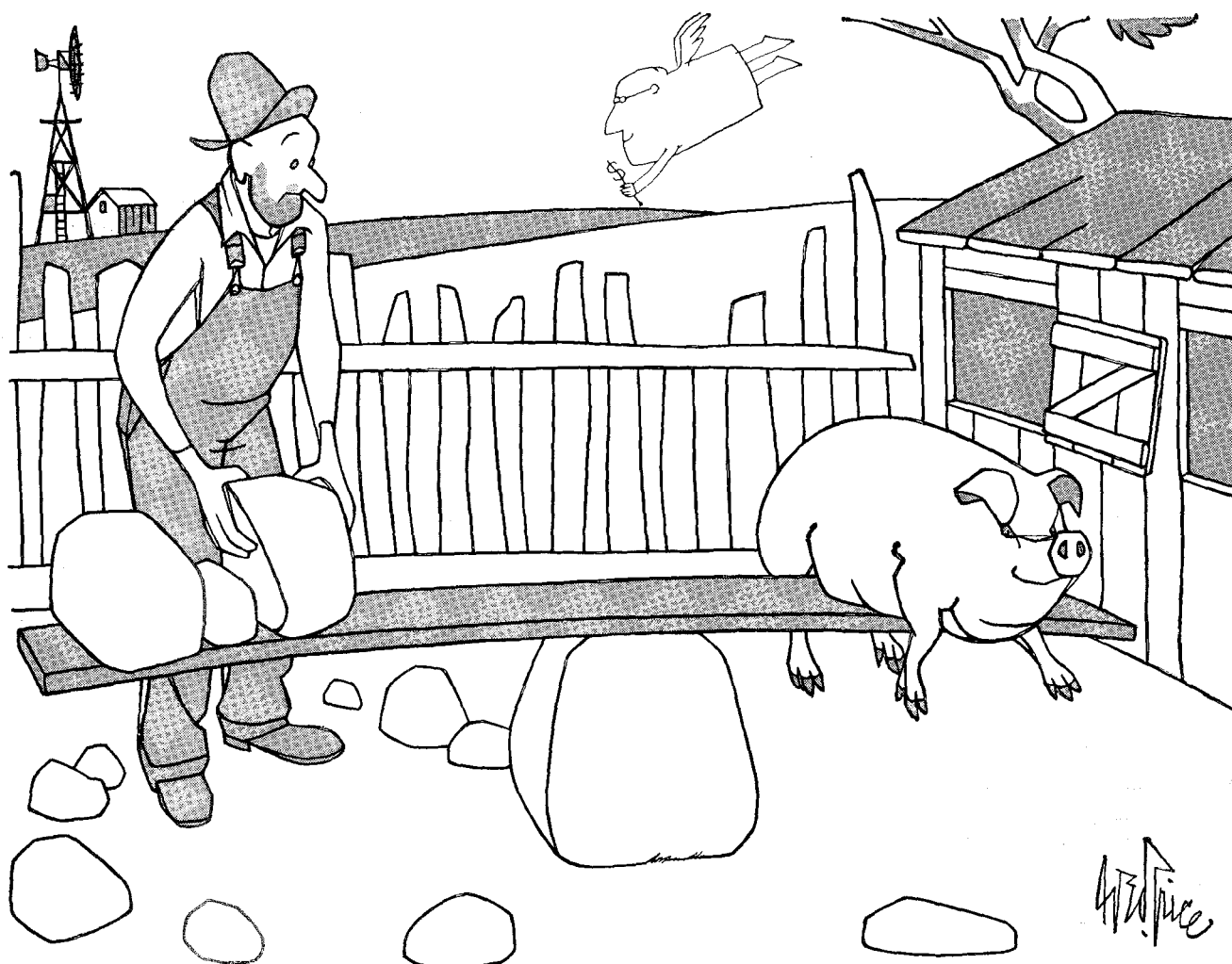
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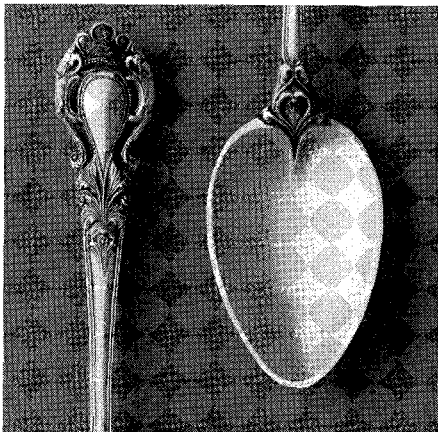
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ing years, the buff-breasted sandpiper was decimated, or worse. Even after all its companions had been shot down, a surviving bird would call out hopefully to the decoys, much preferring wooden company to none at all.)

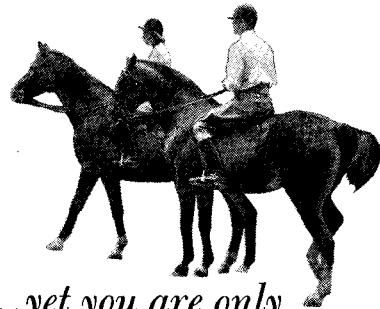
In the late summer of 1960, when the buff-breasts came to Sagaponack, a hurricane had caused the surf to breach the dunes, and the sea took the whole pond with it when it washed out again. The exposed flats, all that September, were overrun with birds, and one soft, gleaming morning these fragile bits of silver and pale gold appeared out of the sky to join the rest. They walked about in the way often ascribed to them—lifting their feet, that is, as if stepping over and through the grass they are accustomed to, and craning their necks as if to peer over impediments, which on the open flats do not exist. With their round eyes and tentative manner, the nine buff-breasts seemed astonished at finding themselves so far off course. "So this is the sea!" their expressions seemed to say. The next day, they were gone.

The Wilson's plover, attended by a solitary sandpiper and a semipalmated plover, bobbed and preened on the mud hummocks of Little Poxabogue, a shallow slough of lily pads and painted turtles closely set about with woods, three miles inland. It was early September, a red, bright day of Indian-summer sun and stillness, and the beach bird stood immobile for a time, observing the turtles and a muskrat, two black ducks, and a green heron, as if certain of its central place in a strange and beautiful new universe.

MOST shorebirds leave the breeding grounds before the adverse days round to the fore, but those that do not are rarely driven southward by cold weather. Surfbirds, rock sandpipers, and black turnstones, waiting for low tides at Wrangell Inlet, keep company all winter on the docks and warehouse roofs of Petersburg, Alaska; other surfbirds winter on hot tropical coasts. As long as there is food, in other words, a remarkable range of temperature can be sustained, and food may still be plentiful when the wind birds rise from the moon rim of the northern waters and fly toward the southern stars. While not as strong as the spring impulse, the migratory urge of fall causes several species to leave behind the rich crowberry crops and intertidal zones of the maritime North Atlantic summer for the high winds and hungry seas of a long transoceanic crossing.

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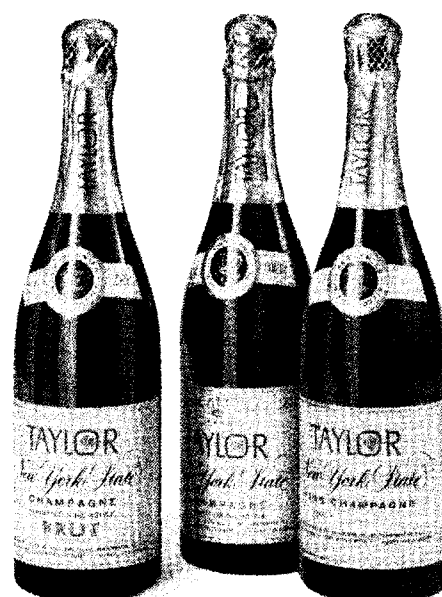
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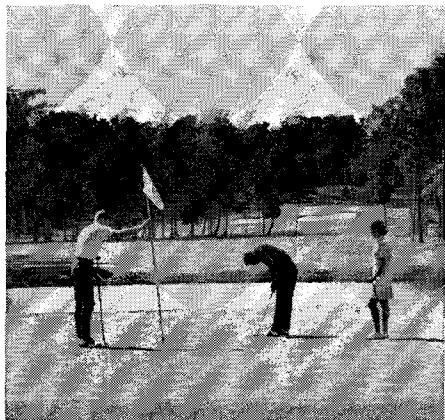
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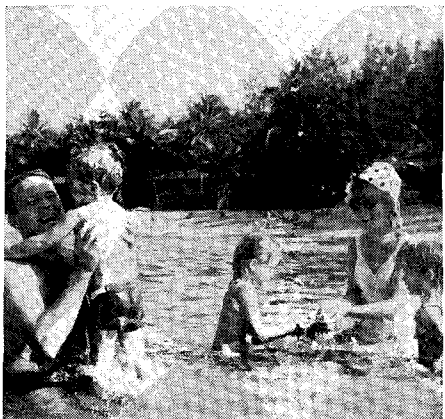
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was once assumed. Strong gales may discourage the flocks from setting out, but once the migrants are aloft and under way, streaming across the stars of wild night skies, they will fly into the teeth of adverse winds. There is much evidence that head winds are preferred to windlessness, and even to tail or beam winds when the winds are strong; it is the head winds that provide the lift that carries the birds for hours over land and sea.

The frequency with which the wind birds rest at sea is still debated. While many species have been seen to alight and swim on sheltered water, good sight records of shorebirds alighted on the ocean—always excepting the red and northern phalaropes—are virtually nonexistent. Nevertheless, in May of 1907 an experienced naturalist saw a migration of "near a thousand" willets resting on the open sea of the Grand Bank; since the birds were so close that they had to flutter up from the path of the ship, it is hard to believe that this well-marked species could have been mistaken for anything else. (The size of the willet flock and its position southeast of Newfoundland are almost as astonishing as the mass settlement upon the sea; that the flock had gone astray in fog and passed east of Nova Scotia before it tired is my own, unsatisfactory explanation.)

Present opinion is that while many species can and will rest on the surface if necessary, they do not often do so out of choice, nor can they survive long if the sea is rough. (Basking sea turtles, before their great numbers were reduced by commercial slaughter, may have provided resting points throughout the tropical seas; the red phalarope, at least, has been seen to use a turtle in this manner.) Thus, the gale winds that sometimes carry shorebirds far off course and scatter the immature and inexperienced among them to strange coasts must also drown them in considerable numbers. Winds have carried ocean birds so far inland and south-bound birds so far into the north that, tired and disoriented, the impulse toward migration spent, they linger where they find themselves.

But true invasions—in which meaningful numbers of a certain species, strayed or storm-borne, establish a breeding population far beyond their usual range—are very rare. Only two bird species have invaded the North American land mass within the memory of man: the fieldfare, a European thrush that was blown to Greenland in a 1937 storm and is now resident at the island's southwestern tip,

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and the cattle egret, an Afro-Asian species that, after millennia in its natural range, suddenly seems intent on populating the whole world. Among shorebirds, the closest thing to a North American invasion occurred in 1927. Large flocks of lapwings that were known to have left England for Ireland during the night of December 18th-19th were overtaken by fog and violent winds, and by December 20th they were appearing in thousands throughout the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Had they arrived at a benign time of year, a few might have established themselves, but in a very few days the last of them died of cold and hunger.

Ruffs and curlew sandpipers appear regularly on our North Atlantic coast (the first ruff was recorded before the Civil War, on Long Island, and since then it has turned up at least once in every coastal state from Maine to North Carolina), although the prevailing winds are set against them; redshanks and other European birds come also. But the obstacles in the way of westward wandering across the Atlantic are great, and it may be that some of the accidental visitors do not come direct from Europe but from southward points on their migration route, riding the east winds of the Canary Current or the tropical storms that build off the coast of Africa.

North American birds, conversely, have no trouble getting lost, riding rapidly to Europe on the strong westerlies of the North Atlantic; the jet streams of high altitudes can blow them there in a matter of hours. New World visitors are comparatively abundant, especially in Great Britain (bird-watchers are also abundant in Britain, but this does not entirely account for the high incidence of accidentals), and the most frequent visitors by far are the wind birds. Yellowlegs of both species go regularly to Europe, as do the long-billed dowitcher and solitary sandpiper. But the commonest wanderer, with sixty-two recorded sightings, is the pectoral sandpiper, which goes too far in so many other directions as well.

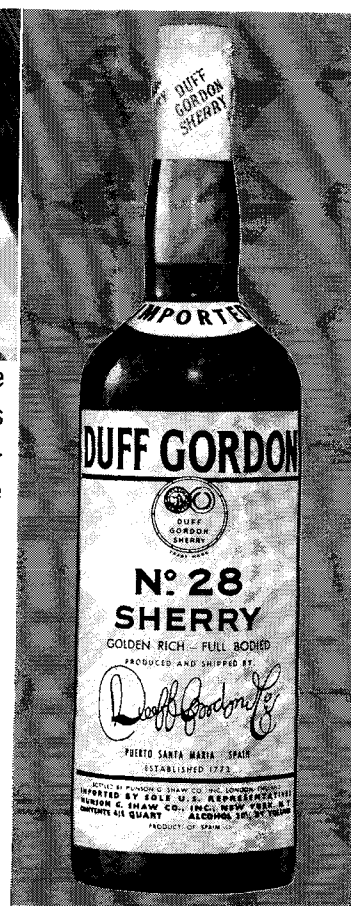
A more surprising chronic stray is the buff-breasted sandpiper. Like the stilt sandpiper, the buff-breast has very narrow migration lanes, clinging close to the 100th meridian, and it ventures even more rarely than its kinsman as far east as the Atlantic coast. In the spring, it is so faithful to its route that the majority of buff-breast migrants cross the Gulf of Mexico and alight in certain fields near Rockport, Texas, then make a second long-distance flight



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to certain fields near Edmonton, Alberta, to the virtual exclusion of all stopping points in between. But while the prudent stilt sandpiper has remained a homebody, daring but one recorded visit across the Atlantic, the buff-breast of the fall has delighted and surprised new friends not only in England but in France, Switzerland, Heligoland, and Egypt.

Other anomalies have been noted among transatlantic vagrants. Species of predominantly coastal distribution and also those which make long trans-oceanic migrations cross the Atlantic far less often than several species of more inland distribution, whereas species that breed in the western Nearctic wander more commonly to Europe than those breeding farther east; the pectoral sandpiper of Siberia and Alaska is eight times as common in England as the Baird's sandpiper, even though the Baird's nests as close as Greenland. The theory is that the western nesters, which mainly strike eastward before heading south, are more apt to carry on to England than species that set out on a more southerly course at the beginning of migration.

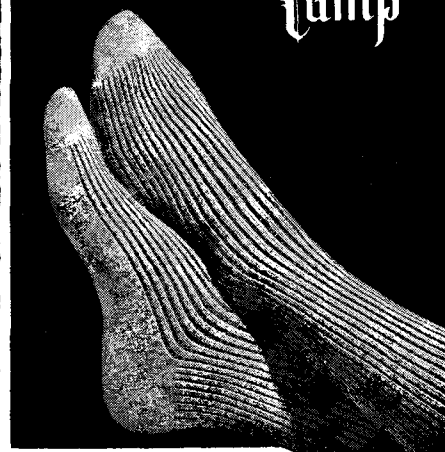
Shorebird wanderers have not been limited to European travel. The Hudsonian godwit has flown at least twelve times to New Zealand, a place so remote from its natural haunts that one must suppose that it followed the bar-tailed godwits which belong there. (The Hudsonian godwit and several other North American shorebirds recorded in New Zealand have never been recorded in Australia; whether this is a tribute to the bird-watchers of New Zealand or a phenomenon of zoogeography is not yet known.) In 1953, the sharp-tailed sandpiper of Siberia, which occurs in migration in north-west Alaska and winters in the south-west Pacific, turned up at Tristan da Cunha—that small volcanic peak of a submerged mountain range in the ocean wastes between Africa and South America. The red phalarope has found itself as far inland as Kansas and Colorado, while a jaçana has alighted on a ship forty miles at sea off the coast of Surinam. Young long-billed dowitchers, Wilson's phalaropes, and western willets straggle eastward in late summer as far as the Atlantic seaboard (fall willets at Sagaponack are more likely to be westerns than not), a form of juvenile wandering analogous to the northward explorations of young summer egrets. Post-juvenile dispersion, as it is called, cannot be accounted for on the basis of food alone; in many creatures besides man the

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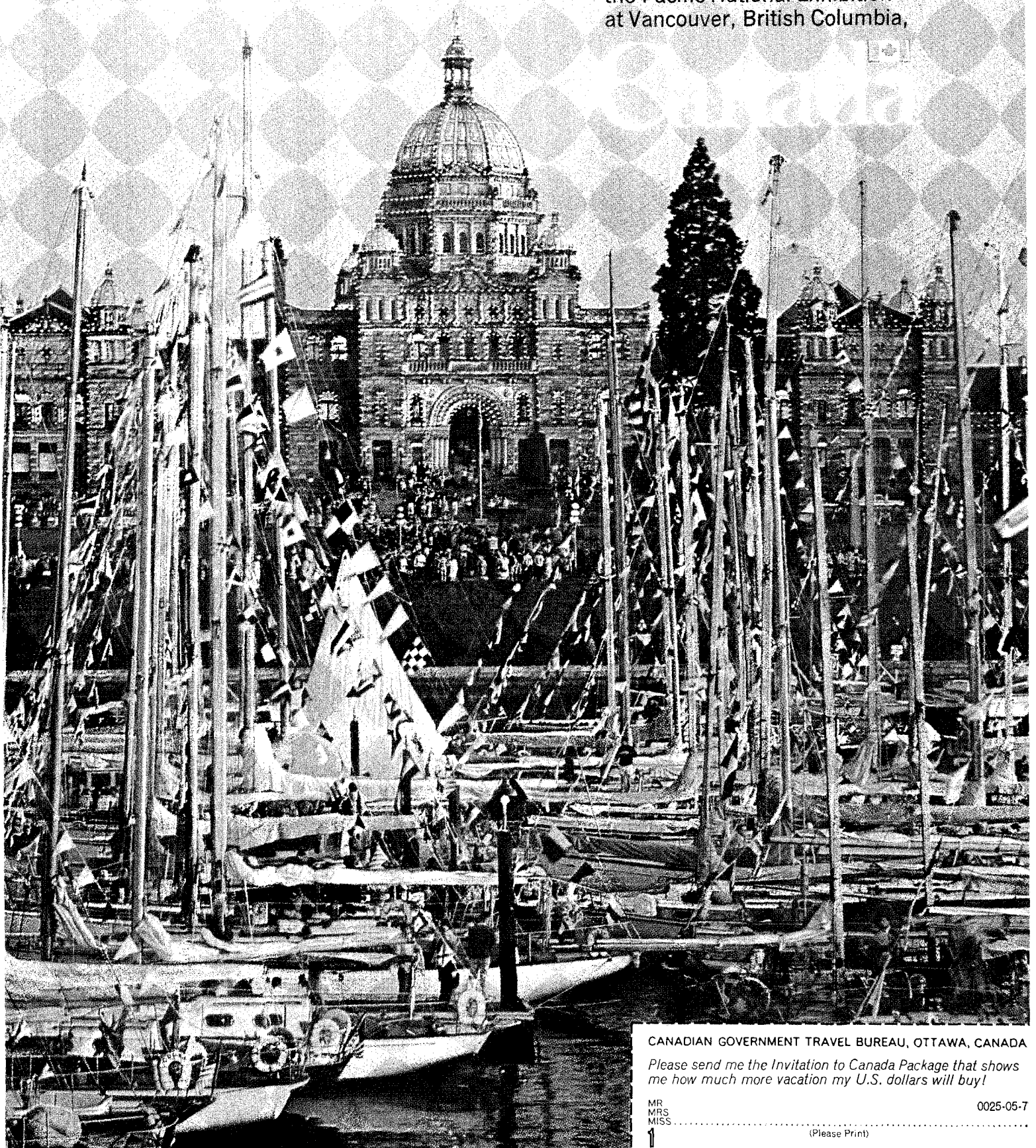


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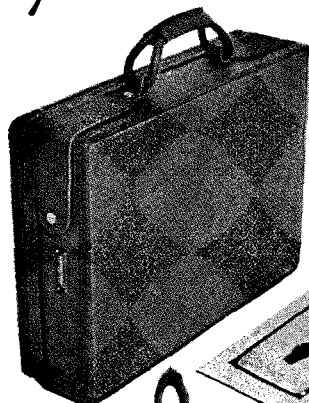
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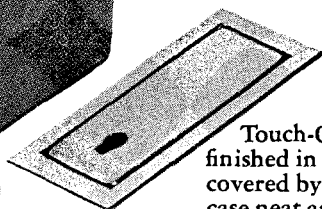


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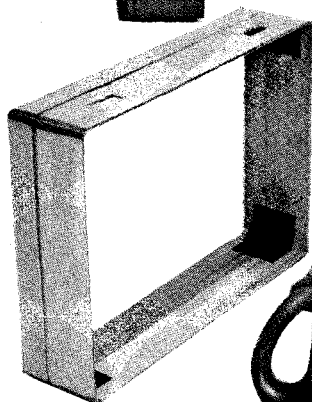
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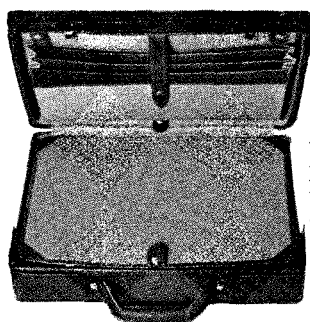
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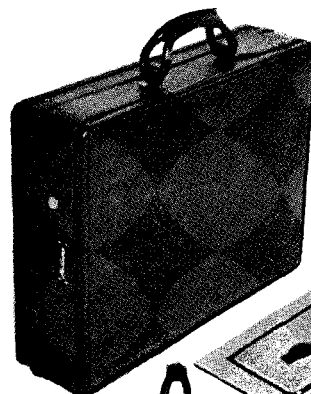
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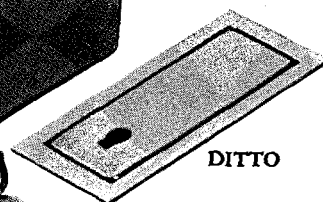


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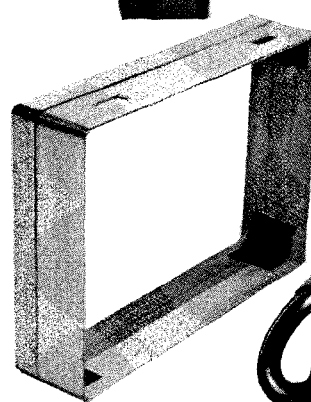
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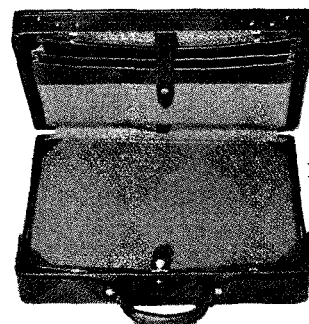
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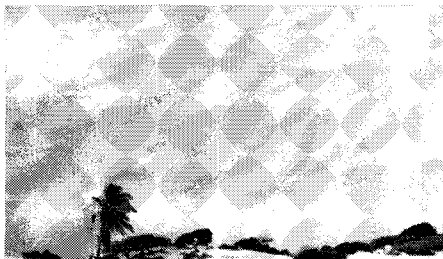
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young are more adventurous and less set in their ways, and thus prone to disorganized behavior.

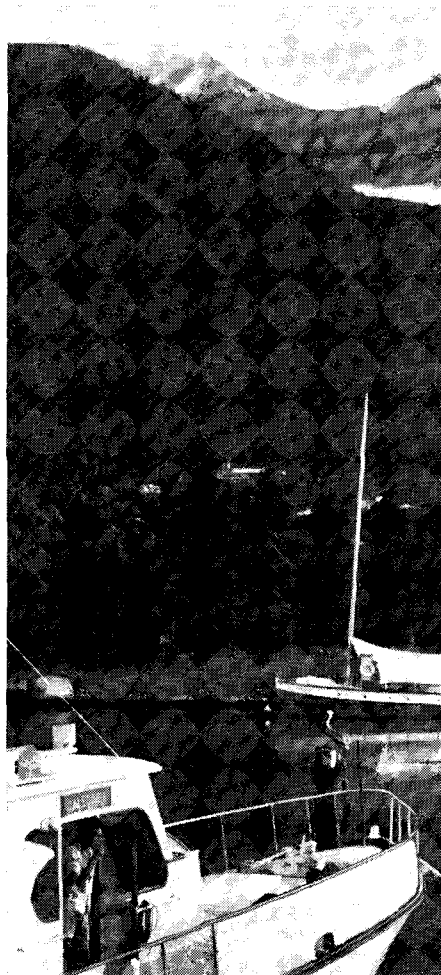
The westerly winds of the northern land mass, which account for a general drift from west to east of autumn migrants, may also explain this curious characteristic of shorebird distribution—that almost no shorebirds winter west, or even southwest, of their breeding grounds. The exceptions to the rule are three, and two of these—the marbled godwit and the avocet—migrate to both ocean coasts and then southward, wintering west as well as east of their summer range. The third exception is the mountain plover. In one of the most rigid and least explicable of all migrations, this plover travels southwest six hundred miles from its breeding grounds on the Great Plains, across the Rockies and the Coast Range, to California; many of the arrivals in California then proceed south into northern Mexico, a region reached easily from the Great Plains without the trouble of negotiating two north-south ranges of high mountains. (Despite its name, which was given it only because the first specimen was taken in the Rocky Mountain foothills, this bird is not partial to mountains; it is a bird of short-grass country, and would be better named the plains plover.) So fixed is it in its habits that though it breeds in Montana and Wyoming, it has never been recorded in the adjoining state of Idaho, or in Nevada, or in Oregon.

Except for those species, like the surf-bird, wandering tattler, and black turnstone, which rarely or never leave the Pacific perimeter, the great majority of the Alaskan nesters make a kind of transcontinental migration, flying southeast to Hudson Bay or the Atlantic Ocean before proceeding southward. This is markedly true of the western sandpiper, which breeds in northern and western Alaska and the Chukchi Peninsula of Siberia and winters chiefly in the Carolinas, and of the Hudsonian godwit and white-rumped sandpiper, which commonly perform the ocean flight from the Canadian Maritimes to South America. Similarly, a number of buff-breasted sandpipers move east to Hudson Bay and, rarely, onward to the coast. From there, the buff-breast apparently heads southwest, across the Appalachians (it is not known to migrate through the South Atlantic states) to Central America, then southeast again to the Argentine. This odd zig-zag route may be shared by the scattering of Baird's sandpipers that come east in the fall migrations, for their move-

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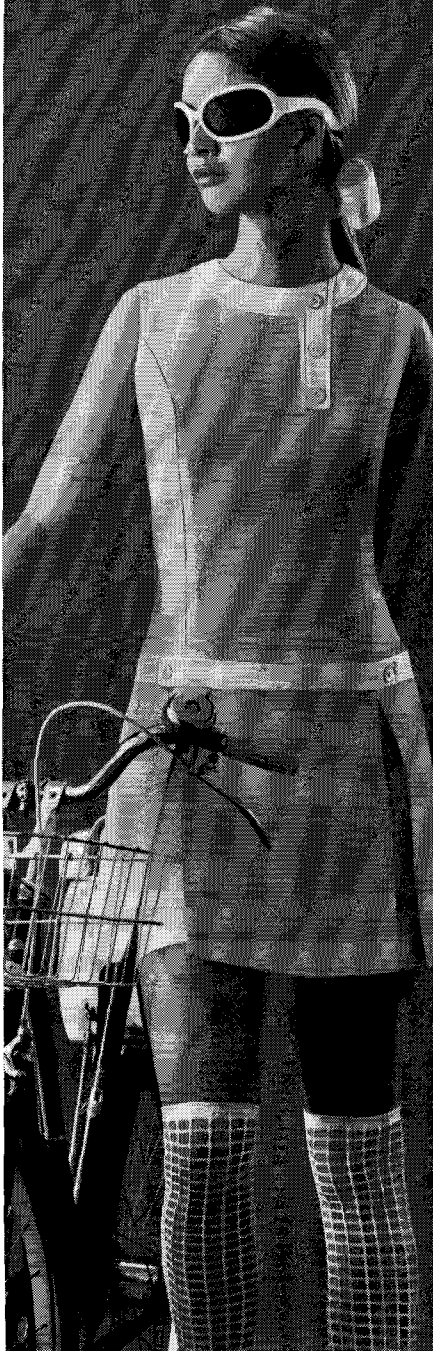
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ments are also obscure once they leave the North Atlantic. There are few records of the Baird's sandpiper in the Southeastern states and the West Indies.

Not all migrants, in other words, select the shortest route, much less the easiest. The Baird's sandpiper migrates commonly along mountain chains in both the Andes and Rockies that would serve as barriers to ordinary birds; it has been seen flying busily along in the rarefied air at thirteen thousand feet. Similarly, the pectoral sandpiper has been recorded at thirteen thousand feet in Colorado and twelve thousand feet in Argentina. While it may be that only the Baird's and pectoral sandpipers use the great cordilleras as a migration route, many wind birds migrate at high altitudes when conditions favor them. This would seem particularly logical for those that migrate after dark. The moon illumines coasts and rivers that serve as guidelines even in the night, and when the clouds close over, the night fliers may rise to high, clear altitudes, their course oriented to the stars.

The sun is also used as a point of orientation—and certain shorebirds travel in the day as well as at night—but the majority of the smaller migrants prefer darkness. In daylight, when the sun consumes precious energies needed for flight, it is more economical to feed and rest; at night the air is apt to be more stable, and fewer predators are abroad. (Migrating birds, in the intensity of their journey, are notably unwary, and may view with detachment small reductions of their number by hawk or prowling coon. But shorebirds can usually outmaneuver hawks in the rare instances when they cannot outfly them; on the several occasions that I have watched a peregrine falcon in pursuit of shorebirds, a shorebird was overtaken only once. The victim was a lone yellowlegs, caught low over the Sagaponack flats, and it was knocked spinning to the ground like a feathered pinwheel. But the falcon, out of apathy or inexperience, did not turn fast enough to pin it down, nor did it pursue the wind bird very far when the latter pulled itself together and took off again with an impressive turn of speed.)

The night fliers rest well into the twilight, and most are aloft a short time after dark. Just before midnight, the migration reaches its peak; then a telescope trained on the moon can show a steady stream across the sky. Before dawn, the tired birds have dropped onto other margins, hundreds of miles south. There they may rest a day, a fortnight, or a month, depending on food, weath-



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er, and the skies remaining between that point and their destination.

HOW birds orient themselves during migration remains the greatest of the unsolved questions in all avian studies. The young of the great distance fliers, starting southward without guidance on journeys of thousands of miles, must have at least an innate sense of primary direction. A distinction should be made between directional sense, in which the bird, transplanted five hundred miles west of its intended route, would theoretically arrive five hundred miles west of its destination, and true homing ability, possessed by a few species, which would permit them to compensate for such a displacement by the time they had arrived at their home latitudes. Most migrants do not seem to allow for wind displacement in flight after their course is set, but they can apparently adjust the course, once arrived at a resting point, and have been observed to return east or west again before proceeding southward. Sense of direction, in adult birds, is probably supplemented by high-altitude search and by acute visual memory, which permits them to return to a given point once they arrive within a wide radius of the area. It also seems to be supplemented by an internal timing mechanism, not yet understood, that gives the migrant some kind of azimuth bearing, using the sun or stars.

For reasons of food and prevailing winds, the golden plover, which came up from the Argentine in spring by way of Peru and Yucatán, perhaps, or flew from Peru to the Gulf Coast and proceeded up the Mississippi Valley, does not return by the same route. Most, though not all, will complete an elliptical migration, the southbound arc of which takes them from their nesting grounds southeast across the continent to western New England and Delaware—a few go as far east as Nova Scotia, and even Labrador—and on out across the open sea to South America; those seen at Sagaponack and elsewhere on the North Atlantic coast have probably been deflected there by fog or storm. The Eskimo curlew also made an elliptical migration, and the Hudsonian godwit and white-rumped sandpiper make one still. But these species may rest at Bermuda and in the Antilles, where the golden plover is quite rare; the first place in which the plover turns up commonly is the Guianas.

Yet even assuming an advanced navigational ability, how does one explain why many young golden plover, as if

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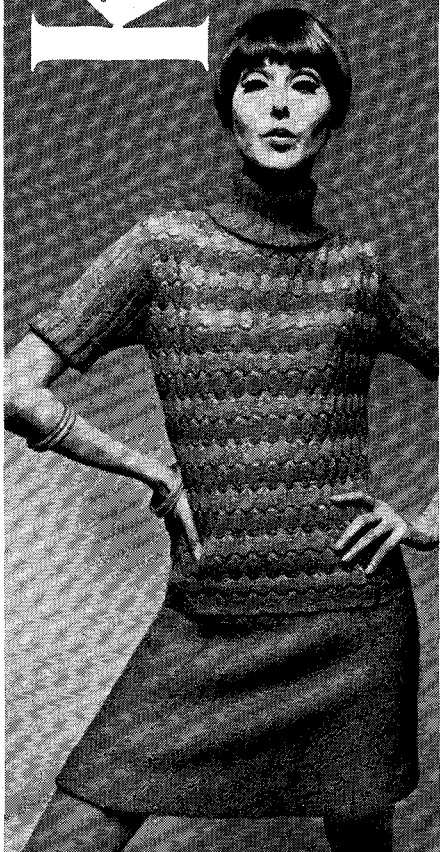
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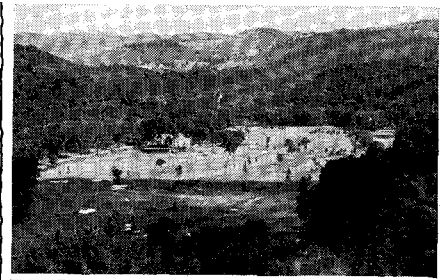
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in defiance of the directional sense inherited from their parents, fail to follow the southeastward path that the adult birds have taken a few weeks earlier, choosing instead to take, in reverse, the path that brought the adults north? The choice of the interior route spares the young birds the awesome transoceanic flight of the adults, so that they may live to make that flight another year, but no known theory can explain how they find their way; a few authorities, dissatisfied with all other explanations, have wondered if the young migratory bird inherits a topographic knowledge of the globe (an inherited knowledge of the constellations has already been established), or at least of that segment of it which the bird must span each spring and autumn.

The great overseas flights add the question of ocean navigation to the problem of orientation. If migrants use topographical features to refine a route based primarily on an inherited sense of direction, what landmarks prevent the wind bird that spans the gray reaches of the sea from being carried far off course, or otherwise losing itself so irremediably that it must burn its strength and drop into the water, to flutter and blink and float a little before drifting down like a dead leaf into the void? The ocean itself gives its mute signs—the cloud lines, for example, registering a change in air temperature and humidity in the region of, say, the Equatorial Current, and the long lines of sargassum and spindrift that betray the wind patterns, and the high cumulus that, looming over island outposts beyond the horizon, is visible to high-flying birds hundreds of miles away. But all these signs presume fair weather and prevailing winds; considering the mixed conditions that the wind birds meet successfully in annual journeys of fifteen thousand miles or more, a large percentage of each species must somehow survive being caught at sea when those signs have been erased by heavy fog, or overcast, or even windlessness. And so there remains a mystery, and one pores anew over refuted theories based on bird sensitivity to the atmosphere's electric waves or to the guidelines of the earth's magnetic fields. Birds have been carried to far places in revolving cages or sent aloft with magnets fastened to their heads without noticeable impairment of their homing ability. No experiment has ever proved that a bird can orient itself magnetically, but neither can the possibility be discarded, for the talent has been demonstrated in the otherwise ungifted common



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mud snail of our own Atlantic coast.

The combination of abilities and experience doubtless differs from species to species. Certain sedentary birds have no homing ability whatever, while certain seabirds perform feats of navigation that confound the theorists, especially those who have left no place for metaphysics. None of the theories or combinations of theories currently considered reasonable provides an explanation of how a shearwater released in Venice, on a sea that none of its species ever visit, could, and did, return on an unfamiliar east-west bearing—across the European land mass in all likelihood—to its nesting ledge on a skerry in the Irish Sea, not in the season following but in twelve and a half days. There is no reason to suppose that a shorebird put to an equivalent test could not perform as well; and in regard to such fine, strange happenings the exact scientists must do much better than they have done in the way of rigorous explanation if the rest of us are not to continue calling mystery by its proper name.

THE departure of curlew from a given place often occurs just prior to a storm, and in ancient days in England the curlew's cry boded no man any good. Of the golden plover it was said in Lancashire that its sad whistle was the plaint of errant souls—not any old souls but the souls of those Jews who had lent a hand at the Crucifixion. In the North of England, curlews and whimbrels were called "Gabriel's hounds;" the name "whimbrel" comes from "whimpernel," which, in the Durham Household Book of 1530, refers to a habit attributed to it of hound-like whimperings. Both birds were known as harbingers of death, and in the sense that they are birds of passage—that in the wild melodies of their calls, in the breath of vast distance and bare regions that attends them, we sense intimations of our own mortality—there is justice in the legend. The voices recall the pain of transience, of a high beauty passing swiftly, as the curlew passes, leaving us in solitude on an empty beach, with summer gone and a wind blowing.

—PETER MATTHIESSEN

(This is the second of two articles
on shorebirds.)

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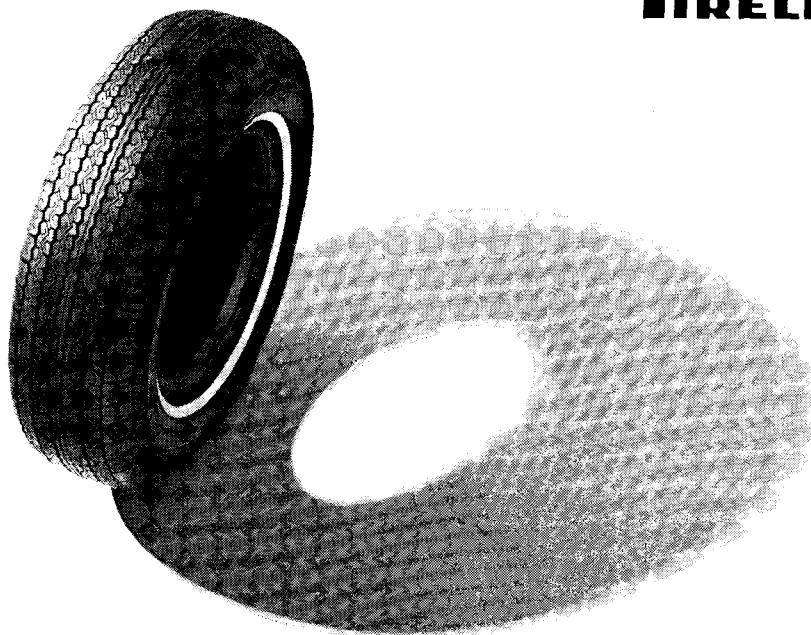
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PIRELLI





OFF BROADWAY

IT is almost impossible to tell anything about Bertolt Brecht's "Drums in the Night" in its current production at Circle in the Square. Rarely have I seen actors, many of them experienced, who seemed so ill at ease, so unsure of what was expected of them. Yet I doubt that they were defacing a masterpiece. "Drums in the Night," I suspect, doesn't amount to much even under ideal circumstances. Brecht wrote it in 1918, when he was only twenty and when Germany was on the brink of a Communist revolution. What does come through even the poor performances and direction and the grating, day-before-yesterday colloquialisms of Frank Jones' tacky translation is an atmosphere—the atmosphere of defeat. Watching this early play, I kept wondering whether some of Brecht's cringing cynicism, which I have always found so disturbing, and his disaffection for

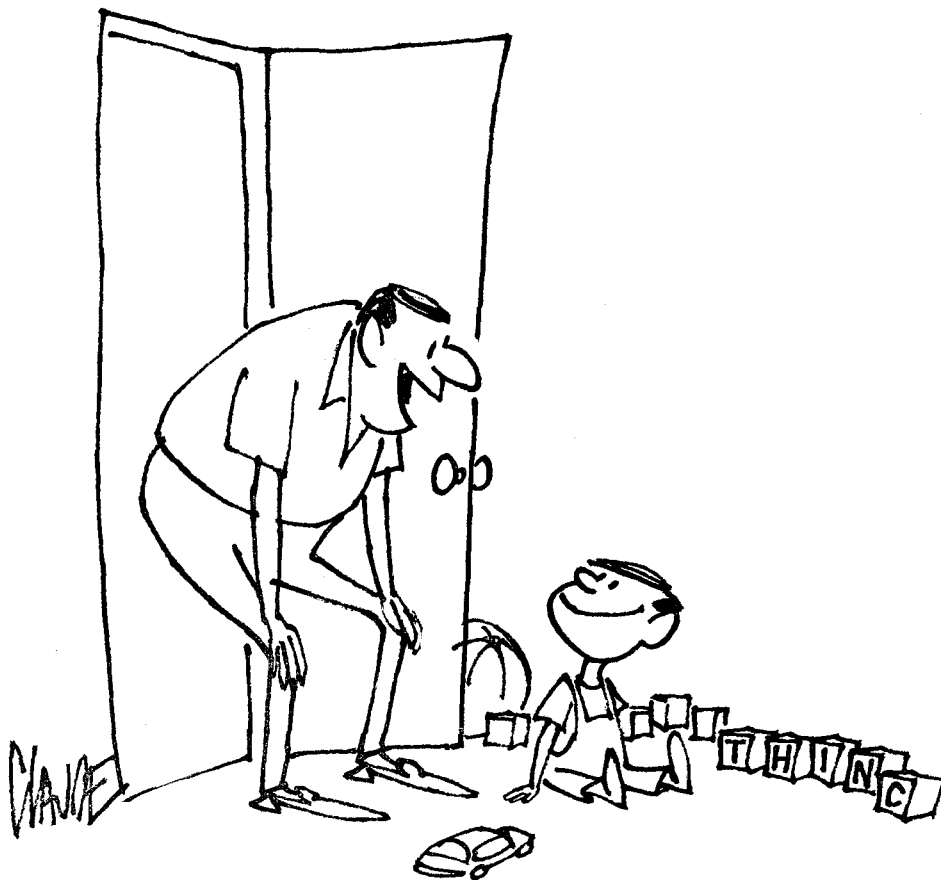
Germany did not really stem from his feeling betrayed because his country had lost a war. Maybe, maybe not. The one exception to the poor performances, by the way, is that of Michael Egan, who gave poise and presence to the part of a journalist hovering around the edge of the action but rarely in it.

The action takes place in Berlin. Angry, starving mobs prowl the streets, and there are sounds of gunshots and the ruffle of drums. A soldier, reported dead three years earlier, returns, mud-stained and battered, from a prison camp in Africa to find that his girl, at the urging of her prosperous parents, has decided to marry a lout by whom she has become pregnant. The lout is a war profiteer—a self-made lout. There are four scenes: the first at the girl's house, where the engagement is celebrated at a dinner, with everyone wolfing down pork and sauerkraut and

drinking quite a lot of wine; the second at an expensive café to which the engagement party moves, and where it is joined by the dirty, maimed soldier; the third at a low dive, where he is brought by a young whore, and where everyone sings one of those Teutonic "so-what" songs; and the fourth on the street with the armed rabble. Boy gets girl.

Well, the play is bad Brecht, with all the smart-aleck boorishness and sentimentality that, in better Brecht, is sometimes worth putting up with in return for originality and impudence and ribaldry and spurts of poetry and brilliance. These last qualities are in short supply at Circle in the Square, but there are hints of them here and there. Considered as the work of a twenty-year-old, "Drums in the Night" is kind of remarkable, I suppose. Even so, I hated it—a response that probably would have delighted the late German *maitre*, whose attitude toward his audience still beats me (though not for lack of explanation).

A TEAM that calls itself the Times Square Two and that has played many of the night clubs around the country is presenting, at the Gramercy Arts, what amounts to an attenuated night-club act, under the title "An Evening with the Times Square Two." The T.S.T. are Andrew i (rimless glasses, falsetto) and Mycroft Partner (beard, fake British accent). Mr. Partner may *be* an Englishman, for all I know, but, if so, he is an Englishman using a fake British accent. They wear identical Edwardian costumes, with heavy watch chains and flowing ties, and their stock in trade is that peculiar brand of cutting up that so often replaces comedy these days, known as the "put-on." Although they affect amateurishness, they are not amateurs. Their patter is a bore, but their delivery of it is flawless, their timing of fumbling sight gags is skillful, and so is their guitar playing, which accompanies silly renditions of such mildewed hits as "Ain't She Sweet?," "I Wanna Be Loved by You," and "Hello, Hawaii." Their choice of material is quite good; it's just that they behave like such damn fools. They didn't make me laugh at all, but I must say that the laughter they provoked in the audience sounded less stookey than the usual opening-night brand, and I must also say that I found them and even their complacency more tolerable at the end of the evening than I did at the beginning. —EDITH OLIVER



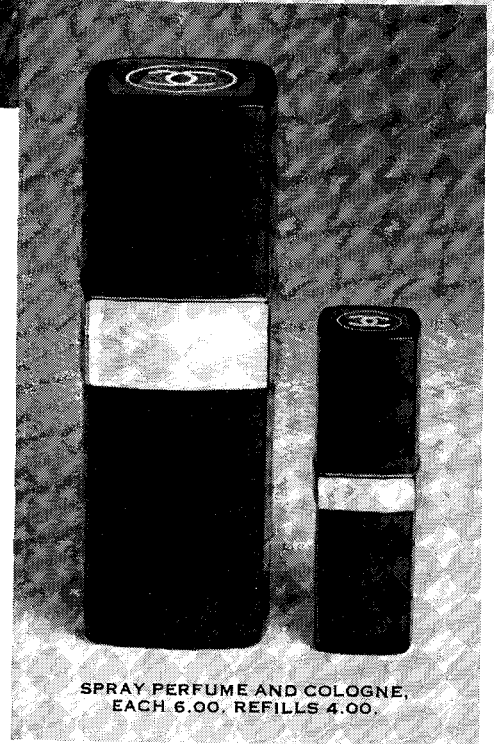
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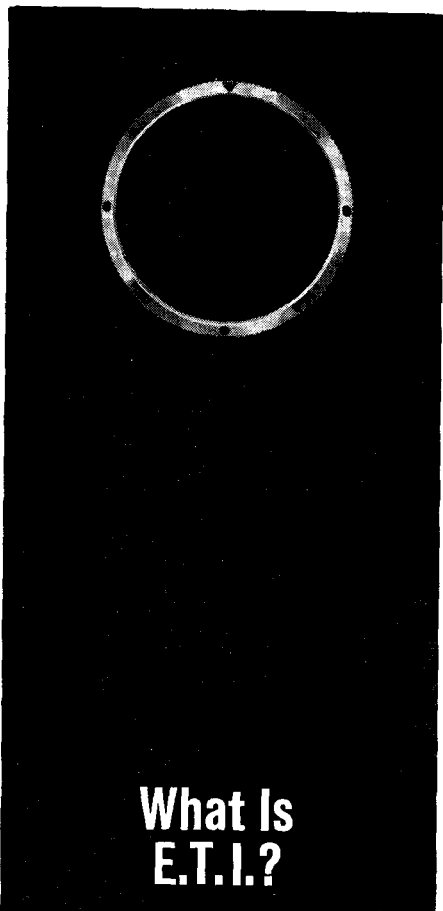
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Words and Music



SINCE the publication of the first three volumes of Alexander Wheelock Thayer's monumental "Life of Beethoven," in 1879, and the translation of the whole work into English by Henry E. Krehbiel, in 1921, the earlier biography of Beethoven by his close friend and associate Anton Felix Schindler has been thrown into the shade. Schindler's approach had been more romantic and hero-worshipping than that of the strictly objective Thayer, and at one point Schindler is said to have destroyed a good many documents in order to make his hero appear in an almost faultless light. Several years ago, Editha and Richard Sterba, in a psychoanalytical study of Beethoven, presented the Master as an extreme neurotic—in some respects almost a monster—and trounced Schindler in the process. Now Constance S. Jolly, under the editorship of Donald W. MacArdle, has translated Schindler's biography into English under the title "Beethoven as I Knew Him" (Chapel Hill; twelve dollars and fifty cents), and the English-speaking reader is at last in a position to make up his mind as to its merits or demerits. It is true that Schindler takes a much more optimistic and merry view of Beethoven's personality than more careful biographers have. But there is one advantage Schindler had that his other biographers have lacked. He was *there*. His account is that of an affectionate eyewitness, and though he may be accused of glossing over some things, there is an immediacy about his book that takes you into the presence of the great man and pictures his surroundings, his tantrums, and his moments of gloomy joy more vividly than others have. The book is, of course, indispensable for scholars, but it is also quite readable, and of great value to the average reader, provided he keeps Schindler's particular approach in mind.

"**B**EETHOVEN AS I KNEW HIM" is one of an unusual number of important books about music that have appeared this season. "Johann Sebastian Bach," by Karl Geiringer (Oxford), is both a biography and a careful study of Bach's work in the light of the most recent musicological scholarship—the most significant book on Bach in many years, and something that can-

not be ignored by any modern student of this great master. "Antonín Dvořák: Musician and Craftsman," by John Clapham (St. Martin's; twenty dollars), is important because it analyzes the complete works of the Czech composer, including many that are not at all known to concert audiences.

Gilbert Chase's "America's Music" (McGraw-Hill), always a useful history and compendium, is now out in a revised second edition. It covers its subject, on the whole, admirably, but there is one small detail in it that has always irritated me. Mr. Chase quotes, as an example of confused thinking, a statement by Edward MacDowell that seems to me about as profound a definition of music as I have ever come across, to wit: "The high mission of music... is neither to be an agent for expressing material things; nor to utter pretty sounds to amuse the ear; nor a sensuous excitant to fire the blood, or a sedative to lull the senses; it is a *language*, but a language of the intangible, a kind of soul-language." True, the statement has a somewhat old-fashioned ring, but to my mind it is a hundred per cent correct. The idea of music as a matter of sound effects rather than as a meaningful language has become the curse of twentieth-century composition, and it is one of the reasons that audiences have generally shown so little interest in twentieth-century music.

Irving Kolodin's "The Metropolitan Opera" (Knopf; fifteen dollars), another useful reference work, is also out in a new edition. I refer to it regularly to check names and dates. I sometimes find Mr. Kolodin's substitution of opinion for fact slightly dismaying in a work that is obviously intended for reference, but the book covers ground that is not covered elsewhere, and for the most part it is valuable to those interested in New York's operatic history.

The indefatigable musicologist Hans Gal has produced an absorbing work called "The Musician's World" (Arco; twelve dollars and fifty cents), which is an anthology of hundreds of letters written by great composers from the time of Orlando Lasso (1532-94) to that of Strauss and Schoenberg. The choice of great figures is generally sound, though Alban Berg, Webern, Prokofieff, and Sibelius, who were certainly among the most important of early-twentieth-century composers,

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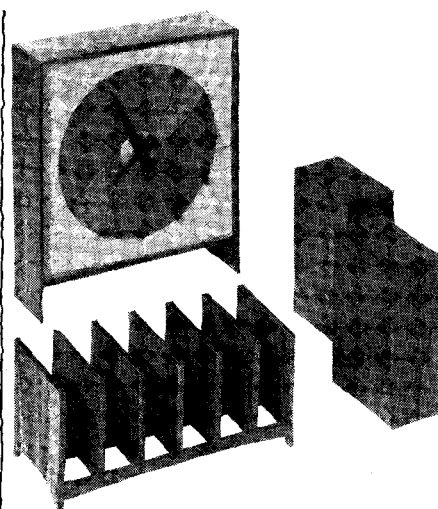
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are omitted. This book does not replace the various published collections of letters by great composers, but it does offer the casual reader a deftly chosen sample, and a fairly generous one, of the correspondence of a large number of very interesting people. Dr. Gal, in his preface, notes that musicians as a rule are not expert in expressing themselves in words, but that they "can be as blunt, as outspoken, as rude, as epigrammatic as any person alive."

IN "Opera: Grand and Not So Grand" (William Morrow), Mary Jane Matz, who has been involved in opera as a manager (Spoleto Festival) and editor (*Opera News*) for many years, presents a slightly disenchanted but highly informative account of how impresarios work, the financial side of opera, the problems faced by professional opera singers, small-town opera companies in America, the repertory, public reaction, how the composer goes about writing an opera, etc., etc.—in fact, just about everything that you don't learn when you buy a seat at the Metropolitan and go to see and hear what is set before you. Those who like opera may also be amused by "The Mapleson Memoirs" (Appleton-Century), a book originally published in 1888 and now brought out for modern readers, carefully edited and annotated by Harold Rosenthal. These are the memoirs of the redoubtable and celebrated English impresario James Henry (though usually known simply as Colonel) Mapleson, who produced opera widely in England and America between the years 1858 and 1888. Colonel Mapleson, while not the most accurate writer in the matter of names and dates, was a witty fellow, and his remembrances of everything from California wines (which he tasted in San Francisco, probably on what he describes as "the suggestively named 'Nob's Hill'") to the practice of Italianizing the names of non-Italian artists (which he disapproved of) are always bright-tempered and humorous. In the tradition of all impresarios, he was a harassed man. Among the shining lights he presented were Adelina Patti and Lillian Nordica.

Then, there is a little book of music criticism, mostly concerned with composers, called "Chords and Discords" (Crown), by the young British writer Colin Wilson. Like many who hear music but do not make a profession of criticism, Mr. Wilson is a fresh observer and deep lover of his subject. I find every one of his opinions eminently sound. Perhaps that is because he



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agrees, almost down to the slightest detail, with *me*.

For balletomanes, Natalia Roslavleva, an extraordinarily well-informed writer, has produced a book called "Era of the Russian Ballet, 1770-1965" (Dutton; ten dollars). It deals, as these dates indicate, with virtually the whole history of ballet in Russia. Mme. Roslavleva is insistent on the importance of ballet in Russia even before the appearance there of the great French choreographers Charles Louis Didelot, Jules Perrot, and Arthur Saint-Léon, in the nineteenth century, and in the main her approach is Russocentric. But she is, after all, writing about the *Russian* ballet, and during the nineteenth century St. Petersburg and Moscow were unquestionably the great centers of the art. Coming up to more recent times, Mme. Roslavleva notes the decline of ballet just after the Russian Revolution, and its resurgence later, mentioning a large number of modern ballets that have never been done on the tours of the Kirov and Bolshoi troupes. One wonders why they have not been shown outside the Soviet Union, and Dame Ninette de Valois, who has written a foreword to the book, wonders about this, too.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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THE ART WORLD

Object Poems

THE boxes of Joseph Cornell, seventy-eight of which (plus ten collages), done in the past thirty-five years, are being shown at the Guggenheim Museum, are primarily descendants of the slot machine. The tall, narrow portraits in the "Medici" series of boxes are kin to reflections in the mirrors of penny-candy dispensers (when Cornell discovered a particularly brilliant chewing-gum machine in the Thirty-fourth Street station of the B.-M.T., he rushed around urging his friends to go see it); the boxes comprising rows of bins that contain cubes, jars, or smaller boxes ("Multiple Cubes," "Pharmacy," "Nouveau Contes de Fées") recall the glass-covered cells in the Automat. Other Cornell objects are assembled in containers that derive from showcases, jewel caskets, and the old-fashioned drygoods-store cabinets of tiny drawers for thread and buttons. But among Cornell's variety of compartments the candy slot machine carries the most significance. It is both receptacle and contraption, storage space and toy. Offering its contents to all in an apparatus for delivering them, it yet isolates them from the crowds of passers-by. It also isolates the customer by engaging him in the game of inserting coins and pulling or turning knobs, and further accentuates his separateness by giving him a glimpse of himself in the glass. "Medici Slot Machine," one of the masterworks of the Cornell retrospective, combines bustle—represented by strips of film bordering the central figure, a compass under his feet, maps papering the walls and floor of the box—with timeless meditation. In the major vertical compartment, equivalent to the mirror of the penny machine, appears the artist's self-image, transposed into the almost full-length portrait of a big-eyed Renaissance princeling, sword at his side, encased behind crossed lines as in a gunsight. In smaller compartments on both sides of the prince, vertical rows of Renaissance faces in frames of movie film, and jacks and balanced balls, are poised as if to slide out when the mechanism is started. If the machine could be worked, it would yield a magical jackpot: self, a noble birth, the romance of the Renaissance, love, scientific discovery, entertainment.

The slot machine in which Cornell

encases his symbolic accretions is thus itself his most inclusive symbol. It represents his means of participating in the common life while holding himself strictly apart from it. He becomes a member of the crowd by making anonymous use of its games. Probably the most self-secluded artist in America—



the catalogue of his exhibition begins by declaring that "Little is known of Joseph Cornell's early life," and it contains none of the usual revelations provided by artists for such occasions—

Cornell has always been

drawn to popular-art products, but only when they have ceased to be popular; he has been a devoted collector of old movie films, old phonograph records, old picture postcards. His adaptation of the vending and amusement-park machine as the setting for his compositions, as well as his use of junk, printed matter, and ready-made commodities, has led to the linking of his work with the billboard and comic-strip images of the Pop painters and sculptors. But though it is founded, like theirs, upon the artifacts of the street, Cornell's art belongs to an entirely different aesthetic and emotional order—one might almost say a different culture. Warhol, Wesselmann, Lichtenstein, Rosenquist manipulate the soup label, the comic-strip "box," the photographic blowup as tokens of the public realm; Oldenburg's aggrandized pies and hamburgers outshout anything in Horn & Hardart. Cornell, by contrast, converts hardware-store goods—curtain rods, glasses, a piece of wire mesh—into elements of his inward, once-occurring vision that is both displayed and hidden in its container-theatre, as if one glimpsed it through a peephole. His materials are available to anyone, but in his use of them they take on an entirely subjective character. Each object enters his imagination carrying a large cargo of associations—in the box, it is redefined so as to become a term of a unique metaphor.

Nor do Cornell's displaced clock springs and illegible scraps of printed matter, though they draw on Duchamp's Dada experiments, have much in common with Dada or Surrealist assemblages. Cornell balances a ball of cork above a pair of rings and a broken clay pipe, not in order to induce a quiver of dissociation and disorder—or, like Duchamp, to construct an ab-



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surd machine—but to unveil secret affinities; his aim is not shock or "black humor" but to pin down a state of being in the concreteness of things. In "Deserted Perch," one of his more obvious compositions, the suggestion of diagonal movement from the lower-left-hand joint of the box, through a block affixed to the rear wall of the box, to a coiled spring and a decorative curved piece of wood at the upper-right-hand corner conveys with simple immediacy the flight of the vanished bird and the desolation of absence, before one notices on the floor of the box some colored bits of what must be plumage.

Cornell's ties with Surrealism are biographical rather than aesthetic or ideological; he began his career in 1932 by exhibiting in Julien Levy's Surrealist gallery, on Fifty-seventh Street, and in one of his earliest collages he pays tribute to Surrealism by including the sewing machine and operating table which the Surrealists had taken from Lautréamont as a trademark, though the oilcan and ears of corn Cornell incorporates in his composition seem to hint at irreverence. He also made a few attempts at Surrealist metamorphosis; another early collage represents a sailing vessel sprouting a cloudlike rose with a spider web inside it. By temperament, however, Cornell has more in common with New England spareness and transcendentalism, with Emily Dickinson's

If I could see you in a year,
I'd wind the months in balls,
And put them each in separate
drawers,
Until their time befalls

than with Surrealist diabolism, and he quickly abandoned nightmare, tricking the eye, and manipulation of scale in favor of the suggestive power of real things and lucid placement. To identify his boxes with the assemblages of Man Ray, Ernst, Dali, or Duchamp, or with recent "combines" of unrelated things, is to risk distorting the poetic dimensions of his work. Miss Diane Waldman's introduction to the Guggenheim catalogue seems to me to overstress the part of Surrealism in Cornell's imagery—probably out of fidelity to the historical record of his association with Surrealists; in her perceptive and informed readings of the boxes, they become, however, typical Symbolist creations. "L'Égypte de Mlle. Cléo de Mérode" is an open chest of oak lined with cream-colored marbled paper and containing twelve jars sealed with the same paper. "A

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description of one of the bottles," writes Miss Waldman, "gives some idea of its contents: *Sauterelles* (grasshoppers or locusts) contains a cut-out of two camels and bedouins from an old photograph of the Pyramids and a small green ball, both set in yellow sand. Cléo de Mérode was a famous ballerina in the 1890's. The goddess Hathor, pictured on the inside lid, is the goddess of love, happiness, dancing, and music, also goddess of the sky. Cléo in the title is also Cleopatra of Egypt. The composition of the box can be paralleled to the Egyptian involvement with the tomb and the afterlife, to the custom of securing in the tomb the articles most required by the deceased in his life after death," and so on. "L'Égypte," a synthesis of romantic fact (the ballerina of the eighteen-nineties), mysteries casually introduced (the goddess, the photograph of the Pyramids), and metaphysical overtones (love, death, eternity), belongs to the family of Thomas Mann's black gondola in "Death in Venice" and of the lovers exchanging their chest X-rays in "The Magic Mountain."

To Cornell, a sliver of mirror or some sticks nailed to a board are equivalents of the sunlit oceans and glistening temples of the Symbolist poets. He responds like Valéry to the infinity of the night, and shares with Mallarmé the idea of art as a cosmic game of chance. His objects are, to adopt the Symbolist phrase of Malraux, "money of the absolute." Sand, firmaments, and figures of the zodiac recur in the boxes done in the fifties, in which strips of sky starred by flecks of white paint replace the portraits of the "Medici" boxes. It is almost as if these works were responses to Baudelaire's lines in "The Voyage":

Show us those caskets of your rich memories,
Those marvellous jewels made of stars and ether.

In the constructions called "Hôtels" that Cornell did in this period, French names and settings that are suggestive of France's African colonies—parrots, adobe walls, sinister entrances, signs partly erased—evoke the Moorish paintings of Matisse, but with luxury changed to shabbiness. Structurally, these boxes, crudely nailed together out of rough-surfaced pieces of found wood, and papered with old maps or covered with thick white or yellow paint, tend—with their columns made of a dowel or slat—to parody classical architecture in the manner of provincial buildings. Shallow in depth, airless

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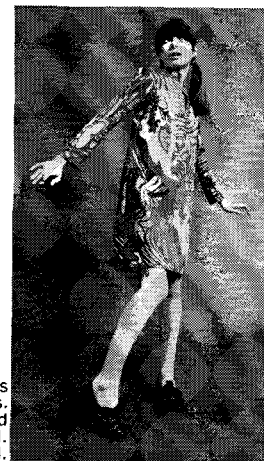
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as Poe's House of Usher, with their old-fashioned lettering, words like "Piano Forte," and names affixed with dripping glue, they diffuse an atmosphere of poverty and aging. In this context, Cornell's fondness for French titles places him in the tradition of American writers and painters, from Poe to Max Weber, who were immersed in the romance and decay of the Old World. His much-noted nostalgia is a longing less for childhood and his own past, as in the early collages of Rauschenberg, than for an order by which broken and faded things might be rescued and renewed. They are mementos of an abstract past comparable to the objects stripped of particulars in Eliot's "Rhapsody on a Windy Night":

The memory throws up high and dry
A crowd of twisted things;
A twisted branch upon the beach
Eaten smooth and polished...
A broken spring in a factory yard.

The "game" boxes (for example, "Dovecote," with its balls and open and closed apertures), which have most influenced younger artists, and the sand-boxes are, like "Medici Slot Machine," toys of a mind playing with possible relations and regaling itself with invented landscapes. The success of a Cornell depends upon the inner references of the objects as objects and of their spatial arrangement within the preconceived limits of the box. His few attempts at external statement, as in the collages for the "Americana Fantastica" issue of *View*, in which an Indian in a headdress, a levitating drummer boy, a tightrope walker, and a trapeze act are posed against a background of Niagara Falls, are astonishingly weak, and some recent commentary collages, such as "Interplanetary Navigation," which features angels and doves (of peace?), are rather superficial in conception and dissolute in color. These failures underline the distinction between mere messy juxtaposition and "simultaneity," which constitute so much of current "assembled" art, and the translation of objects into unique, untranslatable symbols that occurs in Cornell's best work. The power of his boxes lies in the recognitions of affinities that are unexpected yet as absolute as the placement of a line by Mondrian or a stroke by Kline. To have attained remoteness and fixity in everyday things, thus enabling them to serve as a language of signs, is Cornell's most remarkable achievement; his transmuted trash liberates

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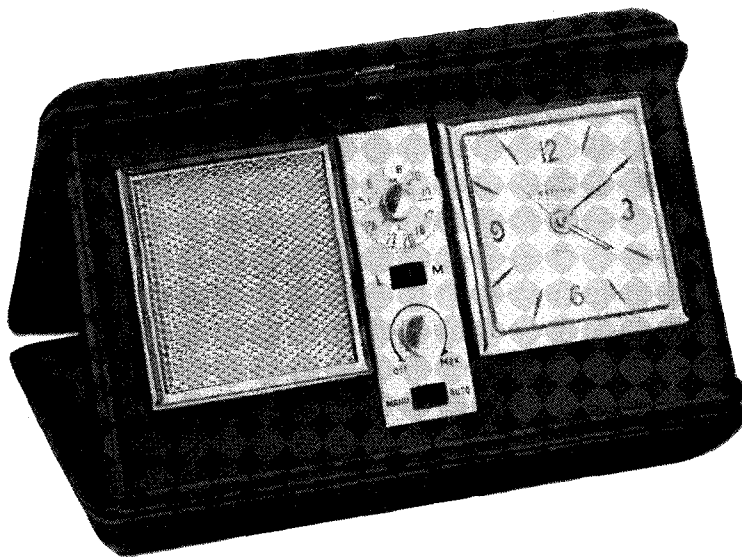
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metaphysical art from reliance upon traditional poetic emblems—fauns, swans—and mathematical forms in a manner comparable to the colloquialisms and snatches of song in "The Waste Land."

IF, with Cornell, objects are transformed into signs, in the art of Claes Oldenburg they become more material and public than they were to begin with. Oldenburg's plaster slices of cake, five-foot tubes of toothpaste, soft typewriters and washstands make visible what anyone cannot help seeing: an additional twist to the comedy of illusions. Oldenburg is the Columbus of the underfoot. His recent exhibition in New York involved a terrace covered with cigarette butts as big around as the knees of an elephant, a "Swedish Light Switch" (four feet in diameter, made of vinyl and foam rubber), a massive model of a toilet float designed to rise and fall with the tides of the Thames, and drawings and paintings for a monumental drainpipe to be located out of sight. Oldenburg designs mini-monuments, too—an ear to place in taxicabs or things to trip over in the street. A project that might arouse ambiguous feelings is his "modest monument" for Adlai Stevenson, in the form of the statesman's fallen hat set in the paving stone near Grosvenor Square where he was stricken. Oldenburg, whose bawdy, irreverent, and socially oriented humor contrasts with Cornell's retiring, puritanical sensitivity, is a practitioner of Kenneth Burke's "perspective by incongruity"—a formula he probably never heard of but one that describes his manner of making things stand out through exaggeration and inappropriateness. To Oldenburg, objects can be endlessly transformed without losing their identity; his wit lies in the variety of ways he can think of to make them over. One of his challenges to himself is seeing how far he can carry the estrangement of a familiar thing while preventing it from turning into something different. His "Giant Soft Fan," designed for the United States Pavilion at Expo 67, is as successful a piece in this respect as any he has done. Made of black vinyl, wood, and foam rubber, it is, visually, a jumble of simple volumes, of the planes of the fan's thick, pulpy blades, and of the interweaving lines of the "electric" cord, the whole being suspended from the ceiling by chains and anchored to the floor by the weight of the "plug" and its huge wooden prongs. This non-fan is poetic in a way that complements the poetry

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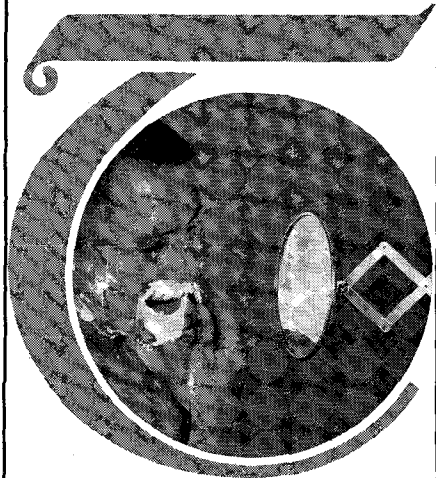
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of Cornell's boxes; like them, it extends the object into a universe of possibility. But whereas Cornell achieves an added dimension through converting material things into intangible signs, Oldenburg projects his typewriters and fans into a new material existence in which their forms are detached from utility. Once the electric fan was invented and became a presence in our visual world, our conception of it no longer had to be restricted to the proportions and substances required to make it work. In the vinyl fan, Oldenburg subverts the world of mass-produced commodities by means of homemade and useless equivalents. Against the artifice of the machine he matches those of the free mind, obviously confident that it will always be able to produce a worse mousetrap.

In creating formal equivalents to nature, Oldenburg is a traditionalist—the strongest position for a comedian. In the main, his novelty has depended upon his handling of the man-made—for while it is taken for granted that the sculpture of a horse need not be of the same dimensions and substance as the horse, the application of a similar rule to the sculpture of an electric fan arouses surprise. Unlike many of the new object-makers, Oldenburg draws well; his sketch of moving pool balls was one of the best items in his last show. Recent works include projects and drawings based on nature—the "Taxi Ear," "The Knees Monument" ("a set of knees to be erected on the Victoria Embankment," explains Oldenburg, who writes very well, in commemoration of the naked knees the artist was so much aware of in London in the summertime), and the drawing entitled "Looking Up Two Girls at Expo 67 Looking Up at a Giant Baseball Bat." Oldenburg is the liveliest artistic intelligence to emerge in the United States in the last ten years. In an environment that to many is overwhelmingly monotonous, he has discovered in objects familiar to all seemingly inexhaustible sources of illusion and irony.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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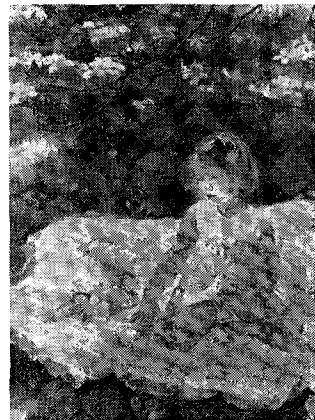
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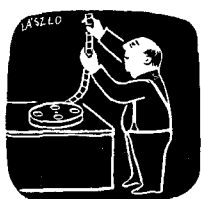
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merely hardworking; if it isn't uncharitable of me to say so, to be seen to be working hard is unbecoming to those no longer in their first youth. The photography is by Gianni Di Venanzo, who provides many pleasant glimpses of the Adriatic's tawny bride, and the musical score, with its frequent witty echoes of Puccini, is by John Addison.

"EL GRECO" appeared, on paper, to have several negatively promising attributes—it didn't have Charlton Heston in the title role, for example, and it wasn't based on some silly novelized biography by Irving Stone—but how fleeting and nugatory are the hopes we may entertain of ever seeing a serious movie about a great artist! Mel Ferrer as El Greco is even worse than Michel Heston as Charltonangelo, and the screenplay, which is credited to Guy Elmes, might well have been penned by Edward Stratemeyer, the immortal author of "The Rover Boys." Mel Ferrer—I mean El Greco—is surely one of the least approachable figures in the history of art, and this rubbishy picture doesn't come within light-years of entering his presence. The director of photography, Leonida Barboni, is the sole hero of the occasion: *his* Spain is authentic and enchanting, as the Spain of the director, Luciano Salce, is not.

"THE DRIFTER" is a sad little picture, written and directed by Alex Matter and starring John Tracy as the eponymous hero and Sadja Marr as the girl he has loved, or has *sort* of loved. The drifter—he has no other name—is a wary, good-looking young man whom it is not unfair to describe as a Stephen Dedalus without brains. We are supposed to see him as suffering from some dreadful, festering inner wound, but to me he seems to be suffering mainly from tired blood; in short, Mr. Matter has not found—has not even looked for—the means of dramatizing his hero's plight, and the beauty of the setting of the picture (it was shot on the beaches and bluffs and along the angry sea edge of Montauk) cannot make up for the absence of a good old-fashioned Aristotelian agon.

—BRENDAN GILL

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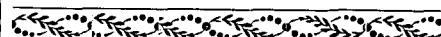
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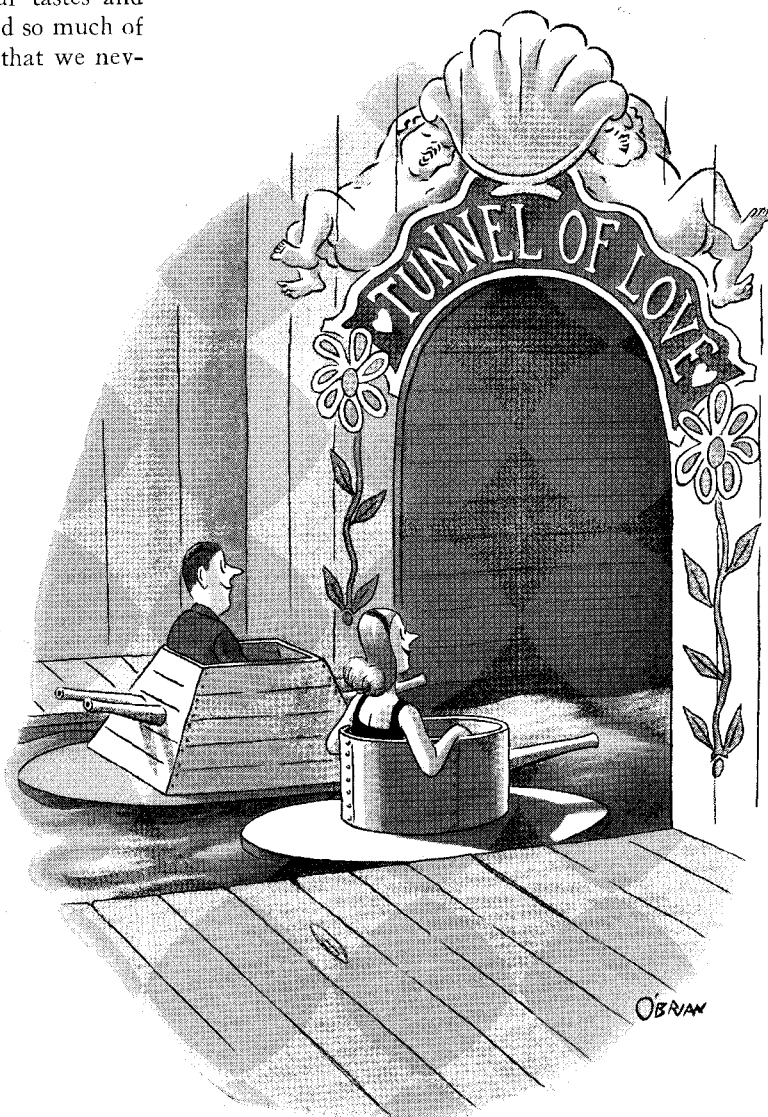
A FEW years ago, a jet on which I was returning to California after a trip to New York was instructed to delay landing for a half hour. The plane circled above the San Francisco area, and spread out under me were the farm where I was born, the little town where my grandparents were buried, the city where I had gone to school, the cemetery where my parents were, the homes of my brothers and sisters, Berkeley, where I had gone to college, and the house where at that moment, while I hovered high above, my little daughter and my dogs were awaiting my return. It was as though my whole life were suspended in time—as though no matter where you'd gone, what you'd done, the past were all still there, present, if you just got up high enough to attain the proper perspective. Sometimes I get a comparable sensation when I turn from the news programs or the discussion shows on television to the old movies. So much of what formed our tastes and shaped our experiences, and so much of the garbage of our youth that we never thought we'd see again—preserved and exposed to eyes and minds that might well want not to believe that this was an important part of our past. Now these movies are there for new generations, to whom they cannot possibly have the same impact or meaning, because they are all jumbled together, out of historical sequence. Even what may deserve an honorable position in movie history is somehow dishonored by being so available, so meaninglessly present. Everything is in hopeless disorder, and that is the way new generations experience our movie past. In the other arts, something like natural selection takes place: only the best or the most significant or influential or successful works compete for our attention. Moreover, those from the past are likely to be touched up

to accord with the taste of the present. In popular music, old tunes are newly orchestrated. A small repertory of plays is continually reinterpreted for contemporary meanings—the great ones for new relevance, the not so great rewritten, tackily “brought up to date,” or deliberately treated as period pieces. By contrast, movies, through the accidents of commerce, are sold in blocks or packages to television, the worst with the mediocre and the best, the successes with the failures, the forgotten with the half forgotten, the ones so dreary you don't know whether you ever saw them or just others like them with some so famous you can't be sure whether you actually saw them or only imagined what they were like. A lot of this stuff never really made it with any audience; it played in small towns or it was used to soak up the time just the way TV in bars does.

There are so many things that we, having lived through them, or passed

over them, never want to think about again. But in movies nothing is cleaned away, sorted out, purposefully discarded. (The destruction of negatives in studio fires or deliberately, to save space, was as indiscriminate as the preservation and resale.) There's a kind of hopelessness about it: what does not deserve to last lasts, and so it all begins to seem one big pile of junk, and some people say, “Movies never really were any good—except maybe the Bogarts.” If the same thing had happened in literature or music or painting—if we were constantly surrounded by the piled-up inventory of the past—it's conceivable that modern man's notions of culture and civilization would be very different. Movies, most of them produced as fodder to satisfy the appetite for pleasure and relaxation, turned out to have magical properties—indeed, to be magical properties. This fodder can be fed to people over and over again. Yet, not altogether strangely, as the

years wear on it doesn't please their palates, though many will go on swallowing it, just because nothing tastier is easily accessible. Watching old movies is like spending an evening with those people next door. They bore us, and we wouldn't go out of our way to see them; we drop in on them because they're so close. If it took some effort to see old movies, we might try to find out which were the good ones, and if people saw only the good ones maybe they would still respect old movies. As it is, people sit and watch movies that audiences walked out on thirty years ago. Like Lot's wife, we are tempted to take another look, attracted not by evil but by something that seems much more shameful—our own innocence. We don't try to reread the girls' and boys' “series” books of our adolescence—the very look of them is



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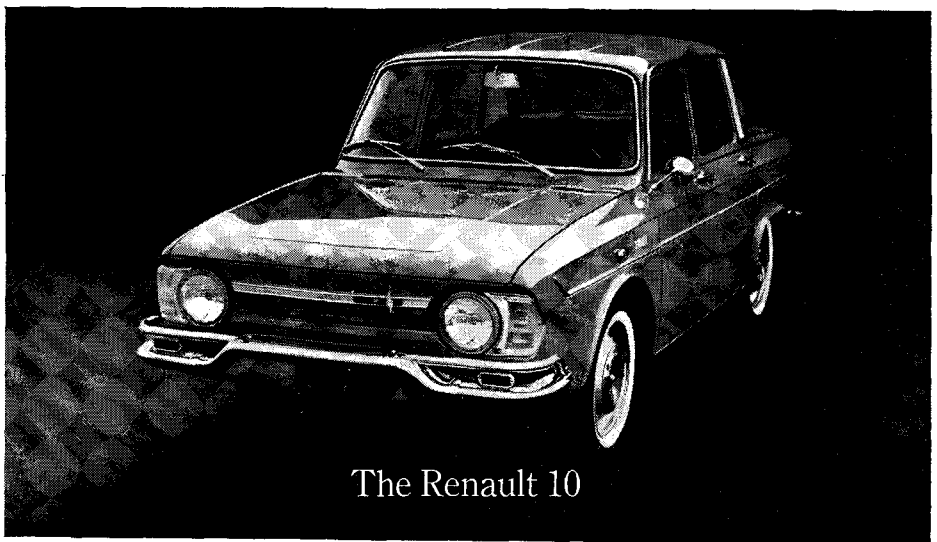
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dismaying. The textbooks we studied in grammar school are probably more "dated" than the movies we saw then, but we never look at the old school-books, whereas we keep seeing on TV the movies that represent the same stage in our lives and played much the same part in them—as things we learned from and, in spite of, went beyond.

NOT all old movies look bad now, of course; the good ones are still good—surprisingly good, often, if you consider how much of the detail is lost on television. Not only the size but the shape of the image is changed, and, indeed, almost all the specifically visual elements are so distorted as to be all but completely destroyed. On television, a cattle drive or a cavalry charge or a chase—the climax of so many a big movie—loses the dimensions of space and distance that made it exciting, that sometimes made it great. And since the structural elements—the rhythm, the buildup, the suspense—are also partly destroyed by deletions and commercial breaks and the interruptions incidental to home viewing, it's amazing that the bare bones of performance, dialogue, story, good directing, and (especially important for close-range viewing) good editing can still make an old movie more entertaining than almost anything new on television. (That's why old movies are taking over television—or, more accurately, vice versa.) The verbal slapstick of the newspaper-life comedies—"Blessed Event," "Roxie Hart," "His Girl Friday"—may no longer be fresh (partly because it has been so widely imitated), but it's still funny. Movies with good, fast, energetic talk seem better than ever on television—still not great but, on television, better than what is great. (And as we listen to the tabloid journalists insulting the corrupt politicians, we respond once again to the happy effrontery of that period when the targets of popular satire were still small enough for us to laugh at without choking.) The wit of dialogue comedies like Preston Sturges's "Unfaithfully Yours" isn't much diminished, nor does a tight melodrama like "Double Indemnity" lose a great deal. Movies like Joseph L. Mankiewicz's "A Letter to Three Wives" and "All About Eve" look practically the same on television as in theatres, because they have almost no visual dimensions to lose. In them the camera serves primarily to show us the person who is going to speak the next presumably bright line—a scheme that on television, as in theatres, is acceptable only when the line is bright. Horror and

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fantasy films like Karl Freund's "The Mummy" or Robert Florey's "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"—even with the loss, through miniaturization, of imaginative special effects—are surprisingly effective, perhaps because they are so primitive in their appeal that the qualities of the imagery matter less than the basic suggestions. Fear counts for more than finesse, and viewing horror films is far more frightening at home than in the shared comfort of an audience that breaks the tension with derision.

Other kinds of movies lose much of what made them worth looking at—the films of Von Sternberg, for example, designed in light and shadow, or the subtleties of Max Ophüls, or the lyricism of Satyajit Ray. In the box the work of these men is not as lively or as satisfying as the plain good movies of lesser directors. Reduced to the dead grays of a cheap television print, Orson Welles' "The Magnificent Ambersons"—an uneven work that is nevertheless a triumphant conquest of the movie medium—is as lifelessly dull as a newspaper Wirephoto of a great painting. But when people say of a "big" movie like "High Noon" that it has dated or that it doesn't hold up, what they are really saying is that their judgment was faulty or has changed. They may have overresponded to its publicity and reputation or to its attempt to deal with a social problem or an idea, and may have ignored the banalities surrounding that attempt; now that the idea doesn't seem so daring, they notice the rest. Perhaps it was a traditional drama that was new to them and that they thought was new to the world; everyone's "golden age of movies" is the period of his first moviegoing and just before—what he just missed or wasn't allowed to see. (The Bogart films came out just before today's college kids started going.)

Sometimes we suspect, and sometimes rightly, that our memory has improved a picture—that imaginatively we made it what we knew it could have been or should have been—and, fearing this, we may prefer memory to new contact. We'll remember it better if we don't see it again—we'll remember what it meant to us. The nostalgia we may have poured over a performer or over our recollections of a movie has a way of congealing when we try to renew the contact. But sometimes the experience of reseeing is wonderful—a confirmation of the general feeling that was all that remained with us from childhood. And we enjoy the fresh proof of the rightness of our responses



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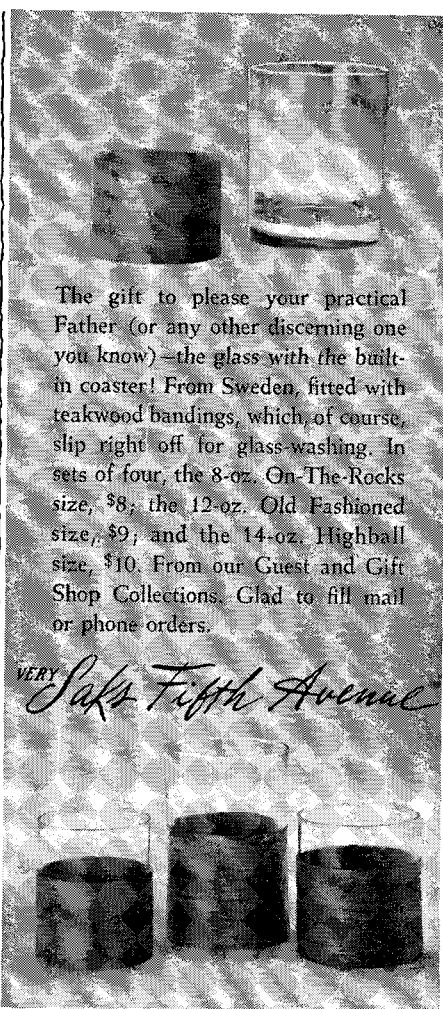
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that reseeing the film gives us. We re-experience what we once felt, and memories flood back. Then movies seem magical—all those madeleines waiting to be dipped in tea. What looks bad in old movies is the culture of which they were part and which they expressed—a tone of American life that we have forgotten. When we see First World War posters, we are far enough away from their patriotic primitivism to be amused at the emotions and sentiments to which they appealed. We can feel charmed but superior. It's not so easy to cut ourselves off from old movies and the old selves who responded to them, because they're not an isolated part of the past held up for derision and amusement and wonder. Although they belong to the same world as stories in *Liberty*, old radio shows, old phonograph records, an America still divided between hayseeds and city slickers, and although they may seem archaic, their pastness isn't so very past. It includes the last decade, last year, yesterday.

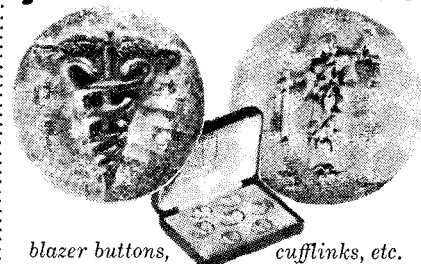
Though in advertising movies for TV the recentness is the lure, for many of us what constitutes the attraction is the datedness, and the earlier movies are more compelling than the ones of the fifties or the early sixties. Also, of course, the movies of the thirties and forties look better technically, because, ironically, the competition with television that made movies of the fifties and sixties enlarge their scope and their subject matter has resulted in their looking like a mess in the box—the sides of the image lopped off, the crowds and vistas a boring blur, the color altered, the epic themes incongruous and absurd on the little home screen. In a movie like "The Robe," the large-scale production values that were depended on to attract TV viewers away from their sets become a negative factor. But even if the quality of the image were improved, these movies are too much like the ones we can see in theatres to be interesting at home. At home, we like to look at those stiff, carefully groomed actors of the thirties, with their clipped, Anglophile stage speech and their regular, clean-cut features—walking profiles, like the figures on Etruscan vases and almost as remote. And there is the faithless wife—how will she decide between her lover and her husband, when they seem as alike as two wax grooms on a wedding cake? For us, all three are doomed not by sin and disgrace but by history. Audiences of the period may have enjoyed these movies for their action, their story, their thrills, their wit, and all this high living. But through our window on the



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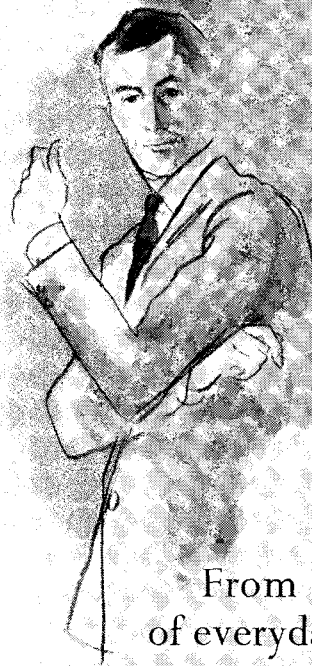
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past we see the actors acting out other dramas as well. The Middle European immigrants had children who didn't speak the king's English and, after the Second World War, didn't even respect it so much. A flick of the dial and we are in the fifties amid the slouchers, with their thick lips, shapeless noses, and shaggy haircuts, waiting to say their lines until they think them out, then mumbling something that is barely speech. How long, O Warren Beatty, must we wait before we turn back to beautiful stick figures like Phillips Holmes?

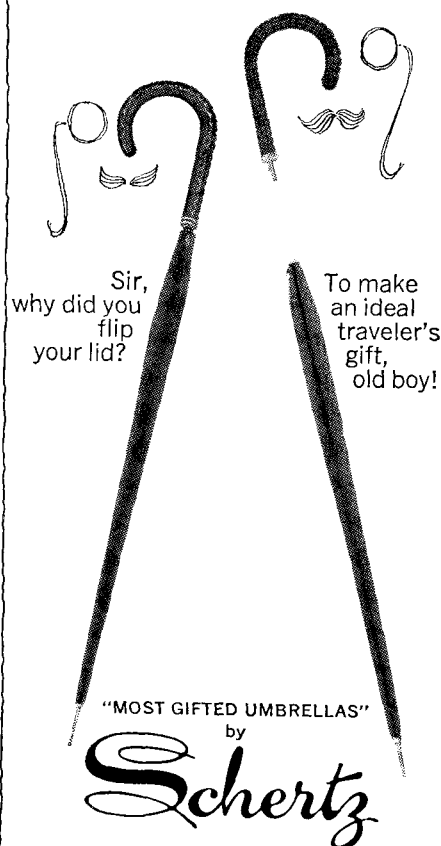
We can take a shortcut through the hell of many lives, turning the dial from the social protest of the thirties to the films of the same writers and directors in the fifties—full of justifications for blabbing, which they shifted onto characters in oddly unrelated situations. We can see in the films of the forties the displaced artists of Europe—the anti-Nazi exiles like Conrad Veidt, the refugees like Peter Lorre, Fritz Kortner, and Alexander Granach. And what are they playing? Nazis, of course, because they have accents, and so for Americans—for the whole world—they become images of Nazi brutes. Or we can look at the patriotic sentiments of the Second World War years and those actresses, in their orgies of ersatz nobility, giving their lives—or, at the very least, their bodies—to save their country. It was sickening at the time; it's perversely amusing now—part of the spectacle of our common culture.

Probably in a few years some kid watching "The Sandpiper" on television will say what I recently heard a kid say about "Mrs. Miniver": "And to think they really believed it in those days." Of course, we didn't. We didn't accept nearly as much in old movies as we may now fear we did. Many of us went to see big-name pictures just as we went to "The Night of the Iguana," without believing a minute of it. The James Bond pictures are not to be "believed," but they tell us a lot about the conventions that audiences now accept, just as the confessional films of the thirties dealing with sin and illegitimacy and motherhood tell us about the sickly-sentimental tone of American entertainment in the midst of the Depression. Movies indicate what the producers thought people would pay to see—which was not always the same as what they *would* pay to see. Even what they enjoyed seeing does not tell us directly what they believed but only indirectly hints at the tone and style of a culture. There is no reason to assume that people twenty or thirty years ago



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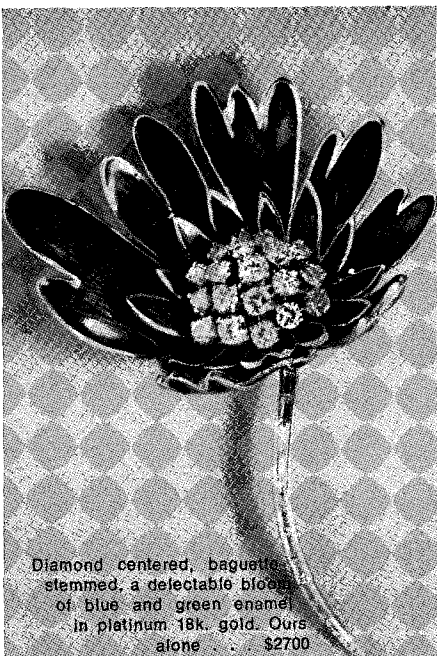


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were stupider than they are now. (Consider how *we* may be judged by people twenty years from now looking at today's movies.) Though it may not seem obvious to us now, part of the original appeal of old movies—which we certainly understood and responded to as children—was that, despite their sentimental tone, they helped to form the liberalized modern consciousness. This trash—and most of it was, and is, trash—probably taught us more about the world, and even about values, than our “education” did. Movies broke down barriers of all kinds, opened up the world, helped to make us aware. And they were almost always on the side of the mistreated, the socially despised. Almost all drama is. And, because movies were a mass medium, they had to be on the side of the poor.

Nor does it necessarily go without saying that the glimpses of something really good even in mediocre movies—the quickening of excitement at a great performance, the discovery of beauty in a gesture or a phrase or an image—made us understand the meaning of art as our teachers in art-appreciation courses never could. And—what is more difficult for those who are not movie lovers to grasp—even after this sense of the greater and the higher is developed, we still do not want to live only on the heights. We still want that pleasure of discovering things for ourselves; we need the sustenance of the ordinary, the commonplace, the almost-good as part of the anticipatory atmosphere. And though it all helps us to respond to the moments of greatness, it is not only for this that we want it. The educated person who became interested in cinema as an art form through Bergman or Fellini or Resnais is an alien to me (and my mind goes blank with hostility and indifference when he begins to talk). There isn't much for the art-cinema person on television; to look at a great movie, or even a poor movie carefully designed in terms of textures and contrasts, on television is, in general, maddening, because those movies lose too much. (Educational television, though, persists in this misguided effort to bring the television viewer movie classics.) There are few such movies anyway. But there are all the not-great movies, which we probably wouldn't bother going to see in museums or in theatre revivals—they're just not that important. Seeing them on television is a different kind of experience, with different values—partly because the movie past hasn't been filtered to conform to anyone's convenient favorite notions of film art. We

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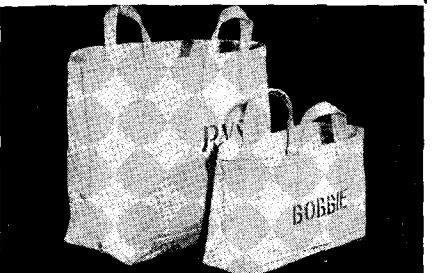
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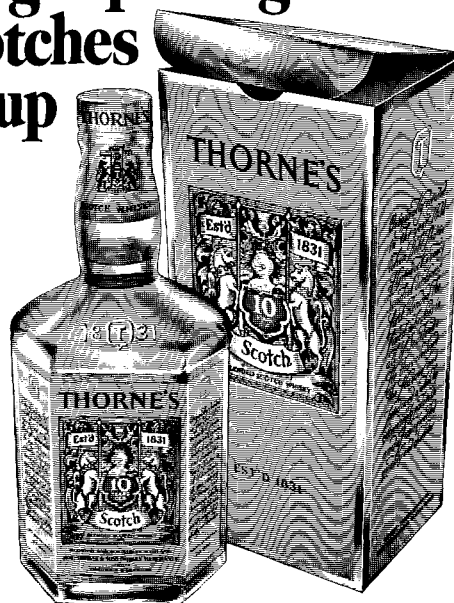
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make our own, admittedly small, discoveries or rediscoveries. There's Dan Dailey doing his advertising-wise number in "It's Always Fair Weather," or Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire singing and dancing "The Babbitt and the Bromide" in "Ziegfeld Follies." And it's like putting on a record of Ray Charles singing "Georgia on My Mind" or Frank Sinatra singing "Bim Bam Baby" or Elisabeth Schwarzkopf singing operetta, and feeling again the elation we felt the first time. Why should we deny these pleasures because there are other, more complex kinds of pleasure possible? It's true that these pleasures don't deepen, and that they don't change *us*, but maybe that is part of what makes them seem our own—we realize that we have some emotions and responses that *don't* change as we get older.

People who see a movie for the first time on television don't remember it the same way that people do who saw it in a theatre. Even without the specific visual loss that results from the transfer to another medium, it's doubtful whether a movie could have as intense an impact as it had in its own time. Probably by definition, works that are not truly great cannot be as compelling out of their time. Sinclair Lewis's and Hemingway's novels were becoming archaic while their authors lived. Can "On the Waterfront" have the impact now that it had in 1954? Not quite. And revivals in movie theatres don't have the same kind of charge, either. There's something a little stale in the air, there's a different kind of audience. At a revival, we must allow for the period, or care because of the period. Television viewers seeing old movies for the first time can have very little sense of how and why new stars moved us when they appeared, of the excitement of new themes, of what these movies meant to us. They don't even know which were important in their time, which were "hits."

But they can discover *something* in old movies, and there are few discoveries to be made on dramatic shows produced for television. In comedies, the nervous tic of canned laughter neutralizes everything; the laughter is as false for the funny as for the unfunny and prevents us from responding to either. In general, performances in old movies don't suffer horribly on television except from cuts, and what kindles something like the early flash fire is the power of personality that comes through in those roles that made a star. Today's high-school and college students seeing "East of Eden" and

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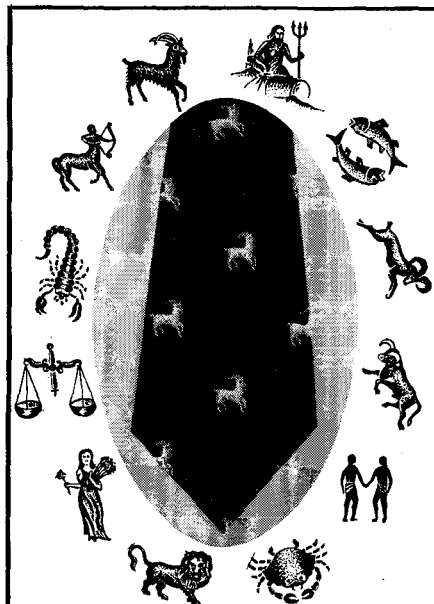
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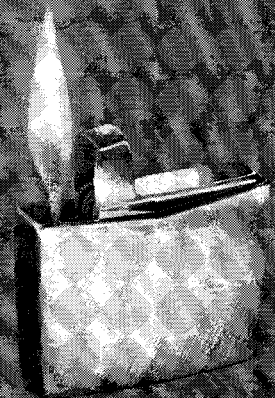
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"Rebel Without a Cause" for the first time are almost as caught up in James Dean as the first generation of adolescent viewers was, experiencing that tender, romantic, marvellously masochistic identification with the boy who does everything wrong because he cares so much. And because Dean died young and hard, he is not just another actor who outlived his myth and became ordinary in stale roles—he is the symbol of misunderstood youth. He is inside the skin of moviegoing and television-watching youth—even educated youth—in a way that Keats and Shelley or John Cornford and Julian Bell are not. Youth can respond—though not so strongly—to many of our old heroes and heroines: to Gary Cooper, say, as the elegant, lean, amusingly silent romantic loner of his early Western and aviation films. (And they can more easily ignore the actor who sacrificed that character for blubbing righteous bathos.) Bogart found his myth late, and Dean fulfilled the romantic myth of self-destructiveness, so they look good on television. More often, television, by showing us actors before and after their key starring roles, is a myth-killer. But it keeps acting ability alive.

There is a kind of young television watcher seeing old movies for the first time who is surprisingly sensitive to their values and responds almost with the intensity of a moviegoer. But he's different from the moviegoer. For one thing, he's housebound, inactive, solitary. Unlike a moviegoer, he seems to have no need to discuss what he sees. The kind of television watcher I mean (and the ones I've met are all boys) seems to have extreme empathy with the material in the box (new TV shows as well as old movies, though rarely news), but he may not know how to enter into a conversation, or even how to come into a room or go out of it. He fell in love with his baby-sitter, so he remains a baby. He's unusually polite and intelligent, but in a mechanical way—just going through the motions, without interest. He gives the impression that he wants to withdraw from this human interference and get back to his real life—the box. He is like a prisoner who has everything he wants in prison and is content to stay there. Yet, oddly, he and his fellows seem to be tuned in to each other; just as it sometimes seems that even a teen-ager locked in a closet would pick up the new dance steps at the same moment as other teen-agers, these television watchers react to the same things at the same time. If they can find more in-

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tensity in this box than in their own living, then this box can provide *constantly* what we got at the movies only a few times a week. Why should they move away from it, or talk, or go out of the house, when they will only experience that as a loss? Of course, we can see why they should, and their inability to make connections outside is frighteningly suggestive of ways in which we, too, are cut off. It's a matter of degree. If we stay up half the night to watch old movies and can't face the next day, it's partly, at least, because of the fascination of our own movie past; *they* live in a past they never had, like people who become obsessed by places they have only imaginative connections with—Brazil, Venezuela, Arabia Deserta. Either way, there is always something a little shameful about living in the past; we feel guilty, stupid—as if the pleasure we get needed some justification that we can't provide.

For some moviegoers, movies probably contribute to that self-defeating romanticizing of expectations which makes life a series of disappointments. They watch the same movies over and over on television, as if they were constantly returning to the scene of the crime—the life they were so busy dreaming about that they never lived it. They are paralyzed by longing, while those less romantic can leap the hurdle. I heard a story the other day about a man who ever since his school days had been worshipfully “in love with” a famous movie star, talking about her, fantasizing about her, following her career, with its ups and downs and its stormy romances and marriages to producers and agents and wealthy sportsmen and rich businessmen. Though he became successful himself, it never occurred to him that he could enter her terrain—she was so glamorously above him. Last week, he got a letter from an old classmate, to whom, years before, he had confided his adoration of the star; the classmate—an unattractive guy who had never done anything with his life and had a crummy job in a crummy business—had just married her.

MOVIES are a combination of art and mass medium, but television is so single in its purpose—selling—that it operates without that painful, poignant mixture of aspiration and effort and compromise. We almost never think of calling a television show “beautiful,” or even of complaining about the absence of beauty, because we take it for granted that television oper-



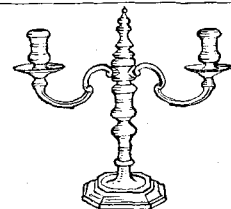
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ates without beauty. When we see on television photographic records of the past, like the pictures of Scott's Antarctic expedition or those series on the First World War, they seem almost too strong for the box, too pure for it. The past has a terror and a fascination and a beauty beyond almost anything else. We are looking at the dead, and they move and grin and wave at us; it's an almost unbearable experience. When our wonder and our grief are interrupted or followed by a commercial, we want to destroy the ugly box. Old movies don't tear us apart like that. They do something else, which we can take more of and take more easily: they give us a sense of the passage of life. Here is Elizabeth Taylor as a plump matron and here, an hour later, as an exquisite child. That charmingly petulant little gigolo with the skinny face and the mustache that seems the most substantial part of him—can he have developed into the great Laurence Olivier? Here is Orson Welles as a young man, playing a handsome old man, and here is Orson Welles as he has really aged. Here are Bette Davis and Charles Boyer traversing the course of their lives from ingenue and juvenile, through major roles, into character parts—back and forth, endlessly, embodying the good and bad characters of many styles, many periods. We see the old character actors put out to pasture in television serials, playing gossipy neighbors or grumpy grandpas, and then we see them in their youth or middle age, in the roles that made them famous—and it's startling to find how good they were, how vital, after we've encountered them caricaturing themselves, feeding off their old roles. They have almost nothing left of that young actor we responded to—and still find ourselves responding to—except the distinctive voice and a few crotchets. There are those of us who, when we watch old movies, sit there murmuring the names as the actors appear (Florence Bates, Henry Daniell, Ernest Thesiger, Constance Collier, Edna May Oliver, Douglas Fowley), or we recognize them but can't remember their names, yet know how well we once knew them, experiencing the failure of memory as a loss of our own past until we can supply it (Maude Eburne or Porter Hall)—with great relief. After a few seconds, I can always remember them, though I cannot remember the names of my childhood companions or of the prizefighter I once dated, or even of the boy who took me to the senior prom. We are eager to hear again that line we



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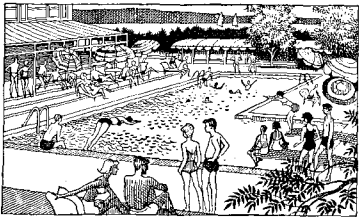
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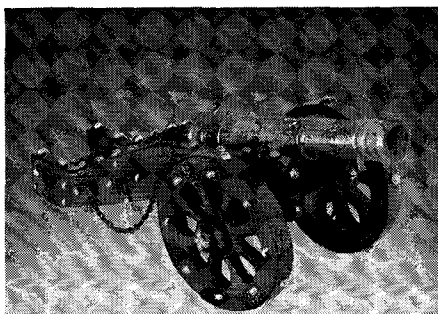
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know is coming. We hate to miss anything. Our memories are jarred by cuts. We want to see the movie to the end.

The graveyard of "Our Town" affords such a tiny perspective compared to this. Old movies on television are a gigantic, panoramic novel that we can tune in to and out of. People watch avidly for a few weeks or months or years and then give up; others tune in when they're away from home in lonely hotel rooms, or regularly, at home, a few nights a week or every night. The rest of the family may ignore the passing show, may often interrupt, because individual lines of dialogue or details of plot hardly seem to matter as they did originally. A movie on television is no longer just a drama in itself; it is part of a huge ongoing parade. To a new generation, what does it matter if a few gestures and a nuance are lost, when they know they can't watch the parade on all the channels at all hours anyway? It's like traffic on the street. The television generation knows there is no end; it all just goes on. When television watchers are surveyed and asked what kind of programming they want or how they feel television can be improved, some of them not only have no answers but can't understand the questions. What they get on their sets is television—that's it.

—PAULINE KAEI

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And don't stop to dot the "i's".

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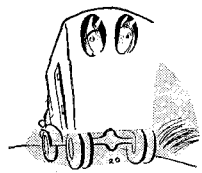


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THE RACE TRACK

Progress Report



IT would be a nice touch if the hundredth running of the Belmont Stakes, this time next year, could be put on at the new Belmont Park. However, there is still a great deal of work to be done on the grandstand (especially in its interior), on the paddock, and on the parking lots, to say nothing of the landscaping, before everything is as it should be, so we'll all just have to wait. As a matter of fact, a date has never been set for the opening, but I can tell you that when it comes you'll find that the new Belmont was worth waiting for. One morning last week, I had a look around the place in company with Edward T. Dickinson, the president of the New York Racing Association—I couldn't have had a better guide—and I can report that much progress has been made since the last time I was there. From any angle, the three-tier cantilevered stand is simply overwhelming. It figures to be, for it is twelve hundred and sixty feet long (that's nearly a quarter of a mile), two hundred and seventy feet wide, and two hundred and five feet high. One thing everybody is going to like about it is that it is nearer the racecourse than the stand of any other track in the country except Saratoga's. Another is that it is tilted slightly, so that no matter where a spectator is sitting he gets a clear view down the stretch. Also, the entire lawn in front of the stand will be open to grandstand customers. And from what I could see, there will be a number of elevators, and escalators all over—including some from the Long Island Rail Road Station—so patrons won't have the climb they used to complain about.

Like the old Belmont stand, the back and sides of the new one are brick, but it isn't just run-of-the-kiln brick; it's specially selected and light rose in color, which nicely sets off a long row of high, white arches, some of which are frames for windows, along the back and at the clubhouse end. Even now, although all the brickwork isn't in, the building is an eye-ful of architecture. Much of the charm of the old Belmont Park was its paddock. The new Belmont will have a larger one—even bigger than Saratoga's. All the old trees, including the one that we

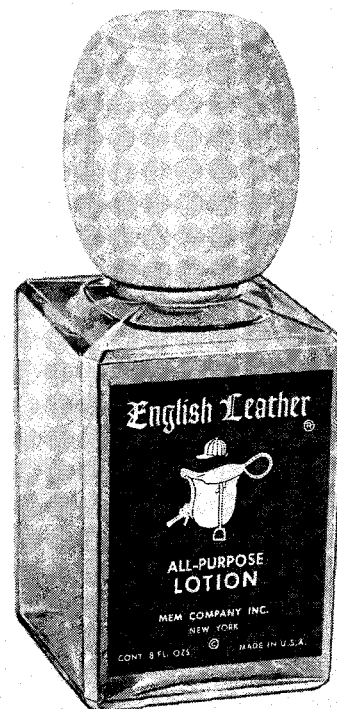
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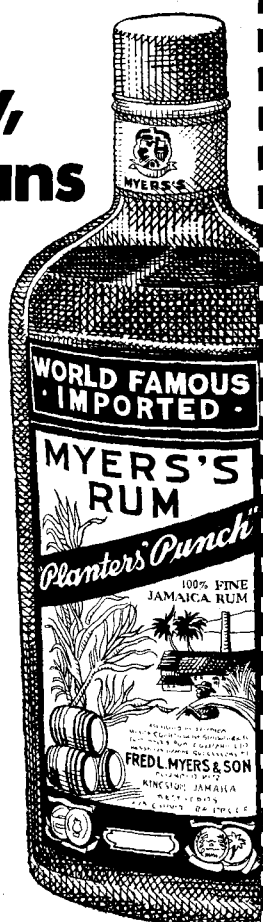
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used to think was a cedar of Lebanon but isn't (it looks fine despite its age), will be in it and many new ones will be set out. There will be chairs and benches for those who want to sit out a race, and a stand at the walking ring for those who want to look the runners over. As for landscaping, there will be no end of it. When all the trees and shrubs and flower beds are in place, the setting should be something extra. It has been the determination of Mr. Dickinson and his associates in the N.Y.R.A. to keep as much of the old-fashioned beauty of the place as possible, and I'm happy to say I think they're being quite successful.

I DON'T suppose there will be more than six or seven starters for the Belmont Stakes at Aqueduct this weekend. Damascus will be the favorite, of course, and I fancy that he will win, for he's the best of a fairly evenly matched lot of three-year-olds. Proud Clarion will have supporters because he will be ridden by Baeza, who renewed his contract with Darby Dan Farm the other day, but I doubt whether Baeza will get more out of the colt at a mile and a half in the Belmont than Ussery got out of him in the much shorter Preakness, in which he finished third. What really surprised me was Hirsch Jacobs' taking Reason to Hail out of the Jersey Derby on Memorial Day. I had a notion that he would consider the race at Garden State a proper winding up for the colt in the Belmont. Three years ago, Elliott Burch ran Paul Mellon's Quadrangle in the Metropolitan Handicap on Memorial Day and he finished second to Olden Times. A week later, Quadrangle beat Roman Brother, Northern Dancer, Hill Rise, and four others in the Belmont. Perhaps Reason to Hail is tired. He should be. He's been running nearly every Saturday for months.

—AUDAX MINOR

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[From Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition]

hoarfrost (n) A silvery-white deposit of ice needles formed by direct condensation at temperatures below freezing. . . It is confused by some with *rime*. See *Rime*.

rime (n) 1. White frost; hoarfrost; congealed dew or vapor.

The conservative candidate who wants to be a senator often has to keep his mouth shut when he talks to union leaders.—*Carolina Israelite*.

Only a true conservative can do that.

BOOKS

Old in Heart

THERE is a Jamesian novella in the theme of the lion's friend, in the story of a small man gifted with clairvoyance about the future celebrity of a contemporary attaching himself to that contemporary in the guise of friend, creditor, or foil and thus slipping into history through the back door. Such instances are not rare; there are a good many that survive in the footnotes to other men's biographies—obstinate minor shadows whose names will endure because they lent Wagner money and were never reimbursed or because they were, however briefly and in whatever mutual exasperation, landlords to Shelley. Much rarer, perhaps unique, is the case of a man who discerns genius in a friend, and whose own survival is assured by his friend's glory, yet who becomes, very gradually, an eminent presence in his own right. Had he been only James Joyce's pupil in Trieste, had Livia, his wife, merely served as partial model for Anna Livia Plurabelle, Ettore Schmitz would have his niche. Something of the shy, uxorious businessman would live indestructible, moreover, in Leopold Bloom. But Ettore Schmitz was also Italo Svevo, or, more precisely, he became, through belated but widespread recognition, what he had during his whole life dreamed of being—Italo Svevo, one of the builders of the modern novel.

The life of Ettore Schmitz was appropriately pallid. Of German-Italian descent, he was born in Trieste in 1861. His whole life was dominated by the racial and linguistic multiplicity of Triestine society. Like other masters of the modern displacement of sensibility—Kafka, Borges, Nabokov—Italo Svevo (the very pen name is a hybrid and artifice of duality) was a polyglot. A German Jew by ancestry and education, an Austrian by citizenship, an Italian by language, a Triestine by dialect and mode of feeling, Svevo belonged to that distinctive type of late bourgeois man, an inhabitant of exile. He was educated far from home in an expensive German prep school catering especially to the sons of Jewish businessmen. In 1880, his prosperous, bustling family—Ettore was the sixth of eight surviving children—was overtaken by financial crisis. Recalcitrant and full of irony about his fate, Ettore Schmitz en-

tered on what was to be, with occasional detours and interruptions, the life of a bank clerk and minor entrepreneur. It was to absorb much of his time, and it gave his manner of vision its quiet exactness, but Svevo the novelist did not find it easy to live in perpetual tandem with Schmitz the manufacturer and salesman of anti-corrosive paint for ships' keels. (How apposite it was that the companion of his English teacher, Mr. Joyce, should bear the name of Nora Barnacle.)

Svevo's first novel, "Una Vita," was published at his own expense at the end of 1892. It went almost unnoticed. "Senilità" ("As a Man Grows Older") followed, in 1898, and fell even flatter. Svevo's life in Trieste during the First World War and at the hub of Italian irredentism was a mixture of unpleasantness and comedy. But in 1922, an *annus mirabilis* in modern art and literature, he completed the final draft of "The Confessions of Zeno," an inadequate though inevitable translation of the more manifold Italian title

"La Coscienza di Zeno." Publication proved an almost total fiasco, and the would-be novelist, by then sixty-two, resigned himself to that self-mocking senility already anticipated and explored in his early fiction. But a letter to Joyce, whom Svevo had met in 1907 and with whom he had, until the war, enjoyed a fairly close amity, brought a minor miracle of literary resurrection. The great impresario of subterranean acclaim went to work. In the spring of 1925, Svevo travelled to Paris to meet Benjamin Crémieux, Valéry Larbaud, and other critics and publicists whom Joyce had enlisted in a campaign for "Zeno." Soon, Eugenio Montale took up the cause in Italy, and by 1927 the habitués of the Caffè Garibaldi in Trieste had become aware that their old acquaintance Signor Schmitz was regarded in certain circles in Paris and Milan as "the Italian Proust." Svevo savored to the full his sunset renown. He even parodied his own delight in one of his best stories, "The Hoax." He began writing again, with new con-



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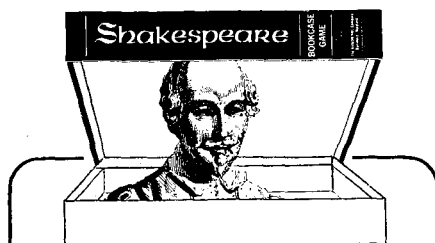
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fidence, but not for long. He died in September of 1928, partly as a result of an automobile accident, making a last joke based on the habits of his fictional Zeno: he asked for a smoke and, refused, said, "That really would have been the last cigarette."

All this is set out in P. N. Furbank's "Italo Svevo, the Man and the Writer" (University of California Press). It is unlikely that anything of substance will be added to his careful, unobtrusive account of Svevo's life. What Mr. Furbank and Professor Richard Ellmann, in his standard biography of Joyce, have now told us rounds out the relations between Joyce and the Schmitzes of the Villa Veneziani. As is not always the case with very great artists, Joyce was to balance accounts handsomely: he drew on Ettore and Livia Schmitz for personal assistance, a measure of early recognition, and, most vitally, those hard grains of fact and private tone around which he built his fictions. Much of the insight into Jewish inflections of spirit and family customs exhibited in "Ulysses" derives from Joyce's purposeful *examinations* of his Triestine pupil and friend; Livia Schmitz's long hair shines by the Liffey. But the master more than paid back: he orchestrated Svevo's late fame and prepared his place in modern letters. The brief second section of Mr. Furbank's fine biography seeks to determine that place. It does not really succeed, being largely a summary of Svevo's novels and of the relations between the novels and the stories. In part, the reason is that Mr. Furbank is no critic. He lacks sharpness of eye and the necessary gusto for comparison. He is fair-minded to the point of grayness, and he falls—unconsciously, perhaps—into the muffled gait of his author. But in part the difficulty is basic. What is Italo Svevo's achievement, where does the ensemble of his fiction (the fourth volume of the admirable Uniform Edition is just out) stand in the modern movement? I have never been certain that it stands as high as some would claim, or, more exactly, I wonder whether Svevo's penetrating but very particular note has been rightly appraised.

Svevo's first novel, "Una Vita," is a delicate, low-keyed study in failure. It is analogous to the saga of the bank clerk and natural victim of bureaucracy as we find it in Svevo's contemporaries, in the films of Chaplin, in H. G. Wells, with whose lucid, disenchanted vision Svevo's has marked affinities, and in the Eliot of "Prufrock." Where the *petit employé* in the classic realistic novel



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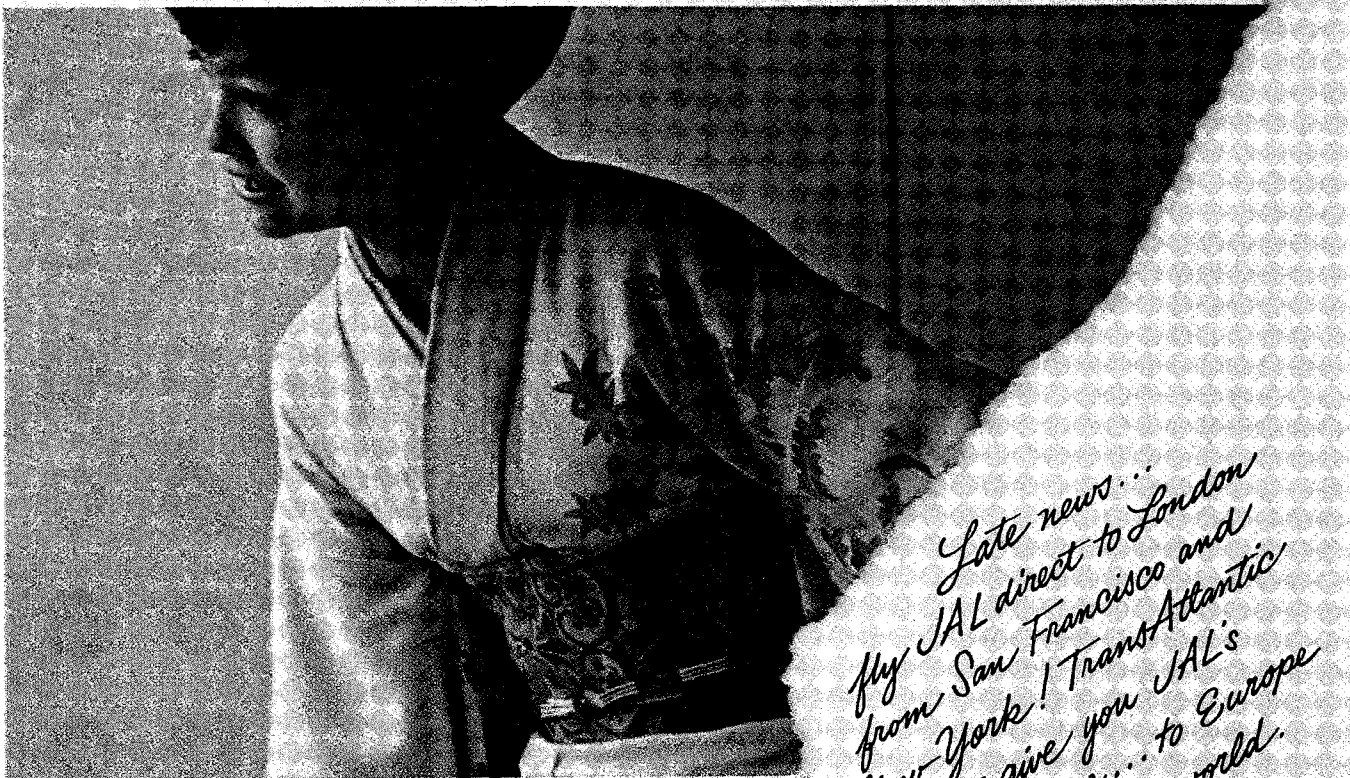
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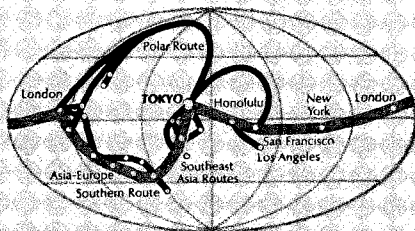
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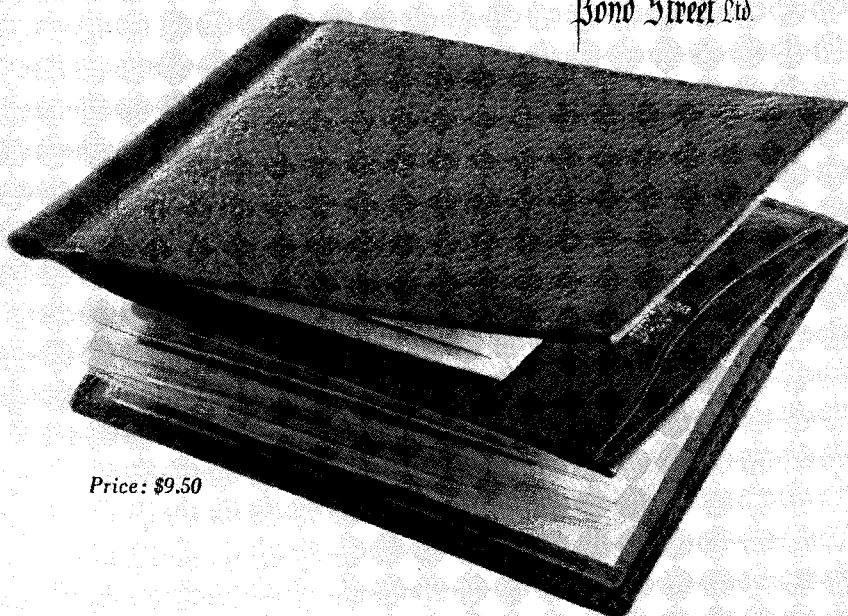
from Balzac to Zola insinuates and seduces his way to the top, Alfonso Nitti ends in a boredom and distrust of self literally suicidal. "Una Vita" is characteristic of a number of novels of the turn of the century in which the writer's response to the atmosphere and ideals of technological life turns from fascination or active disgust to irony. It is a "cool" book almost in the present-day sense. "Senilità" is, as Mr. Furbank notes, a larger achievement; it may well be Svevo's most satisfying work. Emilio Brentani is one of the master egoists in literature. He observes and *thinks* life with such wealth of consciousness, with such monotonous yet compelling sufficiency, that other human beings are drawn into the quagmire of his desultory needs. Emilio's relations to his mistress Angiolina and to his sister Amalia have a distinct strain of vampirism: first he drinks them dry of life, then his recollections pick their bones. In this extraordinarily dense and at times deliberately ungainly fable, Svevo located his primary theme: the power of accidia, of psychosomatic and hypochondriac passivity ("senility" is the inclusive, emblematic term), to organize and guard a man's world and to enforce on others his needs and myopic image of life. Svevo did not like poetry; he remarked that it seemed a pity to use only a part of the paper when you had paid for the whole. But there is in his art, as in that of Molière, a poetry of actual or fancied ill health, of the corrosive warmth and solitary pleasures illness can bring to the mind.

In "The Confessions of Zeno" this theme of sickness or tedium as exploiter is deepened and ironically reversed. This fable is both the first full-scale treatment of psychoanalysis in fiction and the funniest. No invention since has improved on Zeno's discovery that he no longer knows whether he is in fact recalling or manufacturing childhood memories and on Dr. S.'s decision to recoup his fees and avenge himself on his recalcitrant patient by publishing the latter's autobiographical memoir. In the end, Zeno is less frustrated than his analyst and healthier than his obstreperous rival in love and business, Guido Speier. Here again there is an analogy with the art of Chaplin, with the unexpected triumph of the feeble and humiliated over their robust tormentors. When savored and allowed its own rules of being, sickness is strength. Yet, as Mr. Furbank acutely observes, "Though his writing is mostly about disease, Svevo was an extremely sane writer, almost a Voltairean one as far

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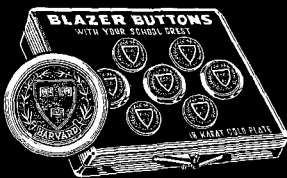
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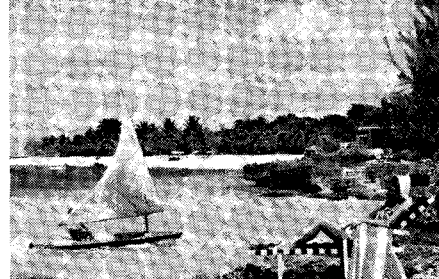
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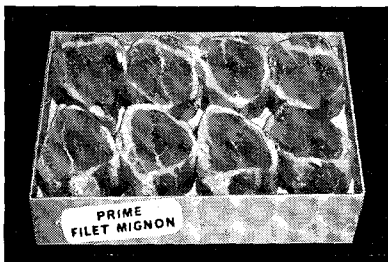
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as his tone goes (and the sanity lies in the tone)." This ought to be taken a step further: Svevo, well before Freud's "Civilization and Its Discontents," recognized in psychosomatic symptoms reactions to modern life more natural, fundamentally saner, and more efficient than are the responses of traditional good health and of self-confident will. *Mens sana in corpore insano.*

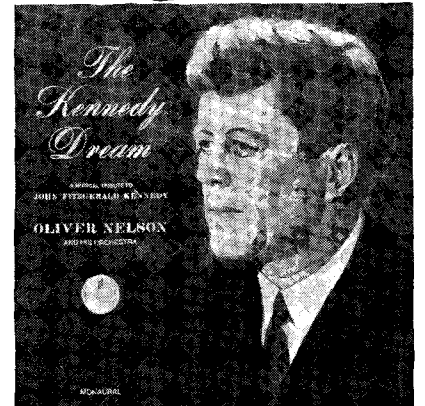
"The Confessions of Zeno" is a memorable, delightful novel. But it displays just those limitations that seem to me to set Svevo's work as a whole short of the first rank. The ironies are labored beyond their finest edge. The monotone, the careful elaboration of inertia in Zeno's progress through the world shade subtly but unmistakably into self-indulgence. Almost invariably—and this mars such stories as "Short Sentimental Journey"—Svevo lacks concision. Or, to put it another way, he is unable to round out with a sufficient store of emotional, intellectual interest the spacious leisure of his narratives:

A moment was wasted with the waiter. Signor Aghios ordered some cold meat and wine. They still had a good deal of time because, although they had contracted for the gondola till midnight, Bortolo had managed to discharge his burden by eleven. Bacis accepted a piece of bread and a slice of meat, which Signor Aghios handed him. But he swallowed only a few mouthfuls, and each time at the constant urging of the older man. On the other hand, hardly as if noticing it, he downed a good many glasses of wine, which served as a punctuation to his talk. Following suit, and hardly noticing it either, Signor Aghios also drank a great deal.

One sees the point of this technique. It anticipates the andantes of Godard and of the *nouveau roman*. But carried forward without a renewal or deepening of implicit psychological energy, it gives the effect of a man, albeit witty and perceptive, talking to himself.

This is the principal paradox of artistic isolation. When cut off from access to a natural audience, when exiled into his own self, the very great writer—such as Nietzsche, Joyce, or Hermann Broch—produces intensities of style so vivid, so new, that they leap out of his solitude and come to reach many men. Similarly cut off, an artist who is not quite of the first rank is also driven back on his own self. But what he produces in dialogue with his self-consciousness tends to stay somewhat private and provincial. We listen to the very great writers as if their words, however solitary in origin and tone, had been meant for all of us; we overhear the lesser masters, whose dis-

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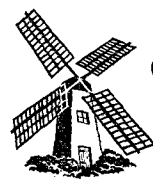
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course, perhaps through circumstances outside their control, through personal or historical bad luck, remains in some degree local and idiosyncratic.

Italo Svevo did not, in actual fact, write in Triestine dialect (save on a few humorous occasions). Yet he is psychologically a dialect writer, a master of one corner of human consciousness, its doors open, as they are in many a *trattoria*, to the world at large. So was Valéry Larbaud, an exquisite novelist and essayist still to be discovered, to be overheard, by a wider public. Larbaud's championship of Svevo was an act of profound kinship. If one seeks the measure of Svevo's accomplishment, one may justly compare it with that of Musil. The author of "The Man Without Qualities" (his name does not appear in Mr. Furbank's study) was nearest to Svevo of all contemporary novelists both in his interests and in his precise, reflective view of the art of fiction. But he brought to his disenchantments a much richer store of knowledge and made the patient, spiraling forms of his narrative dense with philosophic and historical implication. One need only set side by side the treatment of the brother-sister relationship in "Senilità" and "The Man Without Qualities" to see that Musil felt under a much stronger pressure of intelligence and took much sharper risks both as novelist and as thinker. This is where Svevo's isolation from the mainstream of artistic, intellectual life and the diffidence forced on him by the successive failures of his published work took their toll. His perceptions are lucid and deep-darting, but his novels frequently lack the confidence, the authority of mastered knowledge that would, for example, have made of the psychoanalysis in "Zeno" a complete and credible dramatic form.

Nevertheless, there is scarcely a page in Svevo's novels and tales (and he has been fortunate in his English translators) that does not pay to the reader the compliment of addressing him as an adult. At a moment when suburban priapics and randy skin divers are the order of the day, this is much to be grateful for. —GEORGE STEINER

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sits in dignity at the head of a tiny, secluded road known as Pleasaunce. "Pleasaunce . . . ran south at right angles to the green-lighted thoroughfare, and had twelve tall houses on the western side of it. There were no houses on the eastern side; but only green fields known as The Park; and at the very end of the road, stopping all egress in that direction, stood quite a large house." In the quite large house, the old ladies live happily, guarded by the matron, Miss Goodmayes, who is an angel. But Miss Goodmayes, with no warning to her old friends, becomes gravely ill and has to go away for an operation, and her place is taken by Miss Morgan, a dragon to the old ladies and an exceedingly difficult and disagreeable woman to almost everyone else who knows her. Mr. Swinnerton tells about the old ladies and their trials and triumphs in a series of small and marvellously detailed episodes that gain meaning and strength from the extensive background that is present and real from the start, although hardly any words are devoted to it. This is a kind and amusing book.

THE SEERSUCKER WHIPS AWAY, by Ross Thomas (Morrow). Mr. Thomas, who showed himself to be an escape writer of more than ordinary interest in his first novel, "The Cold War Swap," now proves that he is a seasoned hand at catching the reader's interest and keeping it. This tale of political adventuring in a British African colony called Albertia begins in Denver, moves at once to London, and then proceeds to Barkandu, the capital city of Albertia. First, last, and always in the story are Clinton Shartelle, forty-three, a smooth buccaneer who is said to be a near-genius at managing political campaigns, and Peter Upshaw, thirty, a public-relations man in the employ of the gigantic London-based agency of Duffy, Downer & Theims—D.D.T., for short. D.D.T. wants Shartelle to run its candidate's campaign in the race, which is now beginning, for the premiership of Albertia. D.D.T.'s candidate is Chief Sunday Akomolo, and once Shartelle and Upshaw arrive in Barkandu, Akomolo is as good as elected, although the odds against him are very high. Mr. Thomas's plot is simple, but his characters are complicated, and so are his situations, and his resourcefulness



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THE SOLDIER'S ART, by Anthony Powell (Little, Brown). An Army division headquarters is both the main setting for and the principal subject of Mr. Powell's delightful novel. (It is his second book about the British Army in the Second World War, as well as the eighth in his grand undertaking, "The Music of Time" series.) Lieutenant Nicholas Jenkins, Mr. Powell's narrator, has been moved—a questionable gain—to his division's headquarters staff as an extra officer assisting the assistant adjutant general, Jenkins' old schoolmate, the industrious, dull, pompous, flailing Major Kenneth Widmerpool. The year is 1941. While the blitz proceeds and England waits to see if Hitler will invade, the division—a territorial reserve unit—guards a provincial port somewhere in the north and maneuvers with magically impervious self-absorption. The staff is entirely concerned with the comic preoccupations of garrison life: promotion, the officers' mess, transfer, avoiding, at almost any cost, black marks on the formal record, and other bureaucratic minutiae. By a deft interposition, Mr. Powell takes Jenkins to London for a brief leave and shows that the civilians there, in contrast to the Army personnel in their insulating cocoon of routine, are exposed to the war's reality. That particular point—no more than one of hundreds the novelist makes—is by the bye. Mr. Powell is offering, with the remarkable economy that his casual, comic narration allows, a dissection of a particular society-within-society at a time and a place; namely, a division headquarters. If there is something more to be said about it, or a point the author has overlooked, it is trivial. The volume, like its predecessors, stands well enough alone. But, since it does advance Mr. Powell's vast inventory of themes, and since some of the humor is improved by earlier acquaintance with the many characters who have been seen before, it would be foolish to start "The Music of Time" with Volume VIII—though not nearly as foolish as failing to start at all.

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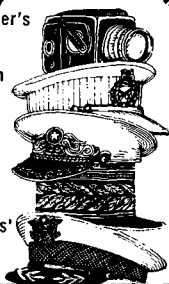
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articles that Hemingway contributed to the *Toronto Star* (1920-23), *Esquire* (1933-36), the North American Newspaper Alliance (1937-39), *PM* and *Colliers* (1941-44), and *Look*, *True*, and *Holiday* (1949-56) on such subjects as the aftermath of the First World War, the Spanish Civil War, the Second World War, and hunting and fishing and eating and drinking and writing. Are they worth reprinting? (Hemingway himself didn't think so: "No one has any right to dig this stuff up.") The answer must be a modified yes. The quality of Hemingway's journalism tends to run parallel to that of his imaginative writing. That is to say, the pieces written in the twenties and thirties are, with one or two exceptions, much the best. Some of the early *Star* pieces are immediately reminiscent of the earliest stories, and the writing in many of the *Esquire* articles (and in a description of a Wyoming wilderness written for *Vogue*) is inimitably quick, sharp, and rich. As for the rest, the Second World War correspondence (unlike, curiously, the Spanish war reports) is somewhat dated, and the more general pieces are often loud and flat.

AMERICA'S WESTERN FRONTIERS: THE EXPLORATION AND SETTLEMENT OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI WEST, by John A. Hawgood (Knopf). An English historian tells the whole grand story, from the earliest Spanish probes in the sixteenth century down to the West today. Mr. Hawgood knows the country better, by far, than most Americans, and he describes it beautifully. His facts are unassailable, he uses historical theories with discretion, and he writes well. This is the sort of book that deserves a prize, and it has already received one—the Alfred A. Knopf Western History Prize. Ten dollars.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: THE LAST LAOCOON, by Robert Sklar (Oxford). A benignly revisionist study of Fitzgerald's writing and of his critical and creative mentality. As Fitzgerald slowly but inevitably fits into his historical place among American writers of the first rank, many schoolmen and critics still withhold from him any distinction as a thinking artist who could perceive the significant issues of his time. Fitzgerald too often is presented as a gifted storyteller who by some "magic with words" could create the ambience of a certain society and get to

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the inside of essentially frivolous people; since his characters were not serious, neither was he. Mr. Sklar disputes this stereotype, which he believes is a consequence of the common, but not wholly forgivable, error of confusing the man's life and his art. To Mr. Sklar, Fitzgerald was a highly conscious literary artist, and he examines every important piece of Fitzgerald's fiction in this light, arriving at a more complete critical comprehension than this misunderstood, patronized, and often ill-served artist ever has been afforded. Above all, the book gives Fitzgerald what has been too often lacking in the writings about him—respect.

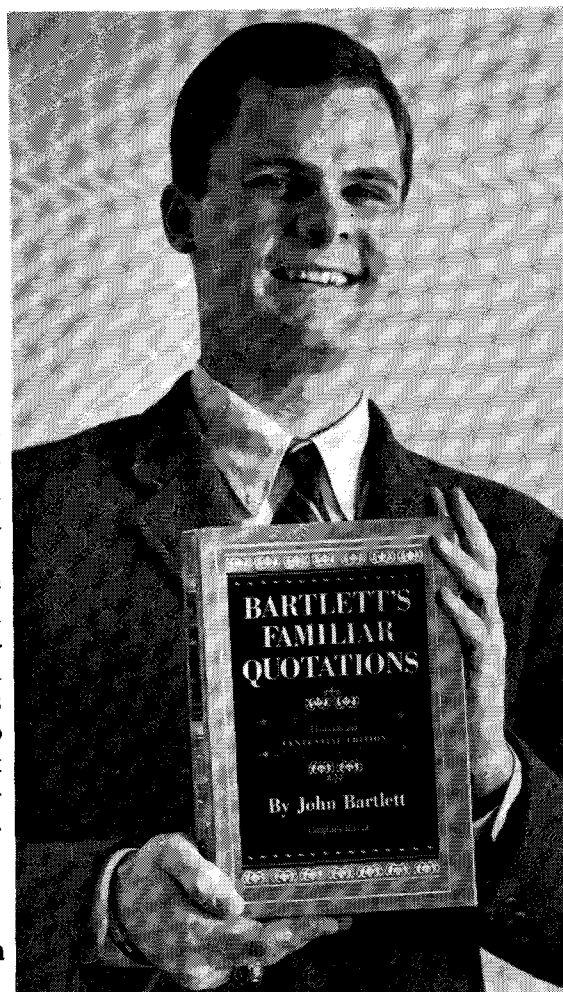
THE POCKET VENUS: A VICTORIAN SCANDAL, by Henry Blyth (Walker). An absorbing tale of old-time high society, complete with a sound moral. In the eighteen-sixties, three aristocratic youngsters formed a romantic triangle—Florence Paget, the beautiful daughter of the impoverished Marquess of Angelsey; Henry (called Harry), the rich Marquess of Hastings; and Henry Chaplin, a wealthy but untitled gentleman who was a close friend of the Prince of Wales. Florence became engaged to Henry, jilted him, and eloped with Harry. The men's rivalry was then transformed into a battle for supremacy on the English turf; Harry and Henry bought and backed horses, including some great ones—a Derby winner among them—to the ruin of their fortunes. Mr. Blyth's story moves from one climax to the next as, for each man, the stakes on the races become higher and the risks more desperate. The horses, whose personalities played an important part in these events, were, with few exceptions, beguiling. Still, that scarcely affects the lesson: that people who entrust their destinies to animals deserve what they get.

HO CHI MINH ON REVOLUTION, edited by Bernard B. Fall (Praeger). A selection of polemical papers—speeches, open letters, orders, "reports to the people," and the like—written over the years 1920-66. The public writings of eminent Marxist politicians are usually just as predictable, and ultimately as boring, as those of other statesmen. Ho Chi Minh's case is a little different; he is not, for one thing, a theoretician or a philosopher but a man of action, and in his arraignment of colonialism and its evils, which occupies a good part of this book, he sticks to facts—

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names, dates, specific instances and situations—which gives a vivid pictorial quality to his prose. And though he is a committed Communist, he seems to be a Vietnamese nationalist first. He describes the plight of oppressed and colonized peoples in all parts of the earth in the standard language of Marxism-Leninism, but when he speaks of his own country and its people, his aspirations for national independence as a desired end become apparent.

THE WORLD OF THE MOON, by Henry C. King (Crowell). Dr. King, the curator of the McLaughlin Planetarium of the University of Toronto, has written an attractive and extremely informative Baedeker of the Moon. Almost every aspect of lunar science is touched on, including a history of lunar map-making—an art that dates back to Galileo, who, in 1609, was the first man to use a telescope to study the lunar surface. The interpretation of what was seen has caused controversy from his time to ours. Of Galileo's contemporaries and their observation of the moon Dr. King says, "Some likened it to a piece of over-ripe cheese, others to a lump of pumice stone. In England, Sir William Lower [1600-62] saw the jagged edge of the terminator and other features mentioned by Galileo. He, too, saw mountain peaks shining like stars just beyond the bright part. To him the full moon appeared 'like a tart that my cooke made me last weeke; here a vaine of bright stuffe, and there of darke, and so confusedlie all over.'" The surface of the moon is still "confusedlie all over," but nowadays one is consoled by the thought that men will soon be travelling to it to have a first-hand look.

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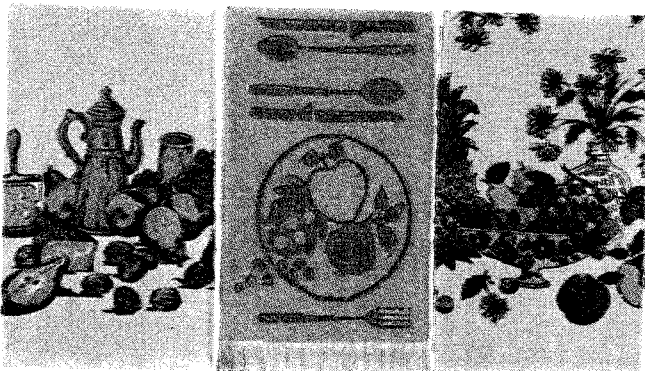
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